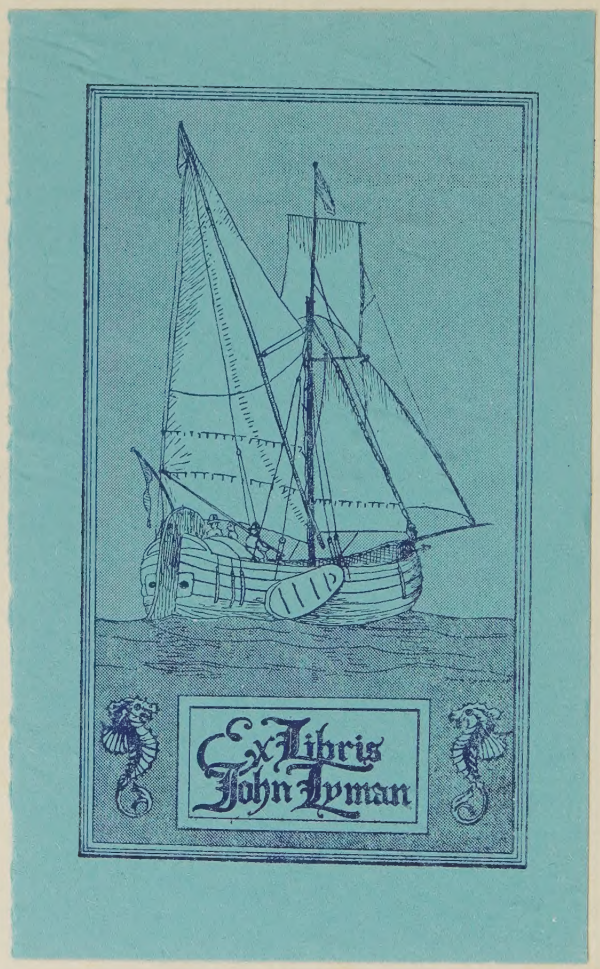
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MEMOIRS OF
JOHN WIGHAM RICHARDSON

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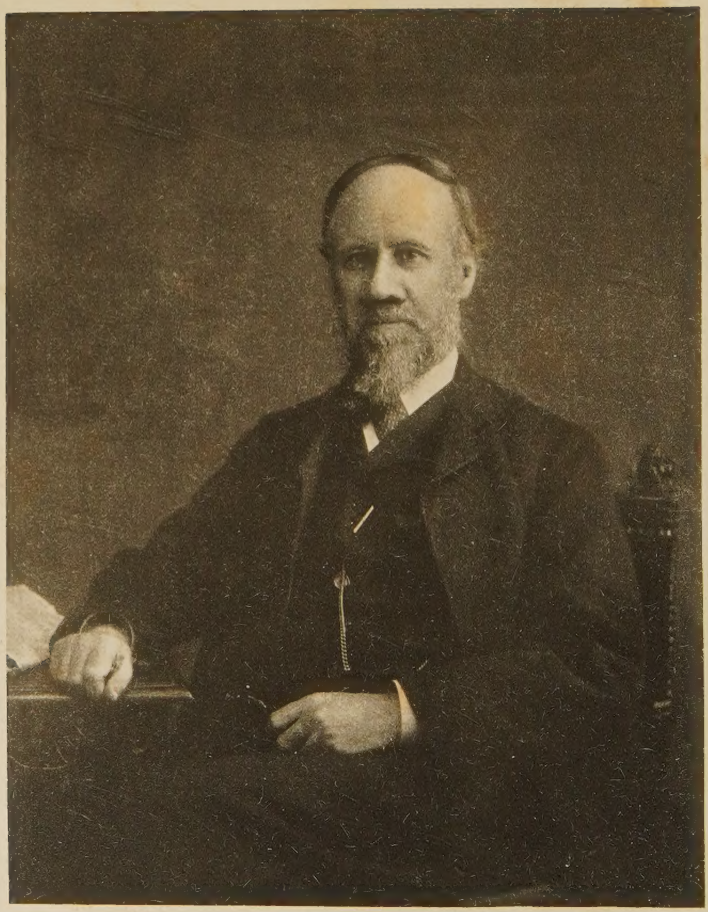

Bigham Richardson
1905.

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MEMOIRS

OF

JOHN WIGHAM RICHARDSON

1837-1908

PRIVATELY PRINTED
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The first seven chapters of these memoirs are taken almost wholly from the autobiographical papers written by J. W. R., which cover a period from 1837, the year of his birth, to 1873. The remaining portion is founded upon his letters and other writings, and upon information supplied by relatives and friends.

The sketches in this volume are reproduced from drawings by J. W. R.

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MEMOIRS OF JOHN WIGHAM RICHARDSON

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY — EARLY LIFE — BRUCE'S ACADEMY, NEWCASTLE — THE DOEGS' SCHOOL NEAR CARLISLE — THE WIGHAMS OF EDINBURGH — HOME TEACHING—BOOTHAM SCHOOL, YORK.

"Immo, age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
. . . . . casusque tuorum
Erroresque tuos."—VIRGIL, *Æneid*, I. 753-755.

"Tell us now, my guest, I pray thee, of the fortunes of thy kin and of thine own wayfaring, even from the very beginning."

Now, in this the fourteenth lustrum of my life, I may well, having retired from business, recall the mistakes and the vanities of more than half a century of my existence.

As I was born some months before the accession of Queen Victoria, the term of my life may be said to have covered several of the most important developments ever known in the history of this world. At no previous period of our world's history can we find anything comparable to the events of this epoch, not even if we go back to the century in which America was discovered.

In my time the railway system, ocean steam navigation, the penny post, the photograph and the telegraph have revolutionized our habits and even our modes of thought. In the same period we have seen the Civil War of Seces-

sion in America, the growth and downfall of the second Napoleonic Empire, and the unification of both Germany and Italy. Problems in the realm of political economy have been discussed and experimented upon to an extent never before known, while for a long period the opposing systems of Free Trade and Protection have been tried in England and in the United States respectively, and in the same period we have seen on the Continent a protective tariff along with state-owned railways, compulsory military service, and other forms of state interference.

I care not to discuss theological doctrines, but I am convinced that the development of faith in the teachings of our Lord has been slowly working its way in the minds of men. Historians have noted that the spread of Protestant doctrines was contemporaneous with the discovery of America, and in the latter half of the nineteenth century there certainly has been a development of views modifying very materially all creeds, especially as regards the eternity of future punishments and the limitless love of our Heavenly Father. This has been the case in all sects, even the Roman Catholic, whether openly confessed or not. It is not two thousand years since the advent of the Messiah, and we know that a thousand years in His sight are but as a watch in the night. The teaching of our Lord as set forth in the Gospels was degraded and misunderstood from the very beginning. The apostles themselves had much to unlearn, even as Peter found at Joppa. The hermits of the Thebaid and of Mount Sinai added to the corrupting influences. These corrupting influences culminated perhaps in the Inquisition. Above all this however, and behind all, was the message of love to all the children of the Great Father. This message, germinating through the centuries, has led to that altruistic frame of mind which does not desire to injure an enemy further

than may be necessary for security. If we compare the war waged by King Saul against the Amalekites with the recent Cuban war or with our own Boer war, we see the vast difference. And this difference has been steadily progressive all through the times of Arthurian romance and the chivalry of Froissart. In the Amalekite war Saul was commanded to destroy utterly the Amalekites and all their belongings, while in the case of the recent wars, cited above, the conquerors did everything in their power to resuscitate the prosperity of the vanquished peoples. How far, how very far is this from the *delenda est Carthago* of Cato ?

By far the greatest factor in the prosperity of a nation is the *sense of security*. A man will not sow corn unless he has a reasonable prospect of reaping the harvest. Under Turkish misrule, and the resultant sense of insecurity, we have seen the valley of the Euphrates relapse into a desert, although that is a valley whose crops could feed a world. Before the British Raj in India no one could venture to avow himself a rich man. As the late Cecil Rhodes said at a meeting of the De Beers Mining Company, to be under the British Flag is the largest commercial asset in this world. And why ? Because under that flag you are certain of justice, or if not of absolute justice, you may be certain that an honest attempt will be made to administer justice. A great French writer has said that in England "*La justice est fondée dans les mœurs et enracinée dans les cœurs.*"

But this sense of justice is but a development of Christian teaching, and has spread to other lands. Without an international sense of justice and security it were vain to expect the development of international enterprise. In this connection we have seen, for example, that when Germany in 1871 annexed Alsace, the great engineering company at Mülhausen managed by Mr. von Glehn (brother

of the wife of Mandel Creighton, late Bishop of London) did not in any way suffer; on the contrary, their prosperity increased. It is in this way, I think, that we find a key to the development of the nineteenth century. Let me repeat that this is a development such as has never been known before in the world's history. The intellects of the Greeks in the age of Pericles were as acute as those of the men of our day. The desire to fathom the secrets of nature was manifested by Aristotle. The geometry of Euclid is still a text-book. Hero of Alexandria invented the steam engine, and yet the developments of our age were never approached, much less reached. There is no trace in ancient civilization of those appliances, which have made the handiwork of one man with his tools or machines as productive as that of twenty of his bygone predecessors. I might safely say that in some cases one man can now produce as much as one hundred, or even hundreds, of the ancients. The builders of the Tower of Babel, or of the Great Wall of China, or of the Pyramids, or of the Parthenon, or of that Roman Wall, the line of which I can see from my library window, have left no indication that they had any other tools or appliances than those, which were known up to and before the days of the modern steam engine. Both the railway and the steamship, those binding links between nations, were equally wanting.

Those who speculate on the coming millennium may perhaps derive comfort in thinking that the teachings of our Lord are slowly bearing fruit and that although the old Adam may remain in the human heart, the love of our fellow-men, the great altruistic wave, is sweeping over the world,—and if it continues and spreads in the next two thousand years as it has done in the past, it will result in an age such as the ancients imagined to have existed in those earlier

times when Saturnus descended from the Olympic æther, 1837
flying from the armed might of Jupiter to inaugurate the golden age of peace and plenty.

In the reign of William IV., I was born on the 7th. of January 1837, at Torquay in Devon, where the family passed the winter on account of my father's delicate health.

On the 20th. of June William IV. died and was succeeded by Queen Victoria in Great Britain, and by the Duke of Cumberland in Hanover.

In August I was taken to Aberdeen on a visit to my great grandfather, John Wigham, who died two years afterwards. We went by sea, and I have a distinct impression of the appearance of the small house, but as I was then only seven months old, this impression was doubtless derived from descriptions by my mother at a later date.

The Wigham family came originally from the Scottish border, where their descent can be traced back for over four hundred years. The name, in ancient records, is variously spelled as Wigham, Wighame, Wigholme, Wighames. An early record of the family occurs in 1493, when the clans of Armstrong, Elwald, *Wigham*, and others took part in an abortive rising on behalf of the impostor Perkin Warbeck.

In 1839 the Penny Post was introduced and New Zealand first permanently colonized.

In 1840 the Queen married Prince Albert.

In 1841 Lord Melbourne resigned and Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister.

In this year my father went to spend the winter at East Law (now Derwent Hill), Ebchester, a house belonging to his brother, John Richardson. This house was occupied from 1892 to 1903 by Joseph Pumphrey, who subsequently purchased the Hindley Hall estate. Eliza Wigham ("Cousin Eliza"),

1841 my mother's second cousin, came to live with them, and my brother, George William, was born there in the wintry weather. In his infancy he was treated with calomel, from which he never, as I think, completely recovered. I remember a large Newfoundland dog called "Swiss," of which Cousin Eliza was dreadfully frightened, but one night when his barking disturbed my mother, she went down and unchained him. On my mother asking her how she found courage to do so, her reply was, "Perfect love casteth out fear."

My sister Elizabeth (Mrs. Robert Spence Watson), who was next younger in age to me, was naturally my principal companion. I remember I had a pony, on which I used to ride with my father. One day he rode to see a schoolmaster who had opened out a small land-sale coal pit, and my father exchanged some phrases with him in an unknown tongue (doubtless Latin). This was Joicey, one of whose brothers worked in the pits. John Joicey, a son of the latter, lived at Newton Hall, north of Stocksfield, and his eldest daughter, Isabella Maud, married, in 1896, Lord John Cecil, a son of the third Marquess of Exeter, taking the additional name of Joicey.

The year 1842 was marked politically by the Afghan disasters and the massacre in the Khyber Pass; by the Ashburton Treaty, which gave to the United States extended boundaries both north-eastward on the borders of Maine and Canada, and north-westward towards Vancouver; by the Treaty of Nankin, by which England acquired the island of Hong Kong; and at home by the financial measures of Sir Robert Peel, viz., a sliding scale on corn, the repeal of a large number of Customs duties, and the substitution for them of the Income-Tax for a *limited period.* That period has lasted sixty years, and seems further than ever from coming to an end.

One incident in this year impressed me very much. It 1842
was at No. 6 Summerhill Grove. My sister Anna, aged ten, was standing by the fire when her clothes took fire. She shrieked and ran out of the room, and at the door she met my mother, who laid her flat on her back, and with equal promptitude covered her with a door-mat. The whole affair was over in a few seconds, and my sister was only very slightly burnt.

It was, I think, in this or the previous year that I remember playing in front of the houses in Summerhill Grove, which at that time was not a thoroughfare, when my father came on horseback to say good-bye to my mother before going out to East Law. I was then four and a half years old. I said, "Oh, papa, take me." He replied, "Why not?" and told the nurse to put me up behind him, and so we rode the twelve miles. I have no doubt that my father was tenderly solicitous, but none the less I more than once, when jolting behind him, rued my rash request and felt ready to cry.

1843 was the year in which Scinde was annexed after the battles of Meeanee and Hyderabad. In this year also the secession of the Free Kirk in Scotland took place, and the first Education Bill of the Government was abandoned owing to the opposition of the dissenters, who were jealous of Church influence. (Compare the decision of the House of Lords, 1904.)

About this time my sister Lizzie and I were at a school in Westgate Road, just below the lower entrance to Summerhill Grove, kept by two "Friends" of the name of Goundry. One of them subsequently married Henry Tennant, Manager and afterwards Director of the North-Eastern Railway, and the other married Frederick Clark, of the Carville Chemical

1844 Company. I also recollect being sent for a short time to a Girls' Boarding School in Old Elvet, Durham, kept by Miss Mary Dixon and Miss Caroline Watts, where my elder sisters were for a limited period.

Further, I went to Bruce's Academy in Percy Street, Newcastle, but only for part of a year, where I gained, in June 1845, two prizes for history and geography respectively. I was in the class of Mr. Garvin, commonly called Betty Garvin, a typical long-suffering schoolmaster, but I was presently moved up to another class, the master of which seemed to me to be a sort of demon. He put me up to be flogged one day by old Dr. Bruce, but that worthy gentleman said I was too small for such punishment and gave me a caution instead. The walk from Summerhill Grove to Percy Street led across the lower end of the Leazes, through Strawberry Place and then down Stamfordham Place, which latter property was subsequently purchased by my cousins David, (of Wheelbirks, Stocksfield) and Henry Richardson, (of Backworth) for about £11,000, and resold about the end of the century to Mr. George Handyside for £35,000. David being, so to speak, in charge, allowed a licence to lapse, not wishing to have anything to do with the liquor traffic. During the twenty-five years or so that the brothers held the property, the action of the Temperance party in reducing or limiting the number of licences had enormously increased their value, so that a public-house, worth, as a mere house, perhaps only a couple of thousand pounds, would sell for ten or twenty thousand. In London even larger sums were paid. It was said that the Half Moon public-house at Herne Hill was sold for £68,000. Now old James Hindmarsh had acted as agent in this Stamfordham Place transaction, and he told me afterwards in an excited manner: "And so thoo sees, Dave just diddled poor

Harry out of ten thoosand poonds. He diddled him as completely as if he had put his hand into his pocket and picked it ! " 1845

The breaking up of Bruce's School for the summer holidays was a great affair. The boys who could sing chanted the canticle " Benedicite omnia opera," and then everyone joined in Montgomery's " Aspirations of Youth."

The first verse runs :

" Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story ;
Happy when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls."

And so on to the end of the fourth verse, which used to come with special force—

" Oh ! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home."

James Montgomery's poems are forgotten by the present generation, but his hymn, " At Home in Heaven," beginning—

" Forever with the Lord,"

will, I think, live, if only for the lines—

" Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

At a later period I read his " Pelican Island " and " The World before the Flood," which were much in vogue in religious dissenting circles, and some of our good lady friends would quote both Montgomery and Milton under the impression that they were quoting from the Bible. Well, have we not known of even a beneficed clergyman introducing

1845 "providence and the shorn lamb," without a suspicion that the passage comes from Sterne's "Sentimental Journey?"

I seem to recollect while I was at Bruce's Academy the rumours of the Sikh wars. It was in December of 1845 that the battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshah were fought, and in the beginning of 1846, Aliwal and Sobraon. It was at Aliwal that Sir Harry Smith distinguished himself, and hence we have the names in Africa of Aliwal North, Harrismith and Ladysmith. While Sir Harry Smith was fighting in India, (or before), the Boers threw up the sponge in Natal, which was then and there declared to be a British Colony.

It was about this time that Bedlingtonshire was detached from the County of Durham and added to Northumberland, which naturally did not interest me, but the exhibition of "General" Tom Thumb driving about in a diminutive chariot aroused a great curiosity. He was only twenty-five inches in height and weighed fifteen pounds.

On the 17th. of July 1845, Charles, Earl Grey, died at Howick Hall. He was the last of the historical statesmen of the time of Pitt, Fox, Burke and Sheridan. His was the great Reform Bill which was passed in 1832. His monument is in Grey Street, Newcastle.

But of all contemporary events, that of which I heard the most was the Tractarian movement, and in this year Dr. Newman joined the Church of Rome. Many pious people anticipated that their allegiance to the Protestant faith would ere long be tried by persecution, and one old lady in particular sounded me as to whether I could be faithful even when surrounded with burning faggots! She was firmly convinced, poor soul, that she herself would end her days at the stake. Thus at the same epoch we had the Free Kirk secession in Scotland, and the turning towards old dogma in England, and also the spirit which was springing up and spreading,

and which was expressed in the sarcastic lines addressed to Dr. Pusey by Thomas Carlyle— 1845

> "The Builder of this Universe was wise,
> He made all systems, planets, particles,
> The plan he formed his worlds and æons by
> Was . . . thy small nine and thirty articles!"

The same agnostic spirit is expressed in the lines engraved upon Professor Huxley's tomb—

> "And if there be no meeting past the grave,
> If all is darkness, silence—it is rest.
> Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
> For God still giveth His beloved sleep,
> And if an endless sleep He wills—so best."

My health had always been a matter of concern to my dear parents, and in the late summer of 1845 I was sent to Carlisle to the care of Robert Doeg and his wife, (*née* Sarah Ann Squire). They lived in a very small house at Stanwix, a village on the north side of the River Eden opposite to Carlisle. Two other boys, namely, Joseph Proctor the eldest son of the Joseph Proctor who owned the Willington Mill of ghost renown, and James Nicholson Peile of Whitehaven afterwards a partner of mine, were also confided to the care of Robert Doeg, and every day we used to set off to Edenbank, the residence of Jonathan Dodson Carr, the biscuit manufacturer, and have lessons with the daughter and the four boys of that family. The eldest son, Henry Carr, died in January 1904. We were all in a sense related to each other, for Mrs. Jonathan Dodson Carr, (*née* Nicholson), was a sister to my grandfather Wigham's second wife, and also sister to the mother of James Nicholson Peile, while the mother of young Joseph Proctor was own sister to Jonathan Dodson Carr.

1845 The Doegs were a very worthy, even saintly, couple, and Mrs. Doeg had a gift of preaching, but they were not free from the peculiarities which schoolboys intuitively seize upon. Robert Doeg had a square profiled nose, and had lost the use of his right eye. We often had a ragout very little to our taste called *lobskouse*, which, I think, is a Norwegian term. He had travelled in Norway. So we got up the pitiful rhyme—

> "Doeg the Edomite,
> The left-eyed Benjamite,
> The square-nosed Shunamite,
> King of the lob-dish, oh!"

I have no remembrance of our lessons, but I remember very well reading with great delight Rollin's "Ancient History," and pondering over his curious plan of Babylon with the stratagem by which Cyrus captured it from Belshazzar. What a delightful book that was, and how much more satisfying than the literature which delights boys nowadays! If I recollect rightly, when I had finished Rollin—about a year and a half's work—they gave me "Plutarch's Lives"—another charming work which seems unknown to the modern schoolboy.

J. D. Carr had a sister Jane Carr, a maiden lady, who afterwards was said to have died from sea-sickness on a steamer running from Cork, the *Preussische Adler*. She invited us once to tea, and told us afterwards her experience of the Willington ghost. I remember we afterwards asked our Joseph Proctor, Jr., about it, but he never would talk on the subject; and when he died, some twelve or fifteen years later, his dying words were: "Mother, I shall be rid of the ghost now." Here is Jane Carr's narrative as I remember it, in her own words:

" I got down to sister Elizabeth's house in the afternoon and walked in by the back door, which was really more used than the front door opening to the garden. Elizabeth met me and kissed me affectionately and directed me to go upstairs, saying that my room was the first door on the right.

" When I got to the landing a housemaid met me, which I had not expected, and walked before me to the bedroom door, where, instead of standing aside to allow me to enter, she walked in first. I followed, but before I had left hold of the door-handle it seemed to me that the maid had vanished. I immediately locked the door, looked all round, peeped under the bed, opened a closet, and then with a scream I bolted downstairs. Elizabeth came out of the dining-room and soothed me, and persuaded me not to leave the house as I was intending, saying that Joseph would be in presently to tea, and so forth. We accordingly had a very pleasant evening, and I retired to rest thinking but little of ghosts, and, being tired after my journey, I soon fell asleep. About half-past two in the morning—it was in June—I was awaked by a noise of rushing wind in the room, and then the curtains on my four-post bed were blown right upon the top of it. In terror I hid my head under the clothes, and then, half suffocated, I looked out, when in the pale dawn I saw a grey female figure walk or glide past the window. This was enough for me. I got up, tumbled on my clothes, ran downstairs, out at the back door, and never stopped until I reached the station. There I found a goods train, and the guard kindly took me in the van up to Newcastle, where I caught the 6 A.M. train to Carlisle. Never, never will I go near that place again."

I may here remark that Joseph Proctor was a credulous sort of man, much given to Swedenborg, but the Carrs were a level-headed family. Being on this topic, I may finish

what I have heard since of the ghost. Somewhere about 1871, Joseph Proctor sold the mill to a rather notorious man called Sampson Langdale, who converted it into a mill for extracting oil out of the olives which had already been "stamped" in Spain and Italy. The whole affair was a failure, but that has nothing to do with the ghost. When the conveyance was being signed Joseph Proctor said to Langdale—"Now, Sampson, mind I sell thee the mill with the ghost." "All right, Mr. Proctor," was the reply, "I hope you will deliver it," and being a man not without humour, he asked his solicitor some months later to call upon Proctor for a *specific performance of contract*, and to produce the ghost.

At that time the great nine hours' strike was going on, and some German workmen had been lodged in the Old Mill. These men complained that the men on strike got into the roof and rolled cannon balls about at night to prevent them from sleeping. This was deemed to be the ghost *redivivus*, and Sampson Langdale pushed his joke no further.

These stories I give as told to me and to the best of my recollection. I was in no instance an eye-witness. The same is the case with the story told many, many years later by the cousin of one of our servants, who went to take service at Elmfield, Gosforth, near the old grand stand on the Town Moor racecourse, to which house the Proctor family had removed. She had sent on her box securely corded and locked, and when she went to her room she found her box still locked and corded, but the contents scattered about the room. The old cook told her that the ghost did this to every new arrival, and that three girls had already that term "chucked up the situation" and gone away terrified.

When I went past Willington on the occasion of the opening of the Tyneside Tramways, on the 29th. of September 1902, I noticed that the old house had been pulled down

and a building connected with the Rope Works erected in its place. 1846

One morning at Stanwix, Robert Doeg came in to breakfast rather late, and said to his wife very seriously, "I fear that the potatoes are going." We hardly knew what this meant, and, boy-like, we did not care to inquire, but after lessons we were sent into an outhouse to sort over a cart-load of potatoes. It was not a pleasant task. Almost every other potato was nothing but grey-coloured mush. This was on a frosty day in the autumn of 1846, and it was the precursor of that fearful Irish famine, the effects of which have been felt into the twentieth century. No writer has described the horrors of that time more eloquently or concisely than Richard Cobden. He wrote:

"A famine fell upon nearly one-half of a great nation. The whole world hastened to contribute money and food, but a few courageous men left their homes in Middlesex and Surrey, and penetrated to the remotest regions and bogs of the West coast of the stricken island to administer relief with their own hands. To say that they found themselves in the valley of the shadow of death would be but an imperfect image; they were in the charnel-house of a nation. Never, since the fourteenth century, did pestilence, the gaunt handmaid of famine, glean so rich a harvest. . . . The population sank so fast that the living could not bury the dead; half-interred bodies protruded from the gaping graves; often the wife died in the midst of her starving children, while the husband lay a festering corpse by her side."

The immediate effect of this famine was a diminution by death or emigration of nearly one-fourth of the population of Ireland within three or four years, and this diminution did not stop when the famine was over. In fact, we may

1846 say that the decrease amounted to three-eighths in forty years, viz.:

Population of Ireland in	1841	8,175,000
„ „	1881	5,174,000

We poor small schoolboys perhaps paid but little heed to the harrowing tales which we heard, but we consented a year later, (indeed, could we have refused?), to do without sugar so that we might contribute our mite to the famine fund. The Government granted ten millions. One result of the famine undoubtedly was the abolition of the duty on the import of corn. Less than a century previously Adam Smith had written:

"To expect, indeed, that the freedom of trade in corn should ever be entirely restored in Great Britain is as absurd as to expect that an Oceana or Utopia should ever be established in it. Not only the prejudices of the public, but, what is much more unconquerable, the private interests of many individuals, irresistibly oppose it."

Evidently the very wisest thinkers may fail as prophets. How little could Adam Smith foresee such a famine.

> "Prudens futuri temporis exitum
> Caliginosa nocte premit Deus."
>
> HORACE, *Odes*, iii. 29, 29-30.

> "The issue of the time to be
> Heaven wisely hides in blackest night."
>
> CONINGTON.

I may here record a remarkable saying of Richard Cobden's some years later. He and John Bright came to midday dinner with my father, and afterwards, speaking of Ireland, he said:

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Richardson, why Ireland is more backward than other Western European civilizations?"

Naturally my father asked what were Cobden's views, 1846
and I remember how, in continuing, he seemed as if he were going to strike his nose in emphasizing his points.

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Richardson, that of all Western European nations Ireland is the only one which had not the advantage of being conquered by the Romans, of being subjected to Roman military discipline, or learning to respect the Roman law, (especially as regards property), and of having its centres of population connected by Roman military roads?"

I think it is in the twenty-fourth chapter of the "Life of Agricola," by Tacitus, that the historian relates how his father-in-law looked across to Ireland from the Galloway shores, and reflected that it was an island lying between Spain and Britain—

"Hibernia medio inter Britanniam atque Hispaniam sita";

and he goes on to say:

"Agricola received a visit from a member of one of the ruling families in Ireland, expelled from that country by domestic sedition, and was frequently assured by him that Ireland could be conquered and held by a single legion."

But Agricola was not to be turned aside from his march to the Grampians. Poor Ireland!

It must have been in the winter holidays of one of these years that Catlin's Indians came to Newcastle. I think they were Sioux from the country on the Missouri River, south-west of Lake Superior, but I may be mistaken as to this. About a dozen of them came with a squaw and baby and a lad some twelve years old. We youngsters were thrown into a fever of excitement and dreamed of buffaloes and tomahawks, careering horses, mocassins, bows and arrows, and of the solemn forests and plains of the great West.

1846 I shall never forget the delight of seeing them rub two pieces of wood together and then blowing up a fire. They sat round in a circle and blew down their long pipes. They all came to tea one afternoon at my father's house when the model of a canoe and mocassins now in my possession were bought from them. The squaw noticed the engraving of West's picture of Penn and the Indians, smiled and said, "Brother Quill" to Aunt Ann's great delight. Finally my father took me to call on them at their lodgings at the corner of Grainger Street and Market Street. He first bought me a good pocket knife, which I presented to the Indian boy. His father saw it and took it from him, at the same time striking him so brutally on the side of the head as to send him reeling to the other end of the room. This was sufficient to disillusion me as to the *noble savage*.

The summer of 1846 was spent by the whole family with our grandfather Wigham, partly at Edinburgh, and partly by the seaside, at the village of Dirleton not far from the Bass Rock. It was then a village renowned for its flowers. The fuchsias grew right over the roofs of the cottages. My journey to Edinburgh was a very pleasant one. Robert Doeg's little house was on the north road; the coach drew up at the door; I was put into the "dicky" behind, alongside of a pleasant gentleman, who asked me to conjugate the verb "sum, fui, esse—to be," and I recollect nothing more until I was met, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, by my brother Edward, on a grey pony on the Dalkeith road, a short distance from my grandfather's house.

I may now say something of my dear grandfather. His house stood near the corner of the Dalkeith or London Road and Salisbury Road, and was No. 10. It was a house with three good rooms on the ground floor besides

kitchens, and had a charming though formal garden at 1846
the back. At a later date my grandfather once asked me how it was that, since Noah's Ark, men had been building ships and had not yet hit upon the right model.

"That may be so," I replied, "but have we not been building houses since Adam without arriving at a perfect dwelling?"

"I don't know about that," said he. "I built this house myself and I don't think it could be much improved upon."

Frederick Hill, in his autobiography, writes of my grandfather as follows:

"Mr. Wigham was a staunch Liberal. In 1840 he nominated Mr. (afterwards Lord) Macaulay as member for Edinburgh, and two years later became chairman of the Anti-Corn-Law Association. But although he took a deep interest concerning the public welfare, there was an absence of all hot discussions or asperity of argument in his household."

William Chambers, describing it, says:

"The members of the family seemed to live in an atmosphere of perfect composure . . . all matters treated of bore reference to something practically good, connected with social progress. A visit to their house was as soothing as a perusal of the fifth chapter of Matthew. I always came away the better for what I saw and heard."

I, of course, at nine years of age, recollect but little of our time in Edinburgh, but I well remember taking some pears from the wall of Lady Murray's garden, in company with my step-aunt, Anna Mary, who was of the same age as myself. (She was afterwards Mrs. Theodore Nicholson of Carlisle, and died in January 1904.) We were seen doing it and were sent round to apologize. The stately lady rang the bell and told her butler to fetch a plate of ripe pears which she gave to us with the advice never to be afraid of

1846 confessing a fault. This Lady Murray was the wife of the Sir John Murray who once had an estate left to him by an old lady who had quarrelled with her heir. When the will was read he found himself, to his great surprise, possessed of wealth, while the heir-presumptive was penniless. Sir John made inquiries into the character of the young man, and, receiving satisfactory answers, he quietly transferred back to him the whole property. Soon after this a lady called upon Sir John's mother, and, indignant at what seemed to her an act of quixotism, demanded, "Do you know what your son, John, has done?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Murray, "and he would not have been my son John if he had done anything else."

I saw more of the Edinburgh circle at a later date, but I may here say that my grandfather's ardent Liberalism very soon brought him to cross purposes with Macaulay, as may be seen in Adam Black's preface to the volume containing a reprint of the Biographies contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The first rift in the lute was caused by Macaulay's inclination to take an abatement in the duties of corn as a step to their total abolition. Writing to Adam Black in 1843, that is to say, some years before the Irish Famine had converted the Utopia of Adam Smith into a practical possibility, Macaulay says:

"I have delayed answering your (Adam Black's) kind letter till I received Mr. Wigham's communication. My mind is quite made up. I am certain that the only chance of our getting any mitigation of the existing evils is to act together cordially against the sliding scale. If the party of the Anti-Corn-Law League choose to separate themselves from the supporters of a moderate fixed duty, and to run down Lord John and those who agree with him, I am inclined to believe we shall have to wait many years for any real im-

provement. The truth is that the friends of perfectly free trade, of whom I am sincerely one, are in general quite mistaken as to their own strength. They live in towns; they herd together; they echo and re-echo each other's sentiments; they are accustomed to see large meetings collected, all animated by the same feeling; and they have got into the habit of repeating that public opinion is for free trade, that monopoly is detested by all except the aristocracy, and so forth. One would think to hear them that the United Kingdom had no rural population at all. Take such a county as Essex, with a population and a constituent body more than twice the size of Edinburgh; or Devonshire, with a population and constituent body nearly four times as large as that of Edinburgh; and let any candidate for those counties talk Cobden's language on the hustings; nay, let him talk Lord John's or even Gladstone's, and see how he will be received. He will be an object of as much detestation to the body of the farmers and yeomen as the Duke of Cleveland would be to our friends of the High Street"; and he proceeds to show that in Ireland—yes, at that time (1843) even in Ireland — not one single member could vote for repeal without risking the loss of his seat. 1846

Macaulay's great historical work had not then been published, otherwise his vindication of Sir William Temple, the great Trimmer, might very well have been put forward as an excuse for the author.

Two years later, in 1845, Sir Robert Peel proposed and carried an additional grant of some £30,000 per annum to the College for the education of Catholic Priests at Maynooth near Dublin. Harriet Martineau, in her history of the thirty years' peace, describes how society seemed to be going mad over this question. W. E. Gladstone left the Ministry because

1846 the grant, of which he had come to approve, was at variance with his formerly published work on Church and State, and in the year 1847 Macaulay lost his seat. It is easy for Sir George Otto Trevelyan to wax eloquent on the disgrace to Edinburgh of turning adrift so eminent a man as Macaulay, but undoubtedly my grandfather, and the others who shared his views, sincerely believed that it was wrong in every way for a Government to support the teaching of Roman Catholic tenets, and worse still to educate Romish priests.

More than half a century has now gone by, and the effects of the Maynooth Grant are perhaps different from what was expected either by its supporters or its opponents. If I am not mistaken, it has led to the Irish Romish priests being chosen from a lower social stratum, but they have mightily increased in numbers and in apparent power and influence, although along with this there are signs of a sort of revolt or reform movement within the fold of the Church itself. My children may be interested to follow this out, and in the middle of the twentieth century they may perchance marvel how their forefathers could attach so much importance to a mere enactment.

After Macaulay lost his seat he devoted himself to the writing of his "History of England" from the accession of James I. "down to a time within the memory of men still living." This book took the nation by storm. The author was (as Professor Jebb has finely inscribed on his monument at Trinity College, Cambridge) the first to write history in such a way that it was found more interesting than fiction:

"Qui primus annales ita scripsit ut vera fictis libentius legerentur."

He was also one whose affection for his sisters makes the Professor add—

"Cui omnium admiratio minoris fuit quam suorum amor."

And yet it would be difficult to find in any work of equal importance so much flagrant mis-statement. His father was the son of a Highland minister and his mother the daughter of a Bristol Quaker, and the Highlanders and the Quakers are equally the objects of his ridicule and the themes for his libels. As John Paget in his "Paradoxes and Puzzles" says: 1846

"No quarrel is so bitter as a family quarrel. When a man takes to abusing his father or mother, he does it with infinitely greater gusto than a mere stranger." But when the libels on George Fox and William Penn appeared my grandfather lost patience, threw all Macaulay's letters into the fire, and spoke of him ever after as "that rascal Macaulay!" The spirit breathed in Whittier's poem called "The Quaker Alumni" is better:

"He who lies where the minster's groined arches curve down
To the tomb-crowned transept of England's renown,
The glorious essayist, by genius enthroned,
Whose pen as a sceptre the muses all owned,—
Who through the world's Pantheon walked in his pride,
Setting new statues up, thrusting old ones aside,
And in fiction the pencils of history dipped,
To gild o'er or blacken each saint in his crypt,—
How vainly he laboured to sully with blame
The white bust of Penn in the niche of his fame!
Self-will is self-wounding, perversity blind;
On himself fell the stain for the Quaker designed!
For the sake of his true-hearted father before him;
For the sake of the dear Quaker mother who bore him;
For the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive him,
And his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive him!"

The abolition of the duties on the importation of corn was passed in June 1846. What the philosophic well-wisher, Adam Smith, had deemed to be impossible was achieved

1847 by the Irish famine. When the news of the division in May on the third reading in the House of Commons was announced to the staff of officials in Manchester of the great Corn Law League, a cynically inclined observer records that a feeling of dismay came over the countenances of those hard-working men. They felt that for the time being their occupation was gone. A favourite song of those days was Henry Russell's "Cheer, boys, cheer," and when at the great public meeting held in Manchester they commenced to sing:

> "There's a good time coming, boys,
> A good time coming—
> There's a good time coming, boys,
> Wait a little longer";

someone rose up and impressively exclaimed: "The good time *has* come."

During the summer holidays of 1847 our family took lodgings at Whitburn, a charming seaside village a little north of Sunderland. I have a clear recollection of a terrific thunderstorm, and a vivid flash of lightning which made my mother, when driving in her phæton, quite blind for several minutes. Her eyesight was never perfectly right again.

Another recollection is of having seen George Hudson, the Railway King, driving in Sir Hedworth Williamson's carriage to the nomination as member of Parliament for and at Sunderland. This was on the 2nd. of August 1847. He was in all his glory, with an enormous buttonhole bouquet. He was elected by 878 votes over his opponent William Arthur Wilkinson, who had only 569 votes. I only once again saw him, and that was some twenty years or more later on the pier at Calais wistfully gazing over the Channel

at the white cliffs of Dover. He dared not cross for fear of being arrested for debt. 1847

The railway mania was on lines not so far different from the South Sea Bubble or the tulip mania in Holland. The Leeds and Thirsk Railway shares with £2. 10s. paid rose in a few months to £23. 10s. George Hudson was a draper in partnership with a brother in York. This brother's mind was unhinged by the flood of success, and he was seen one night to go upon Lendal Bridge, take off his coat and waistcoat and then leap into the Ouse. His body was found some miles lower down and there was nothing in his pockets except a piece of paper on which was written—" Jeremiah xvii. 11—As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool." It was not until 1849 that the Railway King was deposed. A Mr. Prance of the Stock Exchange made certain charges against George Hudson, who was then the Chairman of the York, Newcastle & Berwick Railway Company. A Committee was appointed upon which sat our friend Duncan M'Laren of Edinburgh. Their reports excited a great sensation. The Committee stated that Hudson, although entitled to only 936 shares in the Company, had secretly taken and afterwards sold for his own benefit 10,984, the Committee estimating this " flagrant abuse of the confidence reposed in him " at £145,000. There were other charges as regards other companies as well as relating to transactions in land and iron. It was also discovered that in order to keep up large dividends and to make things pleasant, the accounts of the Company had been systematically falsified from the first existence of the railway to the extent of £122,000, partly by the absorption of capital into the traffic account, and partly by overstating the actual traffic. Lastly the

1847 Committee proved that £41,000 of the Railway Company's funds had been applied without its consent to the purchase of Sunderland Dock Shares. This sum was repaid by Hudson, and on the 8th. of January 1850, upon a further payment by him of £50,000, the Railway Company relinquished all claim upon him, but he was a ruined man and had many other claimants and creditors to face.

One of the best pictures of these times is the series of the Yellow Plush Papers by Thackeray.

The Sir Hedworth Williamson, who at that time was the host of George Hudson, married a sister of the Earl of Ravensworth, the translator of Horace, and he was succeeded by his son, of whom I only know that he contributed (Feb. 1901) some charming verses to Howard Pease's *Northern Counties Magazine*. They are very relevant to the theme of the mutability of human fortunes, and so I here transcribe them. They were suggested by Bewick's woodcut of an headstone.

DEFUNCTUS

(*A Northern Headstone*)

Strong with its stunted tower, gray, in the driving shower,
Stands the old church with moors for a setting;
Under this turfy heap my old friend sleeps his sleep—
Lichen and sea wind the headstone are fretting.

What did he with his life? Tended an ailing wife,
Buttressed the bridge and rebuilded the byre,
Drained the five acre field, doubled the yearly yield,
Tiled the west gable-end after the fire.

Drought in the early spring, rain in the harvesting,
Even a good season's niggardly bounty
All his long life he knew. Yet oats like his were few,
And his swedes famous this side the county.

Now his day's work is done, night begun, resting won, 1847
He lies so quietly under the clover;
Heeds not the rain and wind, this world well left behind,
Good times and bad times and all time got over.

It was about this time that the arrangements between J. D. Carr and Robert Doeg were terminated and we went to the other side of Carlisle to an old house called Harraby Hill, lying about a mile from the city along the main South Road. The waggon which removed the scanty furniture of the Doegs made two journeys, and I was left alone at Stanwix in charge until it came back. I seem even now to see the old wall and the ruta muraria growing upon it.

Harraby Hill was a much more pretentious place than the little house at Stanwix. There were farm buildings attached and a good garden which was taken charge of by Robert Doeg's father—a dear old gentleman who came to live with his son. Flanking the London Road was a fine row of old elm trees, and opposite one magnificent elm standing alone which we often tried to draw. A roadway to the west led down to the river Petterill, a small stream by whose banks the London & North Western Railway runs. It takes its rise between Greystoke and Dacre, close to Penrith, and near to Harraby it was dammed up so as to turn a cotton mill down by the Harraby gate of Carlisle city over which gate they used to set up the heads of the reiving Scots;

"Where Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall"

as Hume wrote. I remember seeing the lines as scratched by him with his diamond ring on a pane of the coffee-room of the Bush Inn. The egg they had given him at breakfast was too mature and the singing in the cathedral was very

1847 bad, but he went out to Corby in the afternoon. These, I think, were the lines :

> " Here Scotsmen's heads adorn the wall,
> Here chicks in eggs for breakfast sprawl,
> Here godless boys God's glories squall,
> But Corby's walks atone for all."

A little above the Petterill dam is a house called Woodside, the seat of the Losh family, where William Losh was born, Losh the schemer, who introduced into England the manufacture of alkali, and his brother, James Losh, the Recorder of Newcastle, whose statue is on the staircase leading to the library of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Newcastle.

We used to bathe and swim in the Petterill dam and often go on to the little village of Upperly where handlooms still lingered. I still seem to be haunted by the appearance of those miserable-looking, half-deformed, cramped-up men, living on a bare subsistence and working in small and overheated rooms. And to think that such men struck against the power looms and even wrecked and destroyed them! The power looms which have quadrupled their wages and enabled them to live in comparative idleness while at the same time their labour is incomparably easier.

We boys, however, had another object in view when we went to Upperly. We used to ask for pieces of orange-coloured cotton yarn, which burns like touch wood. This yarn is now sometimes sold by tobacconists for lighting pipes, and the dye is a substance used in making lyddite shells.

The village of Scotby is within a couple of miles of Harraby, and various good Quakers lived there, mostly of the family of Sutton, who were most kind in asking me to go and stay

from Saturday to Monday. Sometimes also I was asked to 1847
tea by Elizabeth Head, sister of the banker, George H. Head, he who afterwards married a Gurney. She lived over the bank close to the railway station. The bank is still there, but it was pulled down and rebuilt when it ceased to be a private bank.

The first wife of George H. Head was a daughter of Alderman Wood, of Wood Street, Cheapside, at the corner of which street poor Susan heard the thrush singing.[1] The worthy Alderman had two daughters and left a very considerable fortune, including an estate at Teddington, to each in equal shares, with the proviso that, if one died without issue, her share should go to the sister and to the sister's children.

The first daughter married Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, and died without issue, so that the property went to the other daughter, Mrs. Head. Bernard Barton married again and had children. Mrs. Head long after died without issue, on which the children of Bernard Barton claimed half the property. This became quite a "*cause célèbre*," and eventually it was decided in favour of the Bartons. The well-known Quaker preacher, Joseph Bevan Braithwaite, he who stammered so badly, was retained as counsel against the Bartons, and as he was a man living in the odour of sanctity, many good Quaker ladies thought that the Heads must necessarily be in the right.

The Doegs had four or five boarders and perhaps twice as many day scholars, and it so happened that none of them were clever boys so far as lessons were concerned.

Thus it came to pass that our lessons seemed child's play to me, and looking back to those years I sometimes wonder

[1] "The Reverie of poor Susan."—WORDSWORTH.

1847 if it is not a good thing to let a boy's mind lie fallow for a year or two! I think it was at this period that I amused Robert Doeg by inventing short cuts in the mental arithmetic class; as, for example, the square of $8\frac{1}{2}$ is $8 \times 9 + \frac{1}{4}$. This I tumbled upon by trial and error, although it is simply enough shown algebraically:

$$\begin{array}{rl} \text{Multiply} & a+\frac{1}{2} \\ & a+\frac{1}{2} \\ \hline & a^2+\frac{1}{2}a \\ & \quad +\frac{1}{2}a+\frac{1}{4} \\ \hline & a^2+a+\frac{1}{4}=a\,(a+1)+\frac{1}{4} \end{array}$$

This is tolerably simple, but it sounds rather more wonderful if you take some larger figure, say 650, and square it in your head, thus:

$$\begin{aligned} [6\tfrac{1}{2}\,(100)]^2 &= 7 \times 6 \times 10{,}000 + \tfrac{1}{4}\,(100)^2 \\ &= 420{,}000 + 2{,}500 \\ &= 422{,}500 \end{aligned}$$

Taken in these steps the problem is easy enough, but many years later certain French engineers in Marseilles were quite mystified when, in going over some calculations, I gave them the results without putting pen to paper.

Robert Doeg had a brother in Carlisle, a bank clerk, whose name was William Doeg, and he used to give us lessons in drawing. I wish they had continued longer. He used to make us stand in a row with our slates and then tell us how to draw an inkstand or some other object in the room, and give us only three minutes in which to do it. He then rapidly placed us in order of merit and something else was given us to draw. I have heard of teachers who have pushed this idea further still and have made their pupils go out of doors, take a long look down the street, and come back into

the house and draw down on paper their recollection of the view. 1847

The Doegs used to discuss the news of the day at table, and we used to hear a great deal about Louis Philippe and the Spanish marriages (1847) and then of the Revolution of 1848. To read now the account of the bungling indecision of Thiers, the orator and historian, and of the excitement of the people, is to marvel, and this wonder is increased if we read the story of the chartist meeting in London and the 50,000 special constables whom Palmerston enrolled.

The revolutionary whirlwind swept over Europe. King Leopold in Belgium bent at once to the storm and so escaped, but Germany, Austria, and Italy were all up in arms.

It was about this time that the *Illustrated London News* first made its appearance. My mother used kindly to send me copies, and we all know how pictures seen in youth imprint themselves on the memory. We have all read how, when Louis Philippe and his family had fled, his daughter-in-law, the widow of his eldest son the Duc d'Orléans, herself a princess of the Mecklenburg family, took her two sons, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres (the latter so small that he had to be carried), to the House of Representatives, and very nearly persuaded them to make the former king. Had she been a few minutes earlier, or had Thiers been less of an humbug, or Lamartine more level-headed, she might have succeeded. Well might Thiers call her the only *man* of the Orléans family! There was a striking woodcut of this scene in the *Illustrated London News*. Also of the Relief of Vienna by Jellalich, the Ban of Croatia, and again a later one of Garibaldi at the siege of Rome by the French under Marshal Oudinot.

One dark night in the Christmas holidays our father

1847 took us four elder children to see Lord Armstrong, (then Mr. William George Armstrong, solicitor), exhibit his electrical machine. This machine is now at the Durham College of Science. Armstrong had been out at Seghill Colliery on legal business, and the engineman there had drawn his attention to the circumstance that sparks of electricity were emitted from the safety valve when there was a leak of steam through the cement about the seat.

It was a weird scene; the sparks or flashes of electricity from the machine were, I should say, from four to five feet long, and the figure of Armstrong in a frock coat (since then so familiar) looked almost demoniacal. He stood

> "amongst the crew
> The master fiend that Milton drew."

My father had made a very good electrical machine which was now often got out in the evenings and experiments performed. I afterwards presented this at Miss Cooper's request to the Gateshead High School for girls, but I never heard that it was used there.

On the 21st. of October 1847 the Newcastle, Shields, and Sunderland Union Joint Stock Banking Co. stopped payment. The manager, Chapman, decamped. He had been a shining light in the religious world. He was a relative of the Chapman of Overend, Gurney & Co., he who used to be called Samuel Gurney's *liar*! Our friends, the Joseph Watsons, were sufferers, of which I heard as a boy; and I have since been told that my father called on Joseph Watson, (father of Robert Spence Watson), and proffered handsome pecuniary assistance, which, however, was declined. The business of this bank was picked up by some of the shareholders and

carried on as Woods & Co., of which the late Robert Spence 1848
became the manager. In later years the bank was absorbed by Barclay & Co., Limited. Spence's father had been manager of the Shields Branch of the bankrupt banking company, and on meeting days used to leave his son, then a mere lad, in sole charge. A wealthy shareholder, who thought to take a rise out of the young lad, called and presented a cheque for a very large amount. Robert Spence looked at the cheque and then at the customer, who had drawn his own cheque, and said sweetly: "How will thee have it?"

In February 1848 there was a sad coble accident at Cullercoats when my great uncle, George Richardson, with his daughter Ellen and my Aunt Ann (afterwards Mrs. Robert Foster) were staying there. In their quiet way they did a great deal towards raising funds to build the picturesque pier which now protects the harbour. They did not cease in their good works, but afterwards got up schools which for many years were an untold boon to the villagers. On one occasion they took all the children up to Newcastle to see Wombwell's menagerie of wild beasts and were much amused to hear one of the mothers say to another afterwards "Eh! what a lot of money the Miss Richardsons must have made out of that."

The Doegs were very strong on the Peace question and the Christian doctrine of non-resistance, but in the spring of 1848 they got hold of Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," and we boys heard parts of it. How is it that so many people who imagine they are the friends above all things of liberty can admire so hugely the Dictator of the seventeenth century? It is no doubt a puzzling question. The feeling satirized in James

1848 Russell Lowell's lines ("The pious editor's creed, Biglow Papers"),—

> "I du believe in Freedom's cause
> Ez fur away ez Payris is;
> I love to see her stick her claws
> In them infarnal Phayrisees"—

counted doubtless for much, but over and above all I think it was Cromwell's determination to make England Queen of the Protestant world which charmed my dear old master.

All of us love dearly to see our inner thoughts and feelings adequately and fittingly expressed. It is thus that the materialistic philosophy of Horace has an undying charm. Thus also is it that the commonplaces of Shakespeare appeal to every race of man in every age. Thus also the partizan politician delights to read his own thoughts in the leading article of the able editor. How much more then must Cromwell's note of warning to the Roman Catholic persecutors of the Waldenses, penned too as it was by John Milton, have awakened a response in England?

A mile or two south of Harraby on the Penrith Road is the village of Carleton where dwelt a curious old gentleman whom we used sometimes to meet, called Lowthian, grandfather of the present Sir Isaac Lowthian Bell. He had some crank about the re-peopling of Palestine which, according to him, had become depopulated because the Lord had caused the "latter rain" to cease, so that the land, having now only the "early rain" to depend upon, had lost its fertility. He had been out once or twice to Jerusalem to put things right and I believe the agency was to be earnest prayer. His wife meanwhile looked after his concerns at home in England, and, being a shrewd woman, not at all unsuccessfully. Old Mr. Lowthian used to explain this, but he expressed

himself somewhat differently. He used to say that his wife 1849
was a worldly-minded woman who refused to go with him to the work, but that the Lord had rewarded his sacrifices by so caring for him that his little investments were kept all right during his absence!

The time was now approaching when an experience came to my lot such as is vouchsafed to few. My eldest sister, Anna Deborah, undertook to teach my sister Elizabeth and myself together. It is impossible to describe how she enthused us. The dry books of the schoolroom seemed to be transformed into charming fountains of knowledge. I think I learned more during the year that I studied with Anna than in the next two years at school and, more than all, I learned how to study for myself. In the evening the themes of the day were often discussed by my father, who was no mean scholar.

In this year also I acquired the habit of riding on horseback before breakfast. A pony was bought for me called "Charlie" and a wooden stable was made for him at the foot of the garden. No groom was kept. I had to do all the grooming myself, and my father took care that this duty was not neglected. One day when I was rubbing him down, Charlie bit my elbow badly. Maddened with pain and remembering having read of such a cure, I went into the kitchen, and finding a leg of mutton on the jack-spit I took it off, and running down to the stable I let Charlie embed his teeth in the hot meat. He never bit me again, but when carving at dinner my father said—"What have they been doing to this joint?" Charlie was a young animal only half trained. This, I think, is not best in teaching children to ride. I was not allowed any saddle, only a horse cloth. The first morning when we went out together, Charlie shied on the road near

1849 the barracks and I fell off. My father was quite angry and said I should hurt myself if I tumbled on the hard road. When we got on the Town Moor the pony set off at a gallop and I fell off again. On this my father laughed and said "Tumble off as much as thou likes, John, on the grass." Later on they got me a saddle or rather a pad into which a crutch for a girl could be screwed, and then my father offered me a shilling if I would ride a mile with the coin gripped between the saddle and my knee. I never succeeded in going more than a third of a mile. The hay, straw and corn came from the stables up Gallowgate way where the Glue Factory of J. & E. Richardson was situated. My sister Lizzie and I used to go on Saturdays and bring back, she a bundle of straw, I part of a truss of hay on our backs.

It must have been about this date that Lindley Murray Hoag came from the States under a concern to visit Friends in the United Kingdom. His grandfather was the author of that superfluous "Grammar of the English Language," the delight of schoolmasters and the *bête noire* of their scholars. He was the most impressive preacher by far that I ever heard and he seemed to have a sort of prophetic gift, as witness his warning to Tawell the murderer. There ran a curious ghost story concerning him which I here repeat, believing it to be substantially accurate.

One of the early converts to Quakerism was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. Whittier has written a spirited ballad about him beginning—

> "Up the streets of Aberdeen
> By the Kirk and College Green
> Rode the Laird of Ury," etc.

It was the nephew of this soldier who wrote Barclay's

Apology. Thomas Hodgkin in his life of George Fox has pointed out that Barclay's work is intended to contrast Fox's doctrines more especially with those of Calvin. If this be so, we need not wonder that Quakerism has never flourished in Scotland. 1849

The ancestral domain of Ury was occupied in Hoag's time by a certain Captain Barclay and his sister. They were great breeders of Aberdeen shorthorns. Miss Barclay had much success in treating their ailments. She would give them a dish of tea and a hot foot bath—four pails that is of hot water, one for each leg. The Captain unfortunately took to horse racing and other more questionable sports. He attracted attention by making a wager to walk 1000 miles in 1000 hours. In these days of severe training I suppose this would not be considered much of a feat. His sporting proclivities brought Captain Barclay into pecuniary difficulties, to meet which he sold his ancestral estate of Ury to one of the Bairds of Gartsherrie, a family which had acquired great wealth in the iron trade. When, however, the deeds of the property had to be produced, they could nowhere be found; and Captain Barclay was involved in legal suits, instead of receiving the much needed cash.

Lindley Murray Hoag when he visited Aberdeen, expressed a wish to visit Ury, and Captain Barclay hospitably invited him to stop there and sleep on his return journey to the south, adding that by so doing he would see the place both by daylight and by candlelight. It was a raw afternoon in October when Hoag started and by the time the conveyance reached Ury he felt himself thoroughly chilled and requested to be allowed to go straight to his room and have a basin of gruel in bed. The next morning at breakfast they were standing, as people do, before the fire, when Hoag looking at an old portrait of the

1849 soldier who fought "ankle deep in Lützen's blood" remarked "Ah, there is my friend of last night."

"Not quite," said Miss Barclay, "that is an ancestor of ours who has been dead nearly 200 years."

"Oh," said Hoag, "he looks like the old gentleman who came into my room last night."

At this juncture breakfast was served and Captain Barclay seemed deep in thought. At last he said—"Will you please tell me, Mr. Hoag, who it was that came into your room last night and what he was doing there?"

"Well," replied Hoag, "I was just going off to sleep when there was a knock at the door and a sweet old gentleman very like that portrait came into the room. He had a candle in his hand which he shaded with his other hand, and he apologized for disturbing me. He then went round the foot of the bed and opened a cupboard in the wall at the other side, taking out some old papers which looked like parchments."

"Did ye ever hear the like o' that!" exclaimed both the Barclays. "Why there is no cupboard there."

Captain Barclay remained thinking and when breakfast was over he said—"Mr. Hoag, will you please do me the favour of showing me exactly where the old gentleman found the papers?"

They all three went upstairs and sure enough there was no appearance of any cupboard, but the wall sounded hollow. Barclay tore off the paper and found some wooden boarding. This he broke off with the poker and an iron door was laid bare. He tried fruitlessly to open this and then sent for a blacksmith, who found and opened a safe door—and in the safe were the missing deeds. Miss Barclay ever after used to speak of entertaining angels unawares whenever she related the circumstances of Lindley Murray Hoag's visit to Ury.

My father had a large wagonette, (we called it *the car*), 1849
in which he used to drive us to various points of interest. One excursion which I recall was made about this time along the Roman Wall. We slept at Chollerford and at "Twice-brewed," an inn near to Borcovicus (Housesteads) used by carriers. It no longer exists as an inn, and very few and far between are travellers on that road, which used to be trod by soldiers from every part of the Roman Empire even as far off as Africa and Poland. I remember the merry laugh of my mother when she found me taking for the journey Parley's "Greek and Roman Mythology"—not after all a wholly unsuitable work considering the antiquarian nature of our expedition. The mythology of the Romans in Britain seems however to have been more Syrian than Italian. They also had purely local deities. On this trip Scott's poem of Marmion was read aloud. It is surely one of the finest epic poems in our language. Our turn-out was not very smart—and the harness least of all—and my mother pointed slyly to it when Anna read the lines—

> "Blue was the charger's broider'd rein;
> Blue ribbons decked his arching mane;
> The knightly housing's ample fold
> Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold."

It was at "Twice-brewed" that the second canto, The Convent, was read and we went to bed like the stag on Cheviot Fell, who—

> "... quaked among the mountain fern
> To hear that sound so dull and stern."

As I lay down on my pillow upstairs and looked out over the fell which forms the crags of Crag Lough, I saw the face of a man peeping in at the window. I started up—the face withdrew—but on my lying down again it again appeared.

1849 I then got up and opened the window but no one was there. Eventually I found that a carved head on the jamb of the mantel-piece happened to come exactly in line with one side of the window.

In all these early years fiction was mostly tabooed. The Arabian Nights and the fairy tales of Andersen or Grimm were unknown joys—but we seized with avidity on the thread of narrative in more serious works. Amongst these was Milton's "Paradise Lost" and perhaps we were not losers by the exchange. Certainly no one who has read that great poem can regret the time devoted to the English epic, "which with no middle flight" soars "above the Aonian mount, while it pursues things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."[1] If any of my descendants wish to know the beauties of Milton and find the task somewhat appalling, let them take up the *Spectator* and read Addison's analysis. He gives the narrative in prose, quoting as he goes along all the choicest passages. Some authorities consider that Addison wrote English prose better than any other author before or since. What author was it who always read a paper from the *Spectator* before sitting down to write?

"Robinson Crusoe" was allowed and "The Pilgrim's Progress" (I never liked the latter work) and various books of travel. Maria Hack's "Winter Evenings" or "Tales of Travellers" was a great favourite, and we all learned by heart the versified summary at the end. I remember now the last couplet only—

> "And reflect when the storms of adversity lower
> That Virtue is safety and Knowledge is power."

On the 28th. of September 1849, the Queen and Prince Albert returning from Scotland with the royal children

[1] "Paradise Lost," i. 14-16.

stopped to receive an address on the High Level Bridge 1850
which had been completed in June. My father took me with him, but I was not allowed with him into the enclosure and had to stand at the very end of the platform. The train overshot its mark, and the Queen and Prince Albert standing to look out of the window only saw me, a small solitary boy. My face was within a yard of theirs. The Prince, seeing that some mistake had been made, tactfully drew the attention of the Queen to the shipping seen from the other side of the carriage. King Edward was then a boy of eight years old. On the 10th. of July 1906, when he opened the King Edward Bridge the platform was on the east side, and looking over he asked Mr. Charles Harrison—the engineer—if the other bridge was the old High Level.

After the summer holidays in 1850 I was sent to the Friends' School at 20, Bootham, York. My brother, Edward, was already there, but being in a lower class I did not see very much of him, and he left after the first year.

The school premises consisted in my time of a handsome house built originally for the Countess of Scarborough. Behind the house was a newer building which contained the class-rooms, a playroom, the masters' retiring-room, a workshop and the head master's library. There was a large playground and beyond it a garden, and still further down the slope a cricket field. These three plots of ground formed a long rectangle such as is usually found behind suburban houses, but it was much larger than the limited pieces of ground to which Londoners are accustomed.

The head master was John Ford, irreverently called "Dobbin" by the boys, a man of saintly life, but with a bad digestion and temper. His wife Rachel was not of a sympathetic nature, but doubtless did her duty. The

1850 assistant masters were Till Adam Smith, a stout genial gentleman in gold rimmed spectacles; Sylvanus Thompson, a dry old Quaker, whose son is now eminent in the electrical world; Henry Sparkes; Fielden Thorp, afterwards head master, who married one of the Clarkes of Street in Somersetshire, and Edmund S. Lean, who afterwards became a clergyman. The assistant masters must have had a pretty hard time. So far as I can remember they sat at their high desks, reading or writing all the time that they were in the class-rooms, unless indeed they were teaching, and the boys had no hesitation in going up to them and asking them any question. When they retired into the masters' room the door was usually left open. What a life! Then there were only two terms, with six weeks holidays in June and July, and only two weeks at Christmas.

On Saturday afternoons there were no lessons in class, and usually on at least one afternoon in the week we were unexpectedly told that we might do what we liked *except play*. These were called "own employment afternoons." The boys might read or draw or play chess, or work in the workshop, or arrange their collection of plants, or in fact do what they pleased except play, but chess was a special exception. I suppose it was considered to be pretty stiff work and quiet too. This system of accustoming the boys to take up interests had I think a marked effect upon their characters.

We were marched off to meeting twice on Sunday and once in the middle of the week. These were times of unmitigated boredom. I used in the second year sometimes to take a book and manage to read a little. The masters must have seen this but they let it pass; perhaps they envied me!

Once or twice in a term we were taken long walks into

the country. Knaresmire was a favourite spot, a boggy 1850
waste where queer plants and animals were to be found, but we never were taught the lie of the land. There were no ordnance maps in those days, and we knew far more about the geography of Palestine than about the environs of York.

Of the scholarship at York there was not much to be said. We learned a little of everything, so to speak. Latin, Greek, French and German, Biblical and secular history, geography, arithmetic, including mental arithemtic, algebra, English grammar (Lindley Murray), writing, spelling, all the "Ologies" and drawing. Such a curriculum was not calculated to win prizes at competitive examinations, but in the easy-going way followed at York it had many points. The alumni of York Friends' School do not count Lord Chancellors on their roll, but they do count a long list of men who have made a success in life and, while successful in business, have employed their leisure in scientific, literary or philanthropic pursuits.

I was small for my age and was put first into the fourth class, but very soon—that is at half term—I was moved into the third, and at the end of the first term into the second. The following year I got into the first class, and so came under the genial rule of Till Adam Smith—a Bristol gentleman.

The Society of Friends love to do everything in moderation, and competition was not largely encouraged. Still there was such a thing as being at the top of your class, and the way was that if ever you made a mistake the master said—"next boy!" and if his answer was right he stepped up above you and remained there until he in his turn made a slip. In the Latin class I had held the first place for long, until one day we had to construe the "Ode of Horace," i. 16, beginning "*O matre pulchra filia pulchrior*" and coming to the line where

1850 Horace tells the fair lady to put his verses either in the fire or in the Adriatic Sea, I, in a moment of stupidity and muddle, rendered "*mari Adriano*" "to thy husband Adrianus"! My friend William Alexander, a most careful scholar, stepped above me, and I never could catch him tripping—so second I remained until I left school.

Till Adam Smith was sometimes in doubt how to take my answers, as for example I gave as the derivation of *erudite*, "*e* or ex, 'from'; and *rudis*, 'a birch rod'"! Or again, we were asked to give an example from the Bible of a good hexameter line. We were supposed to quote "How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning," but I gave "Husbands love your wives and be not bitter against them."

I believe it had been with some misgivings that my mother allowed me to go to York on account of my delicate health. It was thought that the West coast would suit me better. The contrary however proved, I think, to be the case. Still she was solicitous about me, and at her or the doctor's instance I was sent out every forenoon in the middle of classes to walk and breathe the fresh air. I very often turned into the minster and paced up and down the aisles. How often I read the inscription at the entrance of the Chapter House—

"Ut rosa flos florum sic est domus ista domorum."

("As the rose is the flower of flowers, so is this the house of houses.")

I have been told that after the restoration and repair of the minster, consequent upon its having been set on fire by Martin the lunatic, some unknown person chalked on the lintel the above line but that the author remained unknown. A short time before his death, Mr. Weatherell, the late much esteemed verger of Durham Cathedral, told me that he knew the name of the author and that he would tell it to me some

day. "*Dis aliter visum!*" Mr. Weatherell died in November 1898, shortly after our conversation. 1851

The drawing master at York was not to be compared as a teacher to William Doeg, but, although we did not know it at the time, he was a saint of a man. His name was Edwin Moore, and I have since read that he slaved away at teaching in order to support his widowed mother and three younger brothers, all of whom have become well-known artists, in fact artists of eminence. Ah well! as Milton puts it—

> "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil
> Nor in the glist'ning foil
> Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
> But lives and spreads aloft . . ." etc.

I once caught a bad cold, and when convalescent I was not allowed to go out of doors. T. A. Smith suggested that I might arrange the specimens of fossils from the various geological strata which had been presented by some alumnus to his old school. I found the work very interesting, and as it was necessary to consult geological books I gained some slight smattering of geology which has been a pleasure to me ever since. How often we learn more by doing something than by reading about it!

Once Samuel Gurney the great London Banker gave us an address on the advantage of learning modern languages, which made a deep impression on me. Some of the boys made a kind of wager as to which could from memory write down most of the address; one of them, I think, reproduced every sentence of the paper except one, which shows what can be done by concentrating the attention. One of the advantages named by Samuel Gurney was that if called upon to minister in foreign lands we might be able to preach in the vernacular. Was it not his brother, Joseph John

1851 Gurney, who preached in France about "*eau de vie*" instead of "*eau de la vie*"? Samuel Gurney looked just like his portrait by Richmond. *Vide* Hare's "The Gurneys of Earlham."

Another instance of learning by doing was that the senior boys took it in turn, a week at a time, to take the transit of the sun from a telescope in the garden every noon, when the weather permitted. This naturally led to astronomical reading, and Mr. Cook, the maker of the Newall telescope who had a shop in York, used for a very moderate sum to sell us achromatic lenses with a focus of one yard. We used to make very fair telescopes—better indeed than the "glaz'd optic tube" of Galileo, and good enough to see the rings of Saturn and the moons of Jupiter clearly defined. The tubes were made by rolling brown paper sheets round a wooden rod, and the lenses were set in boxwood frames which we turned in a lathe.

In the winter of 1851-2 one of the boys, John Joseph Wilson of Leeds, painted a panorama of the Wild West with scenes from Catlin's Indians, the prairie on fire and so forth. This attracted some attention and an exhibition of it was given to an audience composed of some of the York Friends. After they had left, Wilson, who had musical talents, gave us a song by Tom Moore, which took on very much in the school. It began:

> "They made her a grave too cold and damp
> For a heart so warm and true;
> And she's gone to the lake of the dismal swamp,
> Where all night long with her firefly lamp
> She paddles her white canoe."

John Ford heard the sounds and promptly came up to stop such unhallowed proceedings. One hapless boy had rubbed his face with red ochre, and when Ford came up he

seized a water bottle (as he thought) with which to wash 1851
his face clean, but he took turpentine instead so that he squealed with pain. It will hardly be credited that the next day the whole school was called up to listen to a solemn warning from John Ford on the dangers of music. I see the old gentleman now before me earnest and serious—but as we dispersed, Wilson said — "I wonder what old Dobbin will blab about next!"

Both at Harraby and at York we not infrequently attended scientific lectures with experiments. I venture to think that for young boys these were a better mode of imparting information and of awakening interest than the modern text books. Sometimes one of the masters would give the lecture. On one occasion the subject was nitrogen, and the lecturer had made some of the explosive compound called ter-iodide of nitrogen which goes off when touched. He had put this by the fire in a neighbouring room to dry. A maid servant had gone in to do up the fire, and presently we heard an explosion followed by a piercing shriek. The poor girl was found lying in a faint on the hearthrug.

The commissariat arrangements at York were marked by the proverbial "intelligence" of the schoolmaster.

8 A.M.—Breakfast consisting of a bowl of milk and dry bread. We might choose at the beginning of the half either cold or hot milk, but the choice once made was irrevocable. Some boys used to get chocolate from home and put it in their hot milk.

12 NOON.—A ship's biscuit served out to each boy, but not always eaten.

2 P.M.—Dinner—pudding first, then meat cold or hot. We all preferred pudding and as a second helping would only go half round there was a really disgraceful race to gulp down the first helping.

1851 6 P.M.—A repetition of the meal at breakfast. On Sundays we had a little butter.

There was a shop at the other side of the Bootham Bar kept by two sisters called Mary and Mercy Ward, whose penny jam tarts were much patronized so far as the extremely limited pocket money of the boys allowed them to go. One boy, called Joseph Southall of Leeds, used to lay in a stock on Saturdays and sell them after meeting on Sundays at as much as 6d. a piece. By the end of the term he had made a profit of some two or three pounds and he had kept a record of his sales; he liked to trade, but had some scruples, and returned the whole of his profits to his customers! We had no biscuits on Sundays and sitting in meeting was a cause of really ferocious appetites. Joseph Southall died shortly after leaving school. He was a strange lad and fond of harmless practical jokes.

On the last Sunday which I spent at the school, John Ford addressed very seriously those boys who were leaving, and counselled them in after life to observe three things—

1. Never to smoke tobacco. (Now tobacco has been the solace of my life.)

2. To be very careful of tailors' bills. (My children think I have been *too* careful!)

3. Never to leave our bedrooms without devoting a certain time to prayer and communion with our Maker.

The old man waxed eloquent on this subject and he made a deep impression. His diary has since been published, and it is evident that he was in the habit of practising what he preached.

In the summer holidays of 1851 my father took Caroline and me to London to see the Great Exhibition. Aunt Ann and Cousin Ellen went with us. It was sweet to see those

two Quaker bonnets in a hansom cab! There was at that 1851
time furious war between the Midland and Great Northern lines and we got 2nd. class tickets—there and back—for five shillings. The line then went by Lincoln, where my father and I, along with the plenteously supplied luncheon basket, got separated from the ladies. In fact the train was divided and they went on ahead suffering pangs of hunger, while we were happy, eating sandwiches and apple turnovers and sharing them with our fellow passengers. Lodgings had been engaged for us in Sloane Square and that same evening we walked round the Exhibition in the bright moonlight. It seemed to my imagination a fairy palace. We have become so much accustomed to them nowadays that we can hardly realize the interest excited by this the first exhibition of its kind. The building itself was unique. It was designed by Paxton, head gardener at Chatsworth to the Duke of Devonshire, and carried out by Fox the contractor. Hence the version by Punch of Colonel Sibthorp's vigorous speech in the House of Commons against what he called the desecration of Hyde Park—

> "And I'd have Paxton, Fox & Co.
> Suspended from the gallows,
> Before they'd set in Rotten Row
> That beastly Crystal Palace!"

The general feeling, however, was one of enthusiasm and it was thought to be the harbinger of an era of universal peace. The medals which were given to the exhibitors had for a motto the line from Ovid's Metamorphoses, I. 25, which says of the Creator:

> "Dissociata locis concordi pace ligavit."

("Things which distance had severed He joined together in the bonds of peace.")

The day after our arrival was devoted to seeing the wonders

1851 of this Exhibition. The crystal fountain and . . . but need I describe ?

The Queen with Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington had been going round one day before the hour of opening, and as we entered they were walking down the centre previous to leaving. The Queen was in a tantrum and was evidently pitching into poor Albert, who tried to look as if he didn't mind. The great Duke, with the stoop of old age, walked on looking neither to the right nor to the left. All eyes seemed to be turned upon him. He died the following year, and Richard Cobden writing to his friend Sturge, said—

"I, who saw with what frenzy of admiration he was welcomed by all classes at the Exhibition, can never honestly admit that in what the Legislature and Government had done for him they had exceeded the wishes of the nation."

In my own circle, however, but little was said about the great Duke, nor have I any recollection of hearing about the funeral, except the incident of the Queen going to look at the coffin. It was later, when the poetry of Tennyson held the pulse of the nation, that I began to appreciate

> "Him who cares not to be great
> But as he saves or serves the State."

While we were in London my father went into the city to call on his stockbrokers Messrs. Bragg & Stockdale, and was much surprised to find that they had not visited the Exhibition, nor did they seem to care to do so !

Before I left York School I was invited to tea by the Rev. Thomas Richardson, a master at St. Peter's Grammar School, and was very kindly treated by him and his two sweet daughters. He was no direct relative of mine but was, I think, a brother of the first Mrs. John Wigham, Tertius, of Edinburgh, whose children were—

Mary, married Joshua Edmundson of Dublin. 1852
Eliza (unmarried), the Cousin Eliza of our childhood.
Henry, married Hannah Maria Peile.
John Richardson Wigham, married a Pim of Dublin.

I was also once invited to the house of James Backhouse who had the famous nursery gardens in the neighbourhood of York. He was an eminent preacher and had travelled in the ministry through Australia and South Africa, and, as he had a talent for sketching, his books have even now much interest. It is interesting to note that he went to Botany Bay and both describes and *sketches* the wretched convicts, but it does not seem to have occurred to him to condemn this mode of punishment, over the horrors of which recent writers have waxed so eloquent; *pace* Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) and Mark Twain (S. L. Clemens).

My earliest playmate as a mere infant was Robert Spence Watson, and he has been a life-long friend—and all the more so since he married my beloved sister Lizzie. He was the only boy at school who could stand up and make a speech. Before I left he sent me some verses which here follow. They throw a certain light on the relationship of the boys to each other (the use of "the thee and thou of the Quaker" will be noticed), and they show the germ of the spirit which has since produced so many charming verses.

"Lines to J. W. Richardson on his leaving school, 5mo. 18, 1852.

Last night as the large minster's bell tolled midnight's solemn hour,
And the moon was shining peacefully o'er Clifford's ruined tower,
I laid awake upon my bed when the wind made me hear
An awful sound which yet did seem like music in my ear,
The bed beneath me groaned and creaked crying out 'Woe, woe, woe,
'Glory for ever will depart, Dear Johnnie, do not go.'

1852 The trees were rustling in the storm, the moon was clouding o'er,
When lo! upon the breeze I heard a sound of classic lore,
Tacitus, Valpy, Euclid, with Horner's method bold,
Horace, Bonnyface and Nesbit all, and $x+y$s untold,
With the playroom benches moaned and wailed, whilst boxes in a row
Opened their once ne'er opening mouths with 'Johnnie, do not go.'

But for all this palaver, thou still must soon depart,
I thought that I'd remember thee imprinted on my heart,
What? though dry Euclids, Algebras, and Grammars all lament,
Why should a schoolboy's roughened heart ever with pain be rent?
But yet in spite of all philosophy, I share the general woe,
And join the universal crie of 'Johnnie, do not go.'

Please forgive me for pottering thee,

R. S. WATSON."

In the winter holidays of 1851-2, Anna and I paid a visit to our grandfather in Edinburgh and I have a vivid recollection of an evening party where Robert Chambers was present. He sat in a corner talking to his neighbour, but before long everyone in the room stood round to listen. (*Vide* my letter 29th. January 1852). A short time before this the "Vestiges of Creation" had been published. Dr. Merz considers that it is the forerunner of Darwin's works. I do not think that in 1851 the authorship was known, or that Robert Chambers would have cared to face the *odium theologicum* which its publication called forth. With all his literary talent Robert Chambers was an able business man, and his publishing firm did as much educational work in their day as even the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

Letter from Edinburgh

29th. January 1852.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"We received thy very interesting letter this morning, and I received Eddie's on 4th day. I think that

we have now finished all the parties at Salisbury Road. One 1852
4th. day evening Dr. and Mrs. Lowndes, Mrs. and Miss Muir, David and Ellen Maclaren, and Heinrich Weisse came. We talked and played at "Twelve Nouns." David Maclaren, who is a most beautiful singer, sang "John Anderson, my jo" and "Come to Jesus." On 5th. day we had the Lord Provost and P. Maclaren, William and Mrs. Chambers, George and Mrs. Harvey, Miss Stark, H. D. and H. Cunningham (the Dick Cunningham who died at Ladysmith), and William and Jane Millar. We only chatted this evening. On 6th. day there were Lady Spittal and family, Mrs. Spittal and daughter, the young Maclarens and Mahomet Badre. Directly after tea John Thomas Wigham and I proceeded to set up two balloons, one of which had been sent as a present eight years ago from Summerhill Grove, the other we made ourselves. The first one went up very well till it got a good way above the house when it took fire. The ring with the burning cotton wool fell down in the front and continued burning for 10 minutes. In the other one we had put rather heavy wire and at first it would not go up. However it did at last and stayed up a very long time. We afterwards played at Poetical Toilet, Throwing Lights, Twenty Questions, etc. and had 'Auld Lang Syne' sung. This morning we intend going to Chambers' printing establishment, in the evening to the cousins, and on second day to the cottage near Preston Pans. Anna's love, she will attend to thy commissions and hopes thou wilt write soon. Tell Eddie I intend to write soon; I did not know his writing it was so much improved.

"With dear love to all

"Thine affectionately,

"J. W. Richardson."

Robert Chambers left no sons behind him, only daughters,

1852 one of whom married Rudolph Lehmann, the artist, and another his brother the London merchant. Rudolph Lehmann's Autobiographical Recollections (published by Smith Elder & Co.) are both interesting and amusing. He painted the picture of Graziella for Uncle Moritz Oppenheim.

Another incident of the same evening was the indignation expressed at Buckle's "History of Civilization in Europe" wherein he discussed how it is, (he assumes the fact as being undoubted), that the Scotch and the Spaniards are the most superstitious and priest-ridden nations in Europe. Even as a boy the way in which the company assumed a lofty and dignified air of injured innocence struck me as amusing. But what impressed me most of all was the talk on every side during this visit about the intentions of the Emperor, then Prince President of the French, Napoleon III.

The famous letter on the defenceless state of England, written by the Duke of Wellington in 1847 to Sir John Burgoyne, had just then by accident got into the press and great was the alarm caused thereby. One lady, a relative of my grandfather, who had a charming house at Granton on the Firth of Forth, insisted on her husband's selling it, and they removed inland. *She* was not going to stop and be bombarded by the French fleet! The public alarm was not so unreasonable as some may deem it, if we consider the course of events in France in the preceding three or four years.

Under the rule of Louis Philippe the voting power was practically in the hands of the propertied classes, and, as the French seem incapable of peaceful agitation, the campaign of the opposition led by Thiers, de Tocqueville, Odillon Barrot, and others culminated in the barricades. Marshal Bugeaud, who gained his baton in Algeria, had in a very masterly way practically put down the revolt, when he was

astounded to receive a written order, signed by Thiers and Odillon Barrot, to withdraw his troops. When the troubles first began Guizot the Prime Minister had resigned, so Thiers, the Opposition leader, had been called upon to form a ministry. He, the historian and orator, thought he could guide the mob by peaceful words, but the populace forced their way into the Tuileries and Louis Philippe with his family took refuge in England. (*Vide* Victor Hugo's "*Choses vues.*") 1852

Then commenced the humbug. Lamartine, poet, and orator, proposed himself and a few similar spirits as ministers, and they governed or mis-governed France until June. This was the era of the Ateliers Nationaux and other financial follies. The sense of security, so essential to industrial prosperity, was shaken and finally the Socialists, as we should call them, revolted. General Cavaignac as minister of war was named Dictator, and severe fighting took place in the streets. The number of killed and wounded was never known, but six generals were killed and the loss of life must have at least equalled that of a stubbornly contested field of battle with from forty to fifty thousand fighting on each side. There had been much bad blood between the civilians and the military under Marshal Bugeaud, and the operations of General Cavaignac made matters worse, so that when in December at the election of a president, Louis Napoleon submitted himself as a candidate, and issued an address breathing the spirit of peace, he was elected by about five and a half million votes as against one and a half millions only for Cavaignac. It was one thing, however, to gain an election, but quite a different matter to drive the coach of state with such a team as was represented by the Assembly of that time.

Louis Napoleon at first tried to gain over the upper

1852 classes to his side, but failing after successive attempts he allowed himself to be dominated by the army chiefs and especially by General Fleury.

Matters came to a crisis early in December 1851, when the Deputies were arrested and put in prison. Then the troops were called out and marshalled along the boulevards, when suddenly at about 2.30 P.M. the troops, whether by command or whether by a sudden impulse, turned towards the gay crowd on the footpaths and on the balconies and at the windows, and commenced a murderous fusillade. In many cases the infuriated soldiers entered the houses and killed all whom they could find. It is difficult for Englishmen even to conceive such a scene. It was worse than the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Probably from five thousand to ten thousand were killed, and no inquiry was ever made. Shortly afterwards, over twenty-six thousand suspects were transported to Senegal or Cayenne, and how many, or how few, of these ever returned no one knows.

Still the action of Louis Napoleon seemed to be approved by the French, the funds rose in a few days from ninety-one to a hundred, and Lord Palmerston as Foreign Secretary sent his congratulations, for which, however, Lord John Russell as Premier required his resignation. I forget whether it was also at this time that it transpired that Louis Napoleon had sought out the heirs of Cantillon, who had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, and had paid over to them the legacy which his uncle Napoleon Buonaparte bequeathed in his will to that wretch. It is easy to be wise after the event, and those who have noted the course of French history during the second half of the nineteenth century must smile at alarms which did not seem so groundless in 1851.

It may further be noted that there was a kind of revulsion 1852
growing in England against all the peace gush and millennium talk of the Great Exhibition, and a feeling grew in strength during the rest of the century in favour of strengthening both the navy and the army.

Dutch Lady's-Maid,
3rd. October 1873.

CHAPTER II.

Removal to Beech Grove, 1852—Learning Shipbuilding at Liverpool—Senhouse Martindale—Cholera at Newcastle, 1853—Apprenticeship, 1853-6.

1852 My father had arranged to leave 6, Summerhill Grove at the May term of 1852 and to reside at Beech Grove, a house which had been built for Matthew Bigge, one of the directors of the Northumberland and Durham District Bank. The house with about sixteen acres of ground was in Elswick Lane, immediately to the east of the present Elswick Park. It was far too large for my father's style of living, and therefore it was altered so as to be practically two semi-detached villas with a common front door, the bell pull on the left or east side being ours and that on the other side Aunt Ann's. The house was shaded on the north and east by groves of beech trees, and there were very fine trees, also beech, on the west side in the grounds of Elswick Hall, then inhabited by the late Christian Alhusen. At that time the town ended with the East and West Parade which had lately been built by the late William Holmes, grandfather of the present Alfred Holmes, and the road past Beech Grove under the trees was considered a pleasant country walk. I have even known the servants go out there at night to dance on the road to the strains of Langhorne the gardener's fiddle!

When the May term came, the house was far from being ready, and so my father took Nab Cottage on the shores of Rydal Water for the whole summer. How we all packed

John Wigham Richardson.
about 1852

in I hardly know. There had been some thought of going to Ullswater but it was considered essential to be within reach of a Friends' Meeting. From Nab Cottage the nearest meeting was at Hawkshead, some six or seven miles distant. My father kept two saddle horses and the farmer at the Nab had a badly spavined mare which used to be hired for the occasion, as well as a two-wheeled car from the hotel at Grasmere. Finally, it generally fell to my lot to walk three miles to Ambleside and ask for a seat on the box of Mr. and Mrs. John Crosfield's brougham. Thus the whole family succeeded in reaching the small meeting house where we were supposed to sit in quiet meditation and in waiting on our Maker, for it was rarely that any Friend was moved to speak. I feel sure that my dear parents were thus employed, but with sorrow I may confess that it was far otherwise with me. 1852

My mother's old friend Sarah Rickman, accompanied by her son Barnard, came to live at the White Moss Cottage two hundred yards off, and she taught us how to stuff birds, while Barnard used to make fishing flies.

John Crosfield, whose wife was sister to that Miss Head, who used to be kind to me at Carlisle, was very good to us and used to lend us his ponies to ride, very handsome Welsh ponies called respectively Rothay and Brathay, after the rivers which flow into Windermere. He also lent us his boat to row on Windermere, but she was rather too cumbersome a craft to suit our tastes. One hot summer day Barnard Rickman, Edward and I determined to row to the foot of the lake and get a tow up with the steamer. It was a weary pull of ten miles in the hot sun, and when we got there we found we should have to pay 12s., viz: three full first-class fares for a tow up. I think we had not got even two shillings amongst the three, so we had no choice

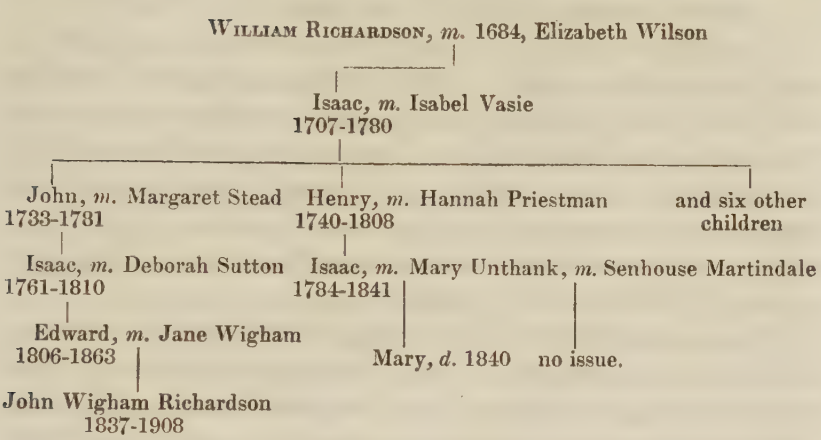
1852 but to row all the ten miles back. I very soon succumbed, and when we got as far as Bowness, Edward followed suit, but Barnard Rickman manfully rowed on to Waterhead. His back was quite blistered by the heat of the sun.

At the end of July the party at the Nab was broken up, and Anna, Caroline and I went to lodge at High Close, a small farm-house, where Mr. Wheatley Balme afterwards built his house. It is on the ridge of Loughrigg between Grasmere and the Langdale Valley. Here I remember visits from Derwent Coleridge and Mary Grace Taylor who afterwards became such a friend of Anna.

In August (1852) we went, by the kind invitation of my mother's cousin Mary Edmundson, to stay with them at Sutton, a sea-bathing village close to Howth on the northern side of Dublin Bay. It was a time of the greatest enjoyment to me, and the view of the bay with the Wicklow Mountains in the distance is one of the most beautiful that I know. Cousin Mary's kindness was unlimited. Before returning to Newcastle we, that is Anna, Caroline and I visited Wicklow, Cork, Glengariff and Killarney. A short account of our tour will be found in Anna's memoir.

After the Irish trip some months were spent in more or less desultory study, and I having expressed some inclination for shipbuilding, an offer from Senhouse Martindale to instruct me in ship draughting at Liverpool was accepted. Senhouse Martindale was a convinced Friend and had been promoted from being foreman at H. S. Edwards' Dry Docks in South Shields to be a Lloyds' Surveyor at Liverpool. He had married the widow of my grandfather's cousin Isaac Richardson. My grandfather's name was also Isaac Richardson! *Vide* annexed table.

THE ISAAC RICHARDSONS. 1853



The Martindales lived in a quiet way in a street branching off the London Road on Edge Hill. It was then close to the country, but now all that part is a mass of inferior houses. Martindale was a most eccentric man. It is on record that another eccentric, a Friend at North Shields called Joshua Robson, once remarked to him "There's not many originals in this world, Senhouse, but thee and me's one"! Both he and Cousin Mary treated me with the greatest kindness and even affection. One of Martindale's eccentricities was to dress very shabbily, and on being consulted I suggested to Cousin Mary that she should give away a particularly shabby coat. A vain counsel. The next morning the wrathful husband came down in his shirt sleeves and having ascertained the name of the recipient of the old coat, Martindale walked to the house in his shirt sleeves, found the man sitting at breakfast in a room of a low street, peremptorily ordered him to "Take that property of mine off thy back" and putting it on himself marched in triumph down to Lloyds' office. In the afternoon he went with me

1853 to a ready-made tailor's and bought a new garment which he sent to the recipient of his wife's charity.

I gathered that Mrs. Martindale had some property in shipping—sailing colliers trading from the Tyne to London —because every morning she derived comfort from noting the airt of the wind. For example "Ah! a north wind; that will be good for the ships going up the coast" or *vice versa* if a south wind. An east wind was a good beam wind, and a west wind "off the land, sure to make a good passage." What a happy disposition!

We used to start every morning after breakfast for the office of Lloyds' Register in Water Street and then proceed on our surveys. The docks at Liverpool, as is well known, extend for miles (at that time about six miles) along the east bank of the Mersey, which when entering the sea flows in a northerly direction. The great float at Birkenhead on the west side was also included in our district. I imagine that few students of shipping have had such a curious experience. It was, I suppose, if not contrary to regulations at least contrary to custom for me to accompany Senhouse on his rounds, but I always found the office staff more than friendly and no exception was ever taken to my presence.

At that time the building of iron ships had just commenced. We saw the *Great Britain* in the Sandon Graving Dock and I made a sketch of her propeller. This steamer, so much spoken about at the time, had only 289 feet length of keel. Last year (1902) my Company declined to build a steamer of that length as being too small for our attention!

The year 1853 was the year of "Australian Freights," as those good times were long after spoken of. There was a wild rush to the goldfields. It is estimated that in one year the find of gold in California and Australia increased

the output of gold from £15,000,000 to £36,500,000, and it 1853
is considered that this had a marked effect upon prices.

Most of the ships employed in the trade were built in Maine (U.S.A.) or in New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. They were built of fir wood and were sold for about £4 a ton. In Liverpool they were docked and strengthened with iron beam knees and the treenail fastening was supplemented with Muntz metal (brass) bolts, and they were sheathed with copper or Muntz metal, and additions made to the outfit of cordage, sails and anchors. This brought up the cost to perhaps £7 or £8 a ton, but this price was much less than the cost of high classed British-built ships costing £14 or more a ton. There was another advantage, but I don't think it was much realized at the time. These ships built of pine were much lighter than high class ships built of oak, elm and greenheart. In fact, it was not until iron ships became general that the weight of ships was considered the first and most important consideration in the design. There was, so far as I remember, only one steamer employed in the Australian emigrant trade, and that was the *Great Britain* named above.

Not infrequently attempts were made to cajole or induce Martindale to pass rotten timber. At such times he would snort with indignation. It struck me at the time that these attempts were often made by the captains acting for themselves, and that the motive was merely their impatience over the delay. It was curious to notice how the rotten state of a vessel gradually disclosed itself. One old ship in the African sugar trade was put into a graving dock for examination, and bit by bit every part of her was condemned until at last only the keel remained. The owner, however, had a sentimental feeling about her, and ordered her to be repaired! This meant the rebuilding under the

1853 most expensive conditions, and we were told that it cost three times as much as if she had been built *de novo* in a Sunderland ship yard.

Sometimes we would survey a ship and a few days later we were advised that she had been shifted into another dock. It used to surprise me how Martindale would unerringly recognize her amongst a forest of masts. I found that this was done by carefully noting the shape of the truck and the taper at the top of the masts, which are rarely quite the same in two different ships.

In those days the patience of emigrants must have been sorely tried by the unpunctuality of the sailings. One clipper had been advertised to sail " in a few days " and an Irish doctor came over and took his passage. He was kept dilly dallying for a month and then his ship was hauled out of dock and anchored in the river, and he was advised to be on board by 10 o'clock. Counting on previous delays he came down to the landing stage at 11 o'clock, but after rowing up and down he found that she had sailed. Quite desperate, he chartered a tug and went in pursuit, but a strong N.W. was blowing and he came back from Anglesey a sadder and a wiser man. All his baggage was on board. What became of him I never knew.

There were two lines of steamers to New York in those days, the Cunard and the Collins. The names of the British (Cunard) steamers all ended in " a," as Asia, Africa, etc., while those of the American steamers ended in " ic " as Arctic, Baltic, etc. The American steamers had an unmistakable cut of the jib, as sailors would say ; a certain shape of the bows which was novel in those days. Later on when the great White Star Line was established, the managers Messrs. Ismay Imrie & Co. adopted the " ic " termination, and the builders Messrs Harland and Wolff followed the American type of

bow. The Collins Line came to an end at or before the Civil War in the States, and some thirty years later when in Constantinople I saw a coal hulk and recognized at once the Collins bow. It may be noted that North American built ships commanded a market because they were built where timber was cheap on the spot, and that when iron ships came into fashion iron was cheaper in England than anywhere else in the world. Now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, it looks as if iron would be produced more cheaply in North America than in Europe. My descendants will be able to judge whether or not shipbuilding will follow. 1853

By my parents' kind thoughtfulness I subscribed to an excellent library, and as my draughting was all done in the afternoons, I read a great deal in the evenings rather to the surprise of the Martindales. I seem from some notes to have read, besides one or two works on Naval Architecture and on the Screw Propeller, Lamartine's "History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France," Harriet Martineau's "History of the Thirty Years' Peace," Grote's "History of Greece" and Kingsley's "Phæton."

Several families of Friends were exceedingly kind to me, especially the Chorleys, the Crosfields and the Waterhouses. I shall ever be grateful to them, and look back on the hours spent in their hospitable houses as amongst the most pleasant of my stay in Liverpool. Mrs. Waterhouse, *née* Chorley, was a minister, and her addresses in Meeting were much appreciated. The Chorleys had known Roscoe the Liverpool Banker and they strongly recommended me to read his great work, the "Life of Leo X." It was many years later that I read this work and could then appreciate the reasons why it would specially interest two maiden ladies of mature age.

While I was at Liverpool the celebrated vocalist Jenny

1853 Lind visited Liverpool, and one of the ministers in Meeting, expressed the hope "that none of his young friends would be tempted to go to hear that singing woman Jane Lind!" ("i" as in "high"). His name was Edward Riley, and he was a stately powerful man. He once had heard burglars in his kitchen, and taking the kitchen poker he had struck vaguely with great force. A dull thud as of some one falling was heard, then scurrying feet and the dragging away of what might have been a body. When morning came the thick kitchen poker was bent to a right angle.

I have said that Martindale and I used to go every morning to Lloyds' Office. He would generally return there to write his reports of surveys; during which time I used to read the Shipping Gazette and try to understand the strange complications which ultimately led to the Crimean War. To my mind this war was the most striking event in our time. It is not easy to make clear the feelings of the British nation in the period preceding the war. I have alluded to this phase when speaking of the Exhibition of 1851. The Peace Party—the party who were opposed to war under all circumstances—had had a high old time, and in the way that such things happen they had persuaded themselves that the majority of their fellow countrymen were coming round to their views. This was as far from the case as possible and it was with a feeling of exultant relief that the people came to think it right to indulge again in the old Adam.

Again the country was distinctly liberal (whatever that may mean), in politics. The wave of feeling which carried the Reform Act and the abolition of the duties on corn still was strong. The ministry in power was liberal and the Prime Minister, Lord Aberdeen, was specially supposed to be a lover of peace. Gladstone was also in the

Cabinet, although he was then regarded as being a Tory 1853
at heart. He had some nineteen years before commenced his career as Minister for the Colonies under Sir Robert Peel, and had been in the Cabinet of that minister in the early forties.

The Liberal Party have been in power more or less from 1830 to 1872, while for the remainder of the century the Conservatives have been mostly in office. The pulsations, therefore, of the political pendulum may be seen either as from ministry to ministry, or as during the longer periods of half a century at a time. Whichever way we regard it, however, the swing in 1853-4 was strong against the peace-at-any-price people, and when three well-meaning gentlemen, among whom was the late Henry Pease, went to St. Petersburg to try to induce the Tsar to give way, the tone of the press was marked by indignation rather than amusement. Even Martindale, a convinced Friend, growled out that the Government ought to cease its shilly-shally and either have it out, or else give it up.

In November the Russian fleet issued from Sevastopol and attacked and destroyed the Turkish fleet which was lying at Sinope (Sinub). This was surely within their rights, and from a naval or political point of view a perfectly legitimate move, but it impressed the popular imagination as a cowardly stroke, and had much to do with rousing the temper of the English and so making war inevitable. If it were not a little foolish to speculate upon what might have happened, I should say that if Lord Aberdeen and his peace-loving ministry had resigned rather than go on trying to carry their points by mere threatening demonstrations, the war might have been averted. As it happened, the diplomatic strife went on amid a swelling tide of warlike feeling until, in February 1854, an ultimatum was sent to

1853 Russia by England and France, and in the following September the allied armies landed in the Crimea.

Before leaving Liverpool, Martindale took me on a survey to Port Madoc, a quaint little harbour south of the promontory of Caernarvon. We went part of the way with a party of Welshwomen in tall hats, in a truck drawn by a horse on a railway with a very narrow gauge—24 inches, I believe—and we came back by the south side of Snowdon through Beddgelert.

Letter from J. W. R., Liverpool

"1st. 7th. mo. 1853.

"My dearest Father,

"I write as thou requests by return of post, although I do not know that I have anything to say. I am much obliged to thee for taking so much trouble in inquiring after situations for me. I think S. Martindale has not expected me to stay very long here, for on inquiring of Bessie, (S. M.'s niece), she told me that arrangements were made for S. M.'s mother to come next month, and another person could not possibly be accommodated in the house so long as I am here. Meanwhile do not think that I am tired of Liverpool.

"Santley has not paid yet, but he expects to pay me to-morrow. I have gone to him every week, and I really believe he is doing his best. I am much obliged to thee for allowing me to keep his account, for my other money is nearly done. Thou may think me extravagant but I think, if thou looks at my cash account, thou wilt see that I could not have done with much less. I am also in want of new clothes as it is very wearing work clambering about ships.

"Sixpence and eightpence a day for omnibuses besides steamboat fares across the river, and railway fares to the little places about, soon mount up to a good deal. 1853

"Tell Anna, Carrie and Eddie that it is some time since I have heard from any of them. Give my dearest love to Mamma and tell her I am much obliged for her letter. I was up at Runcorn yesterday, and had a fall from the patent slip, which caused sickness and a bad headache, but I am quite well again now.

"The surveyors have lately been at loggerheads and a head man has been down from London. He said to Senhouse—'Mr. Martindale, the Committee *do* esteem you.'

"With very dear love,

"Thy ever affectionate son,

"John Wigham R.

"Edward Richardson.

"Cousins S. and M. M.'s love to all."

[The following testimonial is of interest. It was obtained a few years later, when J. W. R. was seeking to widen his experience in engineering after being at University College, London.

"Lloyds' Register of British and Foreign Shipping,
Liverpool

"10th. month 30th. 1857.

"I hereby certify that I have known John Wigham Richardson from childhood. He was an inmate at my house for some time, learning to model and draught vessels, and also to gain an insight into shipbuilding generally, and he soon became master of all he undertook in this line. I have much pleasure in recommending him as a draughts-

1853 man to any shipbuilder, believing him to be a competent, steady and obliging young man of strictly honest principles and unimpeachable character.

"SENHOUSE MARTINDALE,
"*Lloyds' Surveyor.*"]

Soon after I returned from Liverpool, cholera broke out in Newcastle. It had moved westwards from Germany, and at last decided cases were reported from Liverpool and from Hull. By the middle of September the number of deaths in Newcastle came to 119 in one day. Most of the well-to-do inhabitants left the town and took up their quarters at Harrogate and such-like places, but my dear mother thought it her duty to remain, and she daily visited the poor people of her district. The effect on the spirits was most depressing; no strangers visited the town, and the streets seemed deserted save by the never-ceasing funerals.

There is no doubt that the fell disease was propagated by the drinking water being contaminated with sewage. At that time the water used in the town was pumped from the River Tyne at a point not much above the High Level Bridge. The Whittle Dene Water Company projected by Mr. Grainger, for which an Act had been obtained in 1845, had completed their reservoirs, 44 acres in extent, in 1848, but I think that it was the visitation of the cholera in 1853 which enabled the authorities and the Company together to enforce the exclusive use of the purer water. The late Lord Armstrong was one of the directors, and it is understood that his talents and sound judgment did much towards making the operations of the Company successful. I myself was attacked by the disease. When I awoke one morning, two violent throes of diarrhœa so prostrated me that I felt a clammy cold all over and fell flat on the floor

with a groan. One of the servants happened to be outside and went and told my mother, who immediately administered a large dose of castor oil and then sent for a doctor. When he arrived he expressed astonishment that the remedy should have been so quickly efficacious, or indeed that I was alive. In a day or two I was my old self again. 1853

The time had now come when I was to be apprenticed, and my father naturally applied to our nearest neighbour, the late Robert Hawthorn. That gentleman, however, was very clear that it would be a mistake to go into his large works, and he recommended the steam-tug building establishment of Jonathan Robson at the low end of Gateshead.

It was rather further down the river than the mouth of the Ouseburn. It no longer exists, but now forms a part of Johnson's Cement Works. I was apprenticed for a term of three years, 1853-1856, that is from sixteen and a half to nineteen and a half years of age. The distance was considerable from Beech Grove, and when I worked from six in the morning to six in the evening there might not appear to be much time left for anything else, and yet it was not so. The way was down West Parade and Westmoreland Terrace, past the Central Station, down the stairs at the west of the Moot Hall, across the old or low bridge and so down Hillgate—fully two and a half miles in all. My dear mother shed tears at the thought of such long hours, but I was happy enough, and the habit of early rising has been a boon to me all through my life. After a hasty tea in the evening, I had leisure from, say, 7.0 p.m. to the hour of a light supper at 9.30 p.m., and in those two and a half hours a great deal of reading was accomplished.

From Robson's works to the Friar's Goose, the Tyne flows in a south-easterly direction, and the sun in the early

1854 morning shining on the long reach of water with the collier brigs laden with chalk at Alhusen's works, produced effects which Turner himself would have loved to depict. There was generally at least one steamer lying at Robson's quay, and how often did I take my tin bottle of cold *café-au-lait* and thick slices of bread and butter, and sitting somewhere on the deck, watch the scene while I munched my food!

The foreman of the pattern shop where I first worked was a fine old Scotchman, David Pringle by name. He had a son, a copper-plate engraver, and was very fond of talking about him. I and the other apprentice, whose name I forget, used to have to carry the patterns to the foundry, so that I soon became familiar with prints, cores, loam castings, sand castings, etc.

Towards the close of the winter in 1854, I was sent with some workmen to take down an old pumping engine at Fawdon Colliery, which lies one and a half miles north-west of Gosforth. The foreman gave me a cross-cut chisel and a fitter's $2\frac{1}{4}$ lb. hammer, to cut through the bedplate, which was of cold-blast iron. The morning was very frosty, and more than one blow came down on my knuckles instead of on the chisel, but once for all I learned how to strike fair, and I can never forget the peculiar *feel* of the chisel in cutting cold-blast iron. I suppose, however, that cold-blast furnaces are now ancient history.

This pumping engine had to be converted into a pumping engine for some blast furnaces at Wallsend, which were being erected by the Carrs, the same firm which afterwards led the late Henry Clapham into financial troubles; and Mr. Robson, having noticed me sketching one day, asked me if I could make a plan of the engine. Heretofore Harry Forster, the head foreman, used to make all the drawings on the floor full size, but in this case the floor was not large enough.

I was in the seventh heaven of delight, and went at once 1854
to the Literary and Philosophical library to see what works I could find, and the admirable treatise of Tredgold was ready to my hand. I should have fared badly, however, had it not been for Harry Forster, who showed unwearied patience in correcting my drawings. The valve gear of a pumping-engine, with its double-beat valves and tappets, looks excessively complicated, but taken step by step it is, as everything else in this life, more easy than you would at first imagine.

One day, the cashier being ill, I was asked to be down at six o'clock so as to give out the time boards to the workmen. Having by this time got out of the habit of early rising, I rode down on one of my father's horses and took his man with me on the other horse. This came to Mr. Robson's ears, and he one day asked me if I could ride over to Sacriston Colliery to take particulars of an engine required there. Thus little by little I was enabled to make myself of some use to my employer. This colliery was bought towards the close of the century under peculiar circumstances by Mr. Walter Scott, later Sir Walter Scott, Bt. (died April 1910), of Riding Mill and Newcastle. It belonged to two brothers and a sister, and had been valued by Mr. Baker Forster at £296,000. Walter Scott was prepared to pay £200,000 or even a little more, when the sister grew suspicious of her brothers and threw the affair into Chancery. Scott happened one day to see the advertisement of the sale when he was in London, and on the off-chance went to the sale, although he had given up all idea of purchasing. However, the property was put up at £30,000 and Scott made a bid of £500 more, and there being no other bidders, it was knocked down to him. In the early part of the twentieth century he derived very large revenues from this investment.

1854 My little expedition to Sacriston, which by the way lies beyond Lambton Park, was the precursor of many others, and it also led to a curious episode. Some of the money belonging to my father's sister Ann, (subsequently Mrs. Robert Foster), had been invested by the late William Henry Brockett, a well-connected solicitor of Newcastle, on what purported to be a mortgage on a farm close to Witton Gilbert in the Lanchester valley. Mr. Brockett had gone off in a somewhat mysterious way, and the mortgage interest was not forthcoming. I was, therefore, instructed to ride over and make inquiries. I accordingly set off early, and at the Witton Gilbert Hotel I ordered breakfast and then inquired where the farm lay. The description in the deeds was very precise and the boundaries set forth. All of this was without doubt imaginary and the deed a forged one. When on my return I reported as above, Uncle John was somewhat facetious about youth and inexperience, and he went to the place himself with no better success. The money was never recovered.

It was in this summer that I went down to Palmer's works at Jarrow on behalf of Mr. Robson concerning the correctness of a drawing which I myself had made. I saw George Palmer, and was much struck with his bullying ways. I was equally struck with what seemed to me the vastness of the establishment, although it was then only the beginning of what it now is. Mr. Robson was pleased with the result of my little mission to Jarrow, and he was also pleased that (with much help at home) I translated some letters from Portugal written in French, which letters led to an order for two steamers.

The effect of the Crimean War was now making itself felt, and towards the close of my apprenticeship a curious incident occurred. Mr. Robson had received an order for

a small screw steamer, called the *Yarra Yarra*, intended for service at Melbourne in Australia. She was to be completed in nine months, but by the end of this period there was nothing to show except the keel laid and the partly-finished engines. The owners announced that they were coming down from London to see the progress of the work, and Mr. Robson fairly funked meeting them and left that task to me. I could only assure them that all the material had been ordered in good time, but that, although we had pressed in every way for delivery, we had been unable to procure a single ton. They were very civil and said very little, but the building of the vessel was not fairly commenced until after the date fixed for her delivery. 1854

Boy in Boat near Evian.
18th. August 1857.

CHAPTER III.

Early Love—Crimean War—University College, London, 1856—Germany and Switzerland—Bank Failure, 1857—Removal to Rye Hill—Hawthorns' Engine Works—Franco-Austrian War, 1859—Disappointment in Love—Removal to South Ashfield, 1860.

1854 In almost all fiction the interest of the story centres round the love of the hero and heroine. The novelist does but reproduce what he himself as well as almost every other man has experienced. The theme, indeed, is inexhaustible, yet let my children and grandchildren remember that it is not true to say, as novelists often do say, that a man's happiness depends upon marrying the object of his early affections. They, as I have done, may find, when looking back and scanning the horizon of life, and considering all that a dear wife and her friends and her children have brought, that they could not have looked for greater happiness, and might indeed rejoice that the passionate longings of youth were not fulfilled.

It was in the year 1854 that our circle in Newcastle heard of the Ragged School (das rauhe Haus) at Hamburg, and our cousins Henry and Anna Richardson determined to go over and investigate matters. This was the origin of the Ragged and Industrial Schools in Newcastle. My sister Caroline was invited to accompany her cousins, and when they arrived at Hamburg they found that the leading spirit was Frau Mützenbecher, *geb.* Hübbe, whose sister was married to one of the four supreme Judges of the Hanseatic towns, of the name of Voigt. His title in German was

Oberappellationsgerichtsrath (Judge of the Upper Court of Appeal). Frau Voigt was much attracted by my sister and invited her to spend a few weeks with them at Lübeck, and when she came back early in June 1854, she brought to stay at Beech Grove the eldest daughter, Maria Voigt, who was then a thin girl of middle height with jet black hair. She pleased my mother much by offering in the pleasant German fashion to wash up the tea-cups and saucers after breakfast, and my father liked her broken English. My sister Lizzie and she became fast friends. 1854

At this time in our home circle there was a constant talk of self-improvement, and my brother Edward studied the flute. For my part I had been reading Guizot's "Life of Oliver Cromwell," and had been struck by the account of the embassy to Sweden. Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, hesitated about making a treaty with the low-born demagogues of the Commonwealth, so she one evening challenged Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, the English Ambassador, to dance, and then remarked that she perceived she had been misinformed, that she found Sir Bulstrode to be a proper gentleman, and Cromwell got his treaty signed accordingly. Unbeknown to my parents I had taken some lessons, and then one evening I asked Maria to teach me the waltz step. The scene comes up before me now after fifty years. It was in the large drawing-room, and Edward undertook to play the Dewdrop valse on his flute. I was standing with my arm round her waist when Edward laughed and said—"I only hope the governor won't come in—wouldn't there just be a rumpus?" Maria asked what this meant, and when she understood that my father disapproved of dancing, she declined to go further. I urged her. She looked straight into my eyes—

1854 then rested her head for a moment on my shoulder—and then left the room.

"Ut vidi, ut perii."

—Virgil, *Eclogues*, viii. 41.

"I looked and was undone."

* * * * * * *

It was in the autumn of 1854 that some of us were in lodgings at Riding Mill. One Sunday morning, it was the 1st. of October, I walked before breakfast across the fields by Broomhaugh down to the Tyne. It was a pleasant autumn morning and the stooks of corn were standing in the fields. The farmer met me and said, "Have you heard the news? Lord Raglan has defeated the Russians on the Alma, and has captured Sevastopol."

I cannot pretend to describe the joy and elation which I felt. All the doubts, which for months had been felt, rather than expressed in England, seemed to vanish like the mists of the morning—the doubts as to whether we had not lost the fighting qualities of our fathers, the doubts as to a Liberal ministry, the doubts as to the practicability of landing in face of an enemy on an exposed shore, and many other doubts of every shade.

As I subsequently with my wife visited the Crimea, I may be excused for roughly describing some of the events. In June the expeditionary force was landed at Varna, which is a good port in European Turkey, lying between the Danube and the Bosphorus. There was some futile attempt made at mystification, but all the world knew that Sevastopol was the point of attack, and the Russians knew that it was impracticable to land on the southern coast of the Crimea.

The expedition sailed from Varna on the 4th. of September 1854. The combined fleets and transports numbered together about four hundred sail. The French soldiers

were mostly crowded into the battleships, while the English 1854
had hired transports. The cavalry was almost entirely British. It took about a week to cross the Black Sea and to select a place to disembark. This selection was not finally made until land was in sight. The spot selected was in Kalamita Bay near to Eupatoria, about sixteen miles north of the Alma. It took nearly a week to complete the landing of the troops, horses, and stores, and two days to march to the Alma.

On the 20th. of September the battle took place. The French and the Turks scaled the heights on the right, where they met with but little opposition. The brunt of the fighting fell on the English, who carried everything before them, though with heavy loss, especially amongst the officers, The Duke of Cambridge showed as much gallantry and courage as anyone. The Russian retreat was almost a rout, but there was no pursuit. It was much debated at the time whether a pursuit were practicable, just as it has been recently questioned whether Sir Redvers Buller could have pursued the Boers at Ladysmith, but it seems probable that a vigorous pursuit would have put the north side of Sevastopol into our power.

We have heard a great deal during the Boer War of the neglect of scouting, but nothing was ever perhaps known to equal the neglect during this march on both sides. The Russians were worse, much worse, in this respect than ourselves, otherwise Lord Raglan might have been captured. It is believed that if the south side of Sevastopol had been at once assaulted it could then and there have been taken. It has always seemed to me that the recollection of these two failures to take Sevastopol—failures because an assault was not risked—must have had its influence at Magersfontein and at Colenso.

1854 On the 17th. of October 1854, nearly a month after the Battle of the Alma, the bombardment commenced by land and by sea. It was not until the 8th. of September 1855, that is eleven months later, that the siege was ended. On the 25th. of October 1854 the Russians attacked us at Balaclava, on which occasion the English cavalry greatly distinguished itself. The charge of the heavy cavalry under Brigadier-General Scarlett (of the Abinger family) was greatly admired, while the charge of the Six Hundred under Lord Cardigan has passed into a household word.

It is the charge which Tennyson sang in the same metre as Drayton's "Agincourt":—

> "Armour on armour shone,
> Drum unto drum did groan,
> To hear was wonder;
> That with the cries they make
> The very earth did shake,
> Trumpet to trumpet spake
> Thunder to thunder."

The Russian attack was easily driven back. The Highlanders repelled a cavalry charge when drawn out into single file. The remnant of our ill-fated Six Hundred was saved by a well-timed charge of the Chasseurs d'Afrique under General d'Allonville.

On the 5th. of November 1854 the Russians in the field made a determined attempt to raise the siege. The preparations made were such that they had every confidence of success, and the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas were sent to be present at the anticipated triumph. The attack commenced before dawn in a thick mist, on the right flank and the front of the English, who were encamped on the hill opposite to the little village of Inkermann across the Tchernaya. The English on the hill did not number more

than about two thousand six hundred, under the command of 1854
General Pennefather. They were part of Sir de Lacy Evans' division. Kinglake has devoted one whole volume to this battle, where the fighting qualities of the British soldier were once again displayed, with the astonishing result that the small body of less than three thousand repulsed the attack of forty thousand; and when the French succours under General Bosquet arrived, the Russians retreated into Sevastopol soon after one o'clock, and by night they had completed their retirement.

The deeds of heroism on the part of the English soldiers as recounted by Kinglake read like the romances of Roland and Oliver. The loss to the Russians in killed and wounded was 10,700, while the English lost 2,357. There were fifteen generals and brigade commanders at various times during the day with Lord Raglan, and of these every one was either killed or wounded. General Strangways was killed at the side of Lord Raglan, while General Sir George Cathcart was shot on the slope of the ravine opposite to Inkerman village. The French lost about one thousand in killed and wounded, and Marshal Canrobert himself received a wound.

The Crimea is always looked upon by the Russians as a health resort. The winter palace of the Tsar is at Livadia near Yalta, which lies under the coastline of cliffs, much as Nervi or any other favoured spot on the Riviera. In fact, if you enter the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, the northern coast all the way to the Dardanelles has the same physical features, and these are repeated in the Crimea but on a grander scale. The beetling cliffs to the westward of Livadia recall the stupendous precipices of the Valley of Sixt in Switzerland.

But the Allies were encamped on the north or wrong side of the hills, and between the 5th. of November 1854 and the

1855 following spring they suffered untold miseries. The winter was of exceptional severity. The Tyne was frozen over below the bridge, and skating went on opposite the Quayside. The harrowing accounts of the sufferings of our troops called forth the deepest sympathies of the whole nation. What we have been feeling about Mafeking and Ladysmith was felt then. But in the Crimean campaign two services broke down which acquitted themselves well in South Africa. I mean the hospitals and the transport. The hospitals were reformed by Sidney Herbert, the War Minister, through Florence Nightingale, (died 1910), to whom the minister gave *carte blanche*. Her reforms have been the foundation of all that has since been done to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. Cleanliness and fresh air were her specifics.

After the fall of Sevastopol on the 9th. of September 1855, I went over to Paris to see my brother Edward, who was studying chemistry under Monsieur Pelouze, and while there, I stood on the bridge near the Place de la Concorde and saw the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie go past. I jumped up on to the parapet of the bridge and shouted "Hurrah!" The Empress looked up and smiled. Poor lady, what a life she has since led! Her throne, her husband, her son all gone.

> "En ego, quum patria caream vobisque domoque,
> Raptaque sint, adimi quæ potuere, mihi; . . ."
> —Ovid, *Trist.*, iii. 7, 45-46.

"Behold, whereas I am bereft of my country and of you, and of my home, and have lost all that could be taken away from me; . . ."

In the summer of 1856 I left Mr. Robson, having finished my three years' apprenticeship. He kindly said—"Now, Master Johnnie" (so he used to call me), "if you will stop

with me I'll make it worth your while." Poor man, he 1856
fell on evil days in after years, and once wrote that he would like to come and see me at Walker, only he had no clothes fit to appear in! He had a son of the same name, who worked for me for some time as a draughtsman and then removed to London. My father was much pleased at this little mark of appreciation on the part of my employer, and I think it helped to give effect to my sister Anna's advice that I should be sent to University College, London.

Many years later I received the following letter from Jonathan Robson's son:—

"114, Grosvenor Buildings, Manisty Street,
Poplar, London, E.,
12th. June 1891.

"J. W. Richardson, Esq.

"Dear Sir,

"I am sorry to have to inform you of the death of my dear father and your old master. Thinking (as I believe you did of him with kindness and good will, as I am sure he always thought of you) I forward you a card as the last memento of him.

"He had been gradually getting weaker for a good while before he died, and suffered also very much, but bore it all with patience and resignation, trusting, as I know he trusted (for he had been a good while with me) in the better life to come.

"Hoping this may find you well and in prosperity,

"I remain,

"Yours respectfully,

"J. Robson."

And here may follow the testimonial, which my old master

1856 gave me shortly after I had completed my apprenticeship:—

"Blackwall Engine and Iron Ship Building Works

"Gateshead-on-Tyne, 28th. Oct. 1857.

"Mr. J. W. Richardson served a three years' apprenticeship to me in iron ship and marine engine building. I have much pleasure in testifying to his abilities and to his excellent behaviour, and can with confidence recommend him as one who is likely to give every satisfaction.

"Jonathan Robson."

Just about this time my mother was also pleased by a little attention on my part. I used to get a few shillings a week wages as an apprentice, which formed my pocket money, and I managed during the three years to save up £5, with which I bought a framed engraving of the Highland Ferry, painted by Jacob Thompson. I had heard my mother admire this, and so I bought it for her.

As a preliminary step to going to college I was to be coached by the Rev. William Spencer, who kept a school opposite to the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Clayton Street. He was a capital teacher and I got with him as far as the binomial theorem. He had a charming daughter, his eldest, called Hannah, and I well remember how a Mr. Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham, used to moon about the house after her. She, however, married a clergyman in the South of England and died after becoming the mother of several children.

My father went up to London with me to enter my name at the college and to get me suitable lodgings. It was dreadful weather and he could not help me much, but I found comfortable quarters at 13 Albert Street, Regent's

Park. This street might more properly be described as 1856
being in Camden Town. It runs in a northerly direction from Mornington Crescent, in the Hampstead Road. My landlady was quite a pattern and I remained with her as long as I was at college. My father had made me promise that I would never go to the theatre in London, and it was therefore not a little amusing that, one day after he had returned to Newcastle, she told me that she sang in the chorus at Covent Garden, and could get me tickets for any theatre. It was very very tempting, but I am thankful to say that I kept my word to my father.

I had the usual two rooms of those London houses with folding doors between. Both were on the ground floor. Speaking of a life in lodgings S. R. Crockett writes in "The Lass in the Shop"—

"May God bless the good folk of the Open Door who, with sons and daughters of their own, set wide their portals and invite the stranger within, where there is the sound of girlish laughter, the boisterous give and take of youthful wit and—yes, as much as anything else, the clatter of hospitable knives and forks working together.

"Such an open door has saved many from destruction and in That Day it shall be counted to that man, (or more often that woman), for righteousness.

"For consider how lonely a lad's life is when first he comes up from the country. He works till he is weary, and in the evening the little bedroom is intolerably lonely and infinitely stuffy. If the Door of Kindness be not opened for him—if he lack the friend's hand, the comrade's slap on the back, the modest uplift of honest maidenly eyes, take my word for it the lad in the garret will soon seek another way of it. There are many who will show him the guide-posts of that road. Other doors are open. Other

1856 laughter rings, not mellow and sweet, but as the crackling of thorns under a pot,—that is, if the blood course hot and quick in his veins.

"And so good folk of the city, you *bien* and comfortable householders, you true mothers in Israel, fathers and mothers of brisk lads and winsome lasses, do not forget that you may save more souls from going down to the Pit in one year than a score of ministers in a life time. And I, who write these things, know.

"Many a foot has been stayed on the Path called Perilous simply because 'a damsel named Rhoda' came to answer a knock at the door. The time is not all bygone when 'Given to Hospitality' is also a saving grace. And in the Day of Many Surprises, it shall be said of many a plain man and unpretending housewife—'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me.'"

In respect of such kindness as the above I had indeed reason to be grateful. This I owed partly to the ways of the Society of Friends, much to my parents' care to send me introductions, and very much naturally to the goodness of their friends. I may name Alfred and Mary Waterhouse (*née* Bevan), Thomas Hodgkin, M.D., the uncle of the banker of the same name, John Pryor of Bedford Square, Charles May the engineer, who lived in Great George Street, John Hodgkin father of the banker who lived at Lewes, and Sarah Rickman my mother's old friend whom he wished to marry, but the Friends objected to their consanguinity, John Morland of Croydon, Thomas Aggs and his father and mother who lived at Tottenham, Richard Smith the solicitor, John A. Russell, Q.C., who lived near Gray's Inn, John Lucas of the *Daily News*, who married a sister of John Bright, the Candlers of Chelmsford (Elizabeth Candler's brother), Joseph Bevan Braithwaite the learned lawyer and powerful preacher

his dreadful stammer notwithstanding, Josiah Foster and 1856
Peter Bedford. Both the latter invited me, although I was prevented from accepting. Many of these invitations were from Saturday till Monday, and looking back I marvel at their kindness and patience in entertaining a callow student.

The subjects which I took at the college were:

Latin—Professor Francis W. Newman.
German—Professor Heinemann.
English Literature—Professor David Masson.
Mathematics (two courses)—Professor Augustus de Morgan.

and I found these were quite as much as I could manage. The system of instruction was the usual one. The professor lectured for an hour and gave us exercises to write. Masson was very kind in commending some of my efforts, and so was Newman (brother of the Cardinal). We read the plays of Terence and Plautus.

I don't think that de Morgan was very good as a teacher. He was full of his ideals as to the square root of -1 and we spent time over that which would have been better devoted to other branches. He also was great upon decimal coinage. But we all loved him. I seem to see him before me now with his one eye and his boots not a pair! It was, very necessary to keep up with de Morgan's lectures, for if you got behindhand it was difficult indeed to make up lost ground.

My lodgings were not far from Gower Street, and I got far too little exercise, and once without any warning I woke up perfectly cramped with rheumatism. The doctor recommended exercise and so I got up a boating club. We were just nine and so we made a college eight, and on Saturdays we would go to Putney and hire a boat. If the full

1857 number did not turn up we would take a four-oar or two boats. There was never any difficulty.

I did not make many friendships. The students of my year were so school-boyish. I knew the Goldsmids as well as any, the family on whose queer history George Eliot founded her novel of "Daniel Deronda." Herschel, the future Lord Chancellor, was just my age, and the last man with whom I shook hands before leaving.

I studied German very assiduously and more and more I found my heart turning towards Lübeck and planning how Maria Voigt and I might meet again. But German is a language which I have never been able to master. The idea always was running in my mind that of the two years of college life I might pass one on German soil. But this was not to be.

Instead of returning home for the Easter holidays I went to Malvern to join William Alexander of Ipswich, who was undergoing the water cure under Dr. Walter Wilson, the author of "Indigestion not a disease of the stomach," "Constipation not a disease of the bowels." I remember we met there Elliot Hodgkin and Mrs. E. Hodgkin (*née* Ransome). Alexander and I took long walks in every direction and it was partly the pleasant recollections of the neighbourhood that induced me to send our dear son Felix to school there. His body now rests in the cemetery whence you seem to look over the whole central plain of England.

It is difficult to express what I feel that I owe to the Waterhouse family. Mrs. Waterhouse herself was a saint on earth, and her sermons had a foretaste as it were of heaven. Her daughters Marie and Kitty were charming, and everything about the house gave the impress of refined and serious life. They used to invite me to their Bible classes, where Edward Fry (now Sir Edward) was the great exponent.

Dear Mrs. Waterhouse once told me afterwards that her evangelical views were much modified by these studies. 1857

At the end of my first year in college I paid a short visit to my father's friend Edward Smith, at Sheffield, and he took me, I remember, to the Ackworth General Meeting. I was much pleased to see a school which has so many memories hanging round it. The account of it in Howitt's "Boys' Country Book" is well known, as also in Mrs. Boyce's "Records of a Quaker Family." I believe that now (1903), it exceeds the requirements of the Society of Friends and that boys of other denominations are admitted.

It was in this year that the Fine Arts Exhibition was held in Manchester—one of the first of the kind. The motto from Keats, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," was thought to be very appropriate. I went over for the day from Sheffield. There was a very complete collection of pictures from the English School. It is always interesting to see the originals of familiar engravings.

But now more and more the longing came over me to go to Germany, and having through the medium of Theodore Waterhouse an introduction to Frau Wildermuth of Tübingen, I obtained permission from my father to set off. He gave me £30 for expenses and I had £3 of my own, and with this money I managed to stay away eleven weeks. This included a tour in Switzerland. I am sure I never had any sense of privation, but I think my health was affected by a want of sufficient food. This by the way, however.

I took passage to Rotterdam and soon made friends with the late William Laing of the firm of Laing & Stephens, who then owned the line of steamers running between London and Newcastle. He was going to join his wife at some baths in Germany and travelling in company with an

1857 old Yorkshire farmer, a relation of Mrs. Laing. At Cologne, Mr. Laing walked with me to look at the broad Rhine in the twilight, and stopped by the old crane which they said dated from before the Thirty Years' War. When he found that I had been educated as an engineer he was much interested, and I felt emboldened to ask him what chance he thought there was for a young man to get on in life. His reply impressed me much — "If a young man nowadays has fairly average talents, and is steady and industrious, he is almost certain to get on. If he strives under a sense of higher responsibilities and seeks help from above, he is quite certain to get on."

My two friends left me at Mainz, and I slept on board the steamer. The celebrated Rhine had disappointed me, but in later years when I left the steamer's deck and explored the old castles and saw the scenery from many different levels, and watched the effects of sunsets and of the moon and the long perspectives which Turner drew, I began to understand better the enthusiasm of the Germans for the noble river.

On my arrival at Tübingen I was very kindly received by Frau Wildermuth. She had, and has some reputation in Germany as an authoress. The best known of her works are "Bilder und Geschichten aus Schwaben," "Frauenleben," and "Lebensräthsel gelöste und ungelöste." A charming biography of her has been written by her daughters. Her husband, Dr. Wildermuth, was a schoolmaster and they had three young children, Agnes (afterwards Frau Willems), Adelheid and Hermann. Frau Rooschütz, the maternal grandmother, lived in the house, a most jolly old lady who had seen better days I think, for she had some valuable heirlooms, amongst which were a canvas by Reubens and one by Nicholas Poussin. When she heard that my mother lived

in Edinburgh, she lamented that I was not dressed in High- 1857
land costume and said that in her younger days, when Scott's novels were the rage, no German maiden could have resisted a Highlander. She was under the impression that every English house was surrounded by its park, and was for ever talking in an old world romantic vein.

I had rooms in a house opposite to the Wildermuths, two rooms on the ground floor for which I paid 10s. a month. My landlady, the widow Werkmeister Adam, had two daughters considered the belles of the Vorstadt, so that Frau Wildermuth said to me—"*Sie müssen Ihr Herz halten*"! But oh! how *geistlos* they were. They and all the girls used to sit out in the street knitting in low-necked dresses, and the elder Fräulein Adam, used to have a bullfinch perched on the top of her bodice. When Theodore Waterhouse came later on with his "Hoher Gang und edle Gestalt," I used to be amused at the sidelong glances of unaffected admiration.

A cousin of Henry Winterbotham's, a young man whom I disliked, lived in Frau Wildermuth's house, and I used to go over and breakfast there at 6.30 and then read or write German until 10, at which hour Frau Wildermuth gave us an hour's lesson and then I would read or correct exercises until 12.15.

At 12.30 we went to the principal inn to *table d'hôte* dinner, the charge for which was 27 kreutzer (9d.). Ludwig Uhland the poet used to sit opposite, but I never heard him say a word. He just sat and munched his dinner. Some of his poems had made a deep impression on me, especially those translated by Longfellow—"Hast du das Schloss gesehen" and "Ueber diesen Strom vor Jahren," the best-known translation of which, though often attributed to Longfellow, is in reality by Sarah Austin: "Many a year is

1857 in its grave." But perhaps I liked most of all "Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein" and "Der gute Kamerad." Professor Silcher, who set to music so many of the Volkslieder, also was generally at the table, and many other professors.

After dinner we used to rest, and the heat was so great that I usually undressed and, after a sleep, went to the swimming bath. Then came the afternoon coffee, a pleasant time for chatting, when the good Doctor would pitch into us about the awful conduct of the Danes in Schleswig Holstein and the unfriendly attitude of the English press.

During the latter part of my visit the conversation turned very often on the Indian Mutiny, and I believe we young English were considered to be affecting a confidence which we did not really feel. God knows how much it was the very reverse. It never entered into our minds for a minute that the contest was doubtful, whereas the Germans were quite convinced that our Indian Empire was gone and for ever. We did not read the German newspapers much, nor were they pleasant reading. A sort of—shall I say—*screech* of triumph veiled under the phraseology of pity. We have seen the same thing in the Boer War, when our neighbours persuaded themselves that two things were going to happen. Firstly that we should lose South Africa, and secondly that our Colonies would take the opportunity of casting off their allegiance and declaring themselves independent. Well, well, human nature is human nature, and we English erred in the same way during the War of Secession of the 'sixties in the United States, and our public men, Gladstone and Earl Russell to wit, were far less prudent in their public utterances than the German statesmen in 1857. But these affairs never for one moment ruffled the cordial intercourse between us English boys and our German friends.

The Repetent[1] Rooschüz, Frau Wildermuth's brother, 1857
was a saintly gentleman, and when we were taking a bite of supper (*kalter Aufschnit*) between 9.30 and 10 o'clock, he would stand at the open window and talk slowly and reverently. One night I tried to explain to him the Bible readings at the Waterhouses', and he was much interested exclaiming from time to time "*Ach richtig!*" He was a tutor at the University, the theological part of it, and looked like one of those men who had quite forsaken the world and all its vanities. You could almost imagine a halo round his head.

The little Wildermuth girls were always asking me to draw for them *ein Reiter Fräulein*. I believe they thought every English girl rode about on horseback.

We tried to get through a novel by Hauff called "Lichtenstein," which stirred us to visit the old castle of that name. Our friend the Repetent was our guide, and we admired the quaint old garden where the gardener declined a tip, and then sat out on the terrace where a comely lass brought us flagons of wine, and where we feasted our eyes on the view—the wide plain with the course of the Neckar, the Swabian Alps beyond and Tübingen with its old castle and Dom Kirche in the middle distance. A stranger came up who rather obtruded some phrases of bad English, and so taking Theodore Waterhouse's sketch book I wrote these doggerel lines—

"Though other lands I journey through,
Yet still this heart of mine
Beats with the recollection true
Of the castled rock of Lichtenstein.

[1] A title answering somewhat to the fellow and tutor of English universities.

1857

I'll ne'er forget the maiden fair
Who brought the flagons red with wine.
We drank it in the Jagdhaus there
By the castled rock of Lichtenstein.

Nor can I e'er forget the view,
Fair as the land of Auld Lang Syne;
I saw it, Theodore, with you
From the castled rock of Lichtenstein.

Then here, my friends, before we part,
We'll drink the maiden fair,
The gardener man who from his heart
Refused the silver rare.

We'll drink a pleasant Wiedersehen
To you, my English friends,
To you, mein Herr, whate'er your name,
And you, Herr Repetent—
And oh! we'll drink the Muses nine
Who haunt the crag of Lichtenstein."

On our return home Frau Wildermuth was much interested in this effusion and made me try to "dichten auf Deutsch." Needless to say, with results even more lamentable. Waterhouse proposed to translate into German verse "Oft in the stilly night" and then Frau Wildermuth took a pen and wrote—

"Oft in der stillen Nacht
Eh' Schlummer mich umfangen,
Ist die Erinn'rung mir erwacht
Der Tage die vergangen."

When I left Tübingen she presented me with a volume of her works and wrote some charming verses at the beginning.

My old schoolfellow, James Nicholson Peile, had agreed to come out and walk through Switzerland with me, and the first preparation I made was to go to the shop of an old

Jew (only one of that race was allowed in Tübingen), to 1857
get some money changed and buy blue spectacles. The old man told us a story of how he had lent 200 thalers (£30), not long before to a young countryman of ours *on the honour of an Englishman*. The young man had gone to Baden-Baden and lost all his money at the gaming tables there, in the same establishment of which we read in the "Newcomes" of Thackeray, which has also since taken root at Monte Carlo in the Principality of Monaco. "But," said the old Jew, "although his family are quite unable to pay his debts, I shall get the money back one day from some wealthy Englishman." I thought I should like to be that Englishman, and many years afterwards (1889), when the biography of Ottilie Wildermuth appeared, I wrote to her daughter and I found that the debt had been paid. I think it was paid by Theodore Waterhouse. The visit of us Englishmen is thus alluded to in the biography (pp. 286-7):

"Die herzliche Anhänglichkeit der Fremden an die Familie, auch in späteren Jahren, war ein hochgeschätzter Gewinn dieser nicht wenig anstrengenden Zeit."

It was about the middle of August when Peile and I left Tübingen for Switzerland. We took rail at Stuttgart, travelling fourth class. How much more amusing is the fourth class than the first! We came by Ulm, where we crossed the Danube. What historical recollections were called up here—Napoleon's campaign of Ulm in 1805 and his scheme for the invasion of England.

From Ulm, Peile and I proceeded to Friedrichshafen where we slept at a small inn (zum Schwanen) for we could not afford to go to hotels. In the morning Peile remarked on the lovely snowy heights of the Alps—I had taken them for clouds,

"Another range of more aerial hills!"

1857 We crossed to Romanshorn and took the train to Zürich, leaving Constance and its historical memories far to the right.

It was in 1416 that Jerome of Prague and John Hus were burned at Constance for trying to reform the Romish priesthood. John Hallam, the Bishop of Salisbury tried to save them, but without avail. Equally useless was the safe conduct of the Kaiser Sigismund.

It is interesting to remember that the reformation in Bohemia was due to the writings of Wyclif, and though the special claim of the Hussites was that the laity equally with the priests should be allowed to partake of both the bread and the wine in the communion, yet not the less was the movement twofold. It was, firstly, a revolt against the pretensions of priesthood and, secondly, the beginning of that long struggle between the Czech and the Teuton which is still going on.

Some sixteen years later (1434), the abortive Council of Basle was held. Its deliberations took quite a reactionary turn and the clergy had it all their own way. The Kaiser Sigismund tried fruitlessly to induce them to permit the marriage of the clergy. As he put it, "By clerical celibacy the bond of friendship between the clergy and the laity was broken, and the freedom of confession was rendered suspicious." The fathers listened, according to Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini (afterwards Pope Pius II.), but the old condemned what had no charms for them, while the monks bound by a vow of chastity, grudged that secular priests should have a privilege denied to themselves.

The only guide which we had for Switzerland was a general map of the country. A Baedeker would have been of great assistance. We had no luggage save our knapsacks, and we soon found them too heavy to carry, and I think

we carried nothing but dry socks. We walked from Zürich 1857
by Zug and Arth to the top of the Rigi, and then descended to the Lake of Lucerne and continued up the valley of the Reuss past Göschenen over the Furka Pass to the Grimsel Hospice. It was wild weather up there and we shuddered to think of Suvaroff's soldiers and the French firing at each other across the lake. What a dandy Suvaroff looks in his portrait, and yet what a soul of iron he had! From the Grimsel we descended the Haslithal, passed the Handeck waterfall to Meyringen and the head of the Brienzer See, and so to Interlaken between the lakes of Brienz and Thun. At that time Switzerland was overrun with beggars, and the crowd of them at Interlaken was appalling. Peile lost his temper with one burly man, and struck him so violently across the back with his alpenstock that he howled with pain. The others burst out laughing, whereupon he made at Peile, who, however, raised his stick again and chased him ignominiously down the street.

We were about Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen and the neighbourhood for two or three days, but were never again addressed by a beggar. Since then, the Swiss Government has put down begging with a strong hand, to the benefit of all concerned, and especially to the benefit of the beggars. Would that as much could be done in Ireland!

From Interlaken we went down the lake of Thun to Spiez, and then walked up the Kander valley by Kandersteg to Leukerbad, and so over the wonderful Gemmi Pass to the Valais. At Sion they all seemed to be drunk together and I was arrested as a deserter, to our landlord's great amusement.

From Sion we went to Martigny, and over the Tête Noire Pass to Chamounix. Little did I dream of such a thing, but about the same time my dear wife with her mother was crossing the same pass. At Chamounix, we

1857 rued having got into an expensive hotel which made a great hole in our purses. In the evening the moon was shining brilliantly, and in the hotel garden we met the late Mrs. Henry Fell Pease (daughter of John Beaumont Pease), whose lovely face and golden hair so struck Peile that he quite bored me on the subject for the rest of our journey.

Our map showed a route northwards from Chamounix towards Evian on the Lake of Geneva, and we started to walk, but when we found ourselves among those awful precipices round about Sixt, we fairly felt discouraged and retracing our steps, took the diligence to Geneva. Many years later in 1873, Robert Spence Watson and I lost ourselves amongst those stupendous heights. We spent some days on the Lake of Geneva, not omitting to visit Chillon. In those days Byron was more read than he is now, and my mother was a great admirer of his poems, among which surely the " Prisoner of Chillon " is one of the most admirable.

I was all this time getting more and more impatient to find my way to Lübeck, and after visiting Basle, Baden-Baden, and Heidelberg, Peile left me at Frankfurt. I have a letter before me written to Theodore Waterhouse from Lübeck, in which I wrote, " as for the scenery of Switzerland, I should not think of attempting to describe it. As I walked through those glorious passes, or sailed on those clear blue lakes I could only feel and not speak. Lübeck is such a dear old town, a kind of better Tübingen. I have already been to the Baltic and bathed in its blue waters, and seen in the distance the low islands of Denmark."

I had been brought up to think that a young man was not justified in engaging the affections of a girl unless he saw his way to support her as his wife, nor indeed without first having the sanction of the parents on both sides, but

it is sweet to be in the company of a maiden whom you love 1857
and who turns friendly eyes upon you.

But all pleasant times come to an end, and at last I bade adieu to my kind friends the Voigts, and went to Hamburg. When I arrived at the quay there, after paying the drosky driver I had absolutely no money left, and I appealed to a boatman to take me aboard the steamer bound for Newcastle for nothing. This he cheerfully consented to do. When we got to Newcastle, however, the steward told me that he had paid the boatman and would I repay *him* !

When I reached home I had an explanation with my parents, and I think they were much disappointed that I should have fallen in love with a lady, however admirable, who was neither a member of the Society of Friends nor an Englishwoman. Still they in no way opposed and were most kindly sympathetic, but they begged me to make no declaration until my prospects should be assured.

Soon after an event occurred which caused my small concerns to lose relatively all importance in the family circle. This was the failure of the Northumberland and District Bank in Grey Street, in which my father and his brother John were large shareholders. The bank was not a limited company and each shareholder was liable for all he possessed. The managing director of the bank was Jonathan Richardson, a Quaker, of Shotley Bridge. He was no relation of ours, although he was often regarded as a brother of my father. I think it was he who first started Shotley Bridge as a Spa in opposition to Gilsland, and then he got up the Derwent & Consett Iron Company. It was this company which eventually was the principal cause of the failure of the bank. The iron-stone round about Shotley was not suitable, and, if the company has been successful in later years, it has not been from working those ores, but

1857 rather the Spanish ores from Bilbao, and also by owning coal mines. It was said that Jonathan Richardson was paid a royalty of 3d. a ton on all the pig-iron smelted, and this whether the ore used was from his own iron mines, or from other sources. (See "Memoir of Anna D. R.," p. 113.)

It is curious that my father was one of the twelve original shareholders in the Consett Iron Company and he sold his share becaused he considered that Jonathan Richardson had not treated him quite fairly in a horse transaction, and yet notwithstanding this he invested in the shares of a bank under the management of the same man. He relied, I believe, upon the bank's affairs being kept straight by a friendly competitor in the leather trade for whom he had a great regard, the late Alderman Sillick. It was said that in order to find money, the firm of Mounsey & Janson was started, to whom the Consett Company sold all their iron and upon whom they drew at four months' date, and that similarly Mounsey & Janson drew on the ultimate customer, and that both sets of bills were discounted at the bank in Grey Street.

Jasper Mounsey married a Miss Waite, and Jonathan Richardson's eldest son, Jonathan Backhouse Richardson, married the elder sister. Mrs. Jasper Mounsey was killed before her husband's eyes. They were going over the Bedlington Ironworks, when the tip of her shawl was caught by a shaft revolving near to the ground, and in a few moments she was a mangled mass.

Sir Daniel Gooch, the famous chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, began his career at these Bedlington Iron Works, and Jasper Mounsey in conjunction with John Dixon (elder brother of Sir Raylton Dixon), had attempted, but without success, to carry them on. Charles Janson had formerly been a nursery gardener and

seedsman, and after the bank crash Mounsey advised him humorously to go back to the nursery. Later on in life Jasper Mounsey married the eldest sister of the Newcastle solicitor, Cornelius Stanton (of the firm Stanton & Atkinson). There were several sisters in that family, and we had known them as next door neighbours in Summerhill Grove. 1857

I must here relate an incident which took place many years later. After the failure of the Bedlington Ironworks, John Dixon took to contracting for the construction of railways abroad. It will be remembered that he brought Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt, which was thought quite a feat in those feeble days. The last work which he undertook was the "Entre Douro e Minho Railway," the line running north from Oporto and connecting that city with the Spanish frontier. A portion of the contract price for the line, viz.: some £30,000 to £40,000, was to be left over unpaid until the line had been in use for a year or half a year. When this period had elapsed, Dixon applied for payment but he was driven from pillar to post. He tried consular and ambassadorial agencies, but in the end he recognized that the Portuguese officials were going to keep the money for themselves and that he might whistle for it. This conviction preyed upon his nerves, he lost his appetite, and in fact it caused his death. Before he died, however, he was dining at the house of his old partner, Jasper Mounsey, at Upper Norwood, and at the same table was my brother-in-law, James P. Thöl. After the ladies had retired, Mounsey got Dixon to recount the story of his woes, when a gentleman present handed him his visiting card and invited him to send him his city address on the next day. This Dixon did, and three days later the gentleman in question, who turned out to be the secretary to the Stock Exchange, sent for him and said—

1857 "Tell me, Mr. Dixon—you said you were claiming some £30,000 to £40,000 from the Portuguese Government—would you take £30,000 in full settlement of your claims?"

Dixon: "Most certainly and most thankfully."

Secretary: "Very well; please write me a receipt, and here is a cheque for that amount drawn on the Bank of England. You know my directors are all absent grouse shooting, and when you told that lamentable story last night, I thought I might venture to play a stroke off my own bat, so the next morning when the representatives of the Portuguese Government came to me about this new loan of theirs, I hummed and hawed and shook my head. I told them we had had some disquieting reports about Portuguese good faith, and that quite recently a report had come of a case of absolute injustice to the English contractor who had made the 'Entre Douro e Minho Railway'; and I added that if they would take my advice they ought to get a telegraphic remittance of £30,000 for the said contractor before seeing me again. This they did and behold the result." The worthy secretary seemed unwilling to accept even bare thanks for this kindly and chivalrous action. Such actions are an honour to British commerce. It is sad, however, to think that in Dixon's case it came too late to save his life.

There were untold upheavals in our family over this bank failure, and the failure at the same time of the Western Bank of Scotland, which brought my grandfather to poverty, called forth the warmest sympathy of my mother, though she smiled at her cousin (John Wigham Tertius), when he remarked that it was a comfort there was a workhouse to go to and that he was fond of broth. (Refer to Anna D. R.'s Memoirs, pp. 124-137 and pp. 146, 151.)

We left Beechgrove and went to live in Rye Hill, and

I think every one was the happier. Our friends, especially 1857
the Peases of Darlington, were most sympathetic, and at the final Quarterly Meeting so many came to Rye Hill to dinner that my dear mother's commissariat was almost overstrained. The house was too small to hold us all, but George went to Edinburgh to study Chemistry under Professor (afterwards Lord) Playfair. His sister Anna went to keep house for him and for Emily. It was there that they all made the acquaintance of Dr. John Gregory White, who eventually married Emily.

The final settlement of the bank affairs was effected by the principal large shareholders taking over the Consett Iron Works at a very much reduced price, but it was sufficient to pay off the creditors. This arrangement is said to have been suggested by Sir Charles Mark Palmer.

Our neighbour, Christian Alhusen, who lived at Elswick Hall (now the Elswick Park), came in one evening and discussed the scheme with my father, who warmly approved it; but he himself and his brother declined to join. It seems strange that these two should prefer to pay out large sums of money merely as calls and refuse to take in exchange shares in the Consett Iron Company, one of the most successful industrial concerns in the north of England. So far as my father was concerned he believed himself to be under the direction of a higher power, and that what he was doing would be for the good of his children. He did not wish them to be in any way connected with the circle at Shotley Bridge.

I have spoken of the bill transactions of the bank. There was a venerable Friend, Edwin Octavius Tregelles, who married a sister of Jonathan Richardson the bank director. One day my father was at the Alexanders' in Lombard Street when one of the firm pulled out a bundle of bills, and asked

1857 if my father knew a Mr. Tregelles of Shotley. On hearing that he was a minister in high repute among the Friends, the bill discounter expressed surprise in somewhat forcible terms. Poor old man! I suppose he would sign whatever his brother-in-law asked him to put his name to.

This Edwin O. Tregelles used to tell a very good story. When quite a youth he wished to become an engineer, and he applied to his uncle Price of the Neath Abbey Works in South Wales. This was very early in the nineteenth century when engines were used mainly for pumping. Old Price's reply was remarkable. He said "Well, Edwin, if thou must be an engineer, thou must. But there is very little prospect before thee. The Great Devons have just ordered a pumping engine from us, and we expect an order from the Laxey Consols. Next year the Wheal Crebors will probably require an engine, but after that I don't think any more engines will be wanted in Great Britain!"

The failure of the banks caused, or perhaps was a symptom of, very bad times, and it behoved me to see about doing something. Any idea of going back to Germany was given up.

"Mich weckt aus meinen frohen Träumen
Mit rauhem Arm die Gegenwart."

Our neighbour, Robert Hawthorn (of the well-known firm R. & W. Hawthorn), from whom my father had bought for my elder brother, Edward, a share in the Blaydon Chemical Company, was applied to, but he said that he was reducing his staff, and under such circumstances could not possibly make any additions to it. Upon this I went to call on the old gentleman one morning immediately after breakfast and told him that I only wanted work, not pay, and that I would do whatever he might wish me to do.

I think he was pleased with my earnestness and a few days later I received a note to say that I might start in the machine-drawing-office. 1857

My powers of description will, I am sure, quite fail to give any idea of this new world into which I now entered. I had been accustomed up till this time to associate with men who took life seriously, and whose conversation was decent and reasonable. This applied equally to the workmen at Robson's and to my friends at University College. But at the Forth Banks Engine Works there was an atmosphere of debauch from the highest to the lowest.

One day, soon after my introduction to the Works, the lodge-keeper, a one-armed man, was decidedly intoxicated. William Hawthorn, one of the two brothers who constituted the firm, met him reeling at the gate and at once said benevolently—"Here, Tommy my lad, is a fourpenny bit; go up to the public and finish thyself off."

The outdoor locomotive foreman was called "Jack with the copper fire-box" because when he took out locomotives he could stand any amount of liquor at the carouses which were indulged in on such occasions.

As for work in the offices or any serious interest in the profession, neither the one nor the other seemed at first sight to have any place. There was a continual chatter going on about amusements or sprees and much coarse practical joking, and just as little work done as would pass muster.

The head of the locomotive department was John Thompson an amiable gentleman, a nephew of Mrs. Robert Hawthorn. He was a man eminently suited to let everything go to sleep. My own immediate chief, John Bell, was a very different man. He was a tall, thin, red-haired Cambrian with great saucer eyes. He was full of zeal and

1857 energy and had a very kind heart but about the roughest tongue I ever knew. He was suffering from an abscess in the side and did not live many years.

Those were the days in which Gothic, Grecian and Egyptian architecture were invoked to aid in the designing of the framework of engines. One Monday morning, William Hawthorn came into the office and explained that when not listening to the sermon at St. Nicholas' Church he had studied the pulpit and it was the very thing for the Derby pumping engine, and he desired Danson, the head draughtsman, to go forthwith and make a sketch of it. In looking back it is really astonishing to myself to realize how in those days we thought so much of mere mechanical appliances. Before I left the Hawthorns, however, a great change began.

I once made out a list of some three dozen young men whom I had met learning in some form or other to be mechanical engineers, and the late William Clarke of The Hermitage, Gateshead, was the only one who had succeeded in that line. He afterwards founded the great firm of Clarke, Chapman & Co. May I add that of the three dozen I lost sight of some six or seven and perhaps nearly as many died early, but all of the rest were fairly successful in life, yet not as manufacturing engineers. Amongst them were John W. Pease, banker; Jeremiah Head, ironmaster; John Dixon, contractor; Lavington E. Fletcher, inspector of boilers, and others. Dr. Ericson, Professor at University College, made once a similar observation. He said that of all the hundreds of students who had studied medicine under him not ten per cent. ever really made a fair living out of doctoring, while the fingers on one hand would more than number all those who had attained to any real eminence.

With my sister Anna to encourage me, I commenced

serious evening studies, and first, as may well be believed, 1858
was German. I agreed to take an hour's lesson once a week from an elderly Miss Elliott who lived in North Parade, and who had lived so long in Germany as to speak it like a native. But after two lessons I dropped the course, as she persisted in spending the hour in chattering about herself in English.

I also went one evening a week to study mathematics with a certain Daniel White, a school master in the Green Court near to the vegetable market. He was a most lovable man and I much enjoyed his teaching.

My friend, Jeremiah Head, and I also took dancing lessons, but this was " under the rose." It was the account, in Guizot's " Oliver Cromwell," of the embassy of Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke to Queen Christina of Sweden that put the idea of dancing into my head, and I have never regretted having acquired the art. At the time of which I write, however, dancing in all forms was tabooed in Quaker circles.

Of all my studies, however, the lessons in French were the most delightful. I had advertised for some one to give me conversational lessons and one of the clerks at the French Consulate, Monsieur Louis Thibaudier, replied and agreed to give me one lesson a week for fifteen shillings a quarter. I may say, in parenthesis, that all these lessons were paid for out of my pocket money, and I believe I valued them the more for this very reason. However, I never paid M. Thibaudier anything at all. He lived in Gloucester Street, close to South Ashfield, and we became fast friends. I often sat and smoked and chatted for full two hours, and I very soon acquired a facility in speaking French, which has been of great use to me all through life.

Madame Thibaudier was a tall woman, taller than her husband. Her father was a glass-blower and had worked

1858 in Sunderland or South Shields before that industry had left our country.

One day Monsieur Thibaudier showed me a despatch signed by the then Minister for Foreign Affairs. I read it as being clearly Napoleon, but when examined more clearly it was Valevski. He was an illegitimate son of the great Napoleon. His mother was that Countess Valevski who passed the night with Napoleon on his arrival at Warsaw before the fatal expedition to Moscow. When Napoleon was at Elba a young lady with a child four or five years old landed mysteriously on the 1st. of September 1814 and remained two days with the Emperor. Every one thought it was Marie Louise with the Roi de Rome and the inhabitants prepared to illuminate. "*Ce fut un rêve,*" *dit Peyrusse,* "*l'Empereur revint seul de Porto-Ferrajo. Il avait reçu la visite de la Comtesse Valevski.*"

From the foregoing account it will be seen that I was often away from home in the evenings. Besides my lessons, there were other pursuits and interests, which caused many other absences. It was not until too late, that I found out how my dear father used to long for my company, and never tired of hearing about my doings and my progress at the works, while I all the time, with the selfishness of youth, thought only of my own pleasures. I have suffered no little remorse on this account. And such a father too, so kind, so sympathetic, so wise, so cultivated!

It is seldom that any knowledge is acquired without bearing fruit sooner or later. Now it happened soon after this, that as a junior draughtsman I was set to trace some drawings of French locomotives. I asked Mr. Bell if I was to copy the writing or might I translate it and convert the metres into feet and inches. He was much pleased, and a few months afterwards he chaffingly asked me if I could

translate any German, and when I assented he evidently regarded me with some surprise. From that time I have enjoyed a wholly unmerited reputation as a linguist, a reputation which recalls the story of the two ministers, one of whom travelled about with a Hebrew Bible and the other with a Greek Testament. 1858

My first work which involved any responsibility as to design, was to draw the high pressure cylinder of the pumping engines for the Nottingham Waterworks, the engineer for the undertaking being the late Mr. Hawksley. In these engines, the steam was expanded through two cylinders, on what is now called the compound system. Such engines at that time were said to be of the Woolff type. These Nottingham engines were to work at a boiler pressure of 60 lbs. above the atmosphere, a pressure far above all usual practice in condensing engines. Indeed 10 lbs. or from 6 lbs. to 10 lbs. was at that time the assumption. We were supposed to work out all scantlings by formulæ, mostly from a work by Tredgold, the Cornish engineer. Formulæ are forsooth a great, though a necessary, evil. The confusion which exists in the mind stuffed with formulæ is often both lamentable and ludicrous. However this may be, the following dialogue took place between Mr. Bell and myself.

Ego. I am in some doubt, sir, about what thickness to make the cylinder of No. . . . engines.

Mr. Bell. Why do you come to me with such a d—d foolish question as that? Can't you refer to Tredgold and calculate the thickness!

Ego. Well, sir, I have done so, and the result, if I have made no error, seems to me unsatisfactory. Tredgold's rule works out a thickness of only $\frac{3}{8}$ths inch.

Mr. Bell. Does it? Well, um, um, um, add an inch for wear and make it $1\frac{3}{8}$ths.

1858 Not so very long after this I had an opportunity of administering a rebuke to poor Mr. Bell. He had instructed me to make a drawing of a steam yacht, the order for which had been given to the firm by a Russian prince. Wishing to draw the Russian flag at the taffrail I had tacked a duster to a roller and had stuck it in the empty grate. This caught Mr. Bell's eye. He had had good cause to complain of pranks in the office, and turning savagely on me he rated me soundly for such infernal tomfoolery. I stood to attention and listened with what calm I could muster, pitying all the while the poor pain-suffering man. At last he ended with: "And why the devil do you stand staring at me there like a big gaby?" My dear father's saying then came back to me. "It's only a cur that will allow itself to be kicked," and I said slowly and quietly—"I wait, sir, to hear if you have any other courtesies to address to me." He at once flung out of the office, but later on when I submitted the drawing he saw his error and very handsomely apologized. He never again lost his temper with me and we became great friends. The office staff were much struck by the incident, and I believe it even came to the ears of old Robert Hawthorn himself.

The years immediately succeeding the financial crisis of 1857 were a time of very great industrial depression, and all kinds of orders had to be picked up by the Hawthorns. Among other things I had to draw a machine for cutting tobacco, some flour-grinding machinery, and even cooling apparatus for Allsopp's Brewery at Burton-on-Trent.

While working away in the drawing office at Forth Banks I used to find pretexts to write to Maria Voigt, sending her a book which had interested me, or what not. At Christmas time (1857) I seem to have sent a copy of "The

Newcomes." There would be much in that story to suit 1858
my then frame of mind, and I was especially desirous that she and her friends should be familiar with the character of Colonel Newcome, a character which in Germany is often taken as representing the highest type of an English gentleman. This gift, consisting of two handsomely bound volumes, drew forth a letter from the old judge requesting me to desist from sending presents to his daughter. I showed this letter to my ever kind father, and after much thought, he and my mother consented that I should go over and make known my feelings to Maria's parents. My father asked me if I could not combine some business with my journey, as Messrs. Hawthorns were erecting a pumping engine at Blankenese on the Elbe for the Altona Waterworks.

I told Mr. Bell that I wished to visit Hamburg on family concerns and proffered my services. The result was that I was requested to call on Mr. Robert Hawthorn on a certain morning at 9 o'clock. My instructions were to go up that very day to London, and when I got there I was to write down all that Mr. Hawthorn had told me, and return what I had written, so as to show that I had understood him, and to add any comments of my own. Arrived in London I put up at the Great Northern Hotel, and the same evening I set to work conscientiously to carry out my instructions. I wrote out a fair copy, ready to post to Robert Hawthorn in the morning. When I rose, however, at 6 o'clock, so as to catch the 7.40 a.m. to Dover, it seemed to me on re-reading the letter that it was absurd to prejudge the points of difficulty. I sat down, therefore, and wrote as follows—

"Dear Sir,

"I have carefully written out your instructions and when I arrive at Blankenese I shall hope to be able to

1858 see my way clearer. In the meantime pray rest assured that I will do nothing daft."

I afterwards heard that Robert Hawthorn had shown this letter to my father with the remark " He's got his head screwed on the right way," and I believe this little incident had a great deal to do with encouraging my father to advance money to me with which to start in business. As a matter of fact, I was not able to do anything except to report facts to headquarters, but I was much interested in the pumping station.

As soon as ever my duties at Blankenese had been fulfilled, I found my way to Madame Mützenbecher's quiet abode, where I met Maria. The next morning I was up betimes and in due time arrived at the old house where Rath Voigt resided, and had my interview with himself and his wife. The latter kept looking at me all the time with mournful eyes. The judge had evidently received exaggerated accounts of the ruin of our family and he pressed me to state what my position was, what my income, what my prospects and so forth. To these queries I could evidently give no answers in which the " I hope " was not the principal factor, while as regarded inquiries concerning my father's affairs, I felt bound to refuse to reply. In the then state of negotiations with the bank liquidators it would have been wrong to do so.

The judge pointed out to me my youth (I was just twenty-one), and that I was quite without the means to support a wife. He also enlarged on the objections to a long engagement and finally made me promise not to go and see his daughter again in Hamburg.

My father received on my return a letter from Rath Voigt repeating what he had said verbally to me in Lübeck.

Both my dear parents were most kind and sympathetic, 1858
although I am sure they in their hearts wished that I had fallen in love with one of the many charming Quakeresses of their circle.

In Rath Voigt's letter above mentioned he said that in Hamburg *everything* was suffering more or less, either directly or indirectly, from the mercantile crisis. I have heard it stated that with only two exceptions every merchant in Hamburg stopped payment. To me indirectly the crisis brought the crowning joy of my life. It was in February 1858 that Mrs. J. P. Thöl, my present mother-in-law, wrote to her friend Mrs. H. Westmacott as follows, in reply to a letter of sympathy from that lady on hearing of heavy pecuniary losses

"I will not postpone an instant in letting you partake of the joyful emotions which your dear letter created in my soul. True sympathy of a friend outweighs many a trial and I shed tears of gratitude in the perusal of your feeling words. The calamity itself has not brought tears to my eyes, I bear it as a misfortune not brought on by error but by a chain of events, and I remain in the firm belief that it is for our best, that it is one of God's blessings not yet revealed, not yet understood by us!

"But now in order to put in a true light what more I have to say, I must give a further explanation of our present position. Our anxiety and our losses have been very alarming, but nothing has happened to my dear husband which could endanger his mercantile *reputation*, indeed it is quite a wonder that he could satisfy all his liabilities; *no interruption* has taken place in business, but the means to carry on the same have so shrunk that the strictest economy must be the password till matters turn more favourably and till at least some of the continental creditors pay."

1858 Mrs. Thöl then goes on to say that her eldest daughter, Marian, was wishful to do something to help in the crisis of family affairs, and this eventually led to her accepting an offer to teach the Miss Cuthberts of Beaufront, near Hexham, music and French and German for a few months. This was the beginning of her connection with the north of England. For me, truly, "one of God's blessings not yet revealed."

One of the first effects of my rebuff at Lübeck was to cause me to apply to Mr. Bell for some sort of salary. He expressed much astonishment that I was being paid nothing, and said he would interest himself in the matter. The wages of the draughtsmen used to be paid every Saturday. Tommy, the one-armed watchman, used to come from the pay office with the wages of one draughtsman in his hand, deposit the money without a word on the desk and then return for the wages of the next man and so on. When it came to my turn the following Saturday, Tommy laid on my desk quite a little heap of gold. One of the draughtsmen—Edmund Reed Hepple by name—looked at this heap with hungry eyes and then said impressively, "By! Richardson, what a spree you'll get out of that." This Hepple was a most remarkable man. He had been brought up as an engineer and was a most intelligent man, and yet he knew nothing whatever of his profession. He was a mere tracer and so ignorant that he would ask the latest newcomer to tell him what parts were to be coloured yellow for brass and what blue for iron. He played the flute and used to bring his instrument down when we worked overtime in the evenings. This overtime was a standing disgrace. We were paid for the additional time, and yet often no work, or hardly any, was done. On one occasion, when I luckily was absent, Mr. William Hawthorn tumbled

into the drawing office and found a regular concert in full swing. He merely remarked pleasantly that he had not been aware that the gentlemen in his drawing office were such gifted musicians. When some years later the Hawthorns sold their works to Sir Benjamin C. Browne, Frank C. Marshall and others, there was a general clearing out by F. C. Marshall of all the useless *old and well-tried servants* of the firm. He himself had worked in the office, and none knew better than he what a useless lot they were. However, Hepple wrote a pathetic letter to F. C. Marshall enclosing a photograph of himself in memory of old times and a copy of Baxter's "Saints' Rest," "the only remaining book from my library, if not my only earthly possession," and so he alone of the whole staff escaped the sack. 1858

To resume, however, I took Hepple's hint so far as to give a little dinner at the Turf Hotel, which occupied the site of what is now Lloyd's Bank and we had a most pleasant evening, with some capital songs. T. J. Danson gave us the inimitable Newcastle song "The Props," "Oh wae's me for wor canny toon."

The rest of my little heap of gold was duly banked and formed afterwards part of the capital of Wigham Richardson & Co.

Hepple's people lived at Black Heddon and he once persuaded me to borrow my father's horse, a nearly thoroughbred mare called "Fanny," and go with him to a meet of the Tynedale Foxhounds at the old inn the "Iron Sign" near to Rudchester, he himself having procured a mount from his uncle at Black Heddon. I had been brought up to ride, but I well remember, when waiting at the covert side with a stiff rail fence beside me, wondering what on earth we should do, if the hounds ran in that direction. This they did, and Fanny turned and hopped over like a bird, and

1858 we had a splendid run right up to Shaftoe Crags beyond Belsay. For many a long day after Hepple used to divert the office with anecdotes of that run.

Hepple used to talk very interestingly about the theatre and I was led to go to the play not infrequently. At that time there was only one theatre in Newcastle, the Theatre Royal in Grey Street, and it was very badly attended as a rule. The system of travelling companies had not then been invented. A stock company was engaged for the season, and particular stars came from time to time. It was very rarely that the same play was given twice in the same week, and how the actors remembered all their parts is a puzzle to me. The old English dramas were constantly given, and I used often to go to the Literary and Philosophical Society's library and read over again what I had seen.

Our life in Newcastle was very isolated, and, barring an occasional party which was confined entirely to the members of the Society of Friends, we had no entertainments. These parties would have been dull enough had it not been for the acting of charades, in which the late Jeremiah Head used to take a leading part. He was so irresistibly funny that ladies would sometimes leave the room exhausted with laughing. It was not surprising, however, that I had a longing to see something of other phases of society and so after the run with the foxhounds I determined to attend the hunt ball in the Assembly Rooms. This had to be done *unbeknown*, and retiring early I dressed and went out by the kitchen, the cook receiving a tip to leave the door on the latch. Thus I arrived late at the ball, and as there was a scarcity of ladies I failed to get a single partner.

There was a stately looking gentleman with an old-fashioned white stock standing by the fireplace. I afterwards learned that he was the Right Hon.

William Hutt, vice-president of the Board of Trade.[1] 1858
We got into conversation and he seemed glad to have someone to talk to. It was the first time that I had ever heard political economy discussed. At the date at which I am writing (July 1903), Mr Chamberlain's projects are before the country and the old questions are cropping up again. Mr. Hutt spoke then of the balance of exports and imports and remarked upon the fallacious nature of Board of Trade returns and of statistics generally. He said that if the imports really and truly were of higher value than the exports, it could only mean that the individual traders of the country whose imports were higher had proved themselves the better business men. They, in making an exchange of goods, would have managed to get goods of higher value. "For example," said he, "suppose that a Newcastle merchant agrees to exchange with a Bordeaux wine exporter 1000 tons of pig lead for 1000 casks of wine. Let us further suppose that each merchant proceeds to realize his purchase, say by public auction, and that the wine sells for £25,000 and the pig lead for £20,000. Which merchant has had individually the best of the bargain? Evidently the Englishman; and yet if these figures got into a statistical table we should find that England had imported (£25,000) one fourth more than she had exported (£20,000)."

It was before the District Bank failure and while we were still at Beech Grove that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe with her sister and her two daughters and son came to stay

[1] John, 10th. Earl Strathmore, went through a false ceremony of marriage with Mary Milner, daughter of a market gardener at Staindrop. Their only boy was sent to Eton as Lord Glamis. On his deathbed the Earl confessed to Mary Milner and they were married, but too late to legitimize their son, John Bowes, [who afterwards gave a museum to Barnard Castle]. The widow married Mr. Hutt, the agreeable tutor of her son, who went into Parliament and became vice-president of the Board of Trade under Lord Palmerston.

1858 with us, and we had a reception one evening. On that occasion I put on an evening dress suit. When the company had departed my dear father remarked what a nice suit of clothes it was and asked me for my tailor's address. The next time I required them I found that the tails had been cut off and the garment transfigured into a sort of morning coat! But after the Bank failure, my father was so indignant at the discredit brought upon the Quaker name that he vowed he would never wear the garb again. He went with my brother George to his tailor's and gave most particular directions to have a suit made like a quiet old-fashioned farmer. When this was made clear, George said in his pleasant way: "Now, Mr. Stewart, you understand. "A regular agricultural buck!"

George finished his studies under Professor Playfair at (I think) the midsummer term of 1859. Some years later I travelled with the Professor (afterwards Lord Playfair), who spoke with much affection of my brother, and contrasted his gentlemanly ways with the rough manners of some of the Scotch students. It was on that occasion that Playfair told me an anecdote of his nursemaid. He overheard her say one Sunday morning to his little girl, "Whist, whist, ma darlint. I canna sing sangs to ye because it's the Sawbath, but if ye winna mind I'll whustle ye the paraphrase!"

The dinner hour at the Hawthorns' engine works was from 12 to 1.30, and George used that autumn to come up at the same time, and our dear mother used to have dinner for us before the rest of the family. That year we had a wondrously fine autumn and we two used to go out on the long terrace for a pipe and talk before returning to work. Dear George! how short his life. He died some ten years later, beloved and mourned by all. His younger brother, Isaac, the

brightest of the family, had died in boyhood, and now (1903) of the four brothers I, the weakliest, am the only survivor. 1858

The public events of the years 1857-1860 when I was with the Hawthorns did not make much impression on my mind. One idea was before me, and I fed my fancy by reading Tennyson's poems as to the "Quest" and Spenser's "Faerie Queene." From this latter work, I don't know exactly how, I seemed to find great encouragement. The noble and lofty ideal which runs through the long drawn out and complicated story must ever remain a monument to the English thought of those times and the never ceasing incentive to be always up and doing, nor ever allow . . . . .

> "time to steale the treasure of man's day
> Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may."

On the 16th. of June 1858, the venerable Sir Charles Ogle, Bt., Admiral of the Fleet, died aged eighty-three. He had succeeded as second baronet his father, who was also an Admiral of the Fleet. Sir Charles was thrice married. By his first wife, a sister of Viscount Gage, he had a son, formerly in the army, who succeeded to the title and estates, and two daughters, the youngest of whom, Sophia, was married in 1830 to the Rev. Edward Challoner Ogle of Kirkley. This is the Mrs. Ogle whom we knew so well in later years—the mother of Newton Ogle of Kirkley Hall, and of Mrs. Nathaniel George Clayton of the Chesters, Chollerford.

On the 1st. of December 1858 the Haggerstone Estate in North Northumberland was sold to Mr. Naylor for £340,000. This Mr. Naylor was one of three brothers who, by the death of their uncle, a Liverpool Banker, Mr. Leyland, became possessed of £4,000,000.

On the 3rd. of March 1859 the Jarrow Dock was opened—

1859 now called the Tyne Dock. This is the property of the North Eastern Railway Company, and it may be noted that a tendency on the part of Railway Companies to own and manage docks, steamship lines, and hotels has been steadily developing ever since.

In the summer of 1859 France declared war against Austria and the striking success of the French made a profound impression in England. Napoleon III. was more than ever spoken of as the master of many legions, and even before war was actually declared, that is in May 1859, the formation of volunteer corps was formally authorized by the war office. In Quaker circles the remarks about the volunteers were depreciatory, and we were told that it was a feverish panic which would soon pass away. I may note that the war caused a rapid fall in the value of both French and Austrian securities. My father held shares in the Lombardo-Venetian railway, the value of which went down heavily, but, as a matter of fact, the year of the war was the best year which the railway ever had and enabled the company to pay a 15 per cent. dividend.

There was a special interest connected with this campaign, namely that the Emperors of both states accompanied the forces in the field. The Austrian plan of campaign was supposed to have been drawn up by the Aulic Council at Vienna, in whose wisdom the Government still seemed to have faith notwithstanding the failures in the wars with Frederick the Great and with the first Napoleon. No doubt it included the highest talent and the most varied experience in the art of war, but then, as the experience of all great captains proves, campaigns cannot be directed by a consultative board. It was Frederick the Great who said, "If I thought my coat knew my plans I would take it off and burn it."

On the French side it is not so clear whose was the 1859
master mind. Col. Sir Henry M. Hozier, told me that in his opinion it was really the Emperor Louis Napoleon himself who planned the campaign of 1859, and he added that he was then in full vigour, whereas in 1870 he had grown aged, and was, moreover, tortured by calculus.

In Algeria in 1907 I met Colonel Espinasse, Commandant of the Zouaves at Constantine, and he entirely confirmed this view, namely, that the credit of the strategical movements before Magenta and Solferino was wholly due to the Emperor Napoleon.

The French and Sardinians advanced from Genoa, Turin and Alessandria until they took up positions on a wide arc from Mortara towards Piacenza. The Austrians were commanded by Count Gyulai who had succeeded through seniority to Radetsky and was in every way a poor substitute. He had convinced himself that the enemy were going to advance by Piacenza on the South bank of the Po, across the Trebbia. This was how Hannibal advanced into Italy and where he and his younger brother Mago routed the legions of Sempronius, in the winter weather 200 years before Christ.

On the 4th. of June 1859 the French attacked the Austrians in front but found a very stubborn resistance. In fact it was said that the Austrians might have won had not the Kaiser Franz Josef sent a letter of suggestions to Count Gyulai, and while that hapless General was trying to make it out the opportunity passed and MacMahon advancing on his flank from the north, the Austrian army was compelled to fall back, and shortly afterwards it retired across the Mincio within the space called the Quadrilateral at the four corners of which stand Peschiera, Verona, Legnano, and Mantua. This was at that time considered impregnable.

1859 Thus the Austrians abandoned Lombardy, and on the 8th. of June 1859 Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon III. made a triumphal entry into Milan.

After the battle of Magenta, Count Gyulai was dismissed and the conduct of the campaign fell to the aged Marshall Hess. Hess conceived the idea of issuing from the Quadrilateral and attacking the French unawares. As a matter of fact the Austrians managed the surprize, but by a coincidence the Allies had also determined to advance the same morning, namely, the 24th. of June 1859, and they were better prepared than the Austrians for a surprize. The result of the double surprize was that the battle which ensued was really two separate battles, to wit the attack on San Martino by the Sardinians and on the hill and village of Solferino by the French. Both were stubbornly contested but the new rifled guns of the French finally turned the tide.

It may be here remarked how frequently the introduction of new weapons has influenced campaigns. Witness the carbine of Prince Maurice against the Spaniards in 1590, the flint locks of Cromwell, the invention of the iron ramrod by the old Dessauer in the army of Frederick the Great, the introduction of carronades by the English which contributed so much to Rodney's great victory of The Saints, (off Guadeloupe, W. Indies), in 1782, the Zündnadelgewehr (breach-loading needle gun) which decided the battle of Königgrätz, and may we not add the long range cannons of the Boers in the South African War of 1899.

After the defeat of the Austrians at Solferino, the allied forces set themselves to capture the fortresses of the Quadrilateral.

Suddenly about the middle of July 1859 the French Emperor sought an interview with the Austrian Kaiser, and arranged verbally an armistice and terms which were after-

wards ratified by the Peace of Zürich. These terms were 1859
that Lombardy, Tuscany, Parma and Modena were united to Sardinia, but Savoy and Nice were ceded to France. It is impossible to describe the grief and indignation of the Italians, nor is it easy to understand the motives of Louis Napoleon. There can, however, now be little doubt that Prussia was assuming an attitude which developed later in Schleswig-Holstein, and still later in the wars against Austria in 1866, and then against France in 1870. It was in these latter years only that Italy became free from the Alps to the Adriatic.

While Emperors and Kings were fighting I was meditating on starting business. My father had bought from Robert Hawthorn a half share of the Blaydon Chemical Company so as to provide a business for my brother Edward. Robert Hawthorn had consented to the addition of plant for the manufacture of alkali, provided that all the machinery required were made at his Forth Banks Works. This led to my being sent frequently up to Blaydon and generally to my getting out of the drawing office.

The sulphuric acid which is used to convert common salt or chloride of sodium into sulphate of soda, used to be made by burning the sulphur which is found in Sicily at the base of Mount Etna, but when Ferdinand of Naples, (King Bomba), quarrelled with Great Britain, he thought to bring us to terms by prohibiting the export of sulphur. This prohibition led to the use of copper ores and to the large copper industry of this country. This ore is called pyrites. I had to make the drawing for the furnaces commonly called *burners*, and having finished the drawing I printed the title as usual in block letters " Pyrites Burners." E. R. Hepple looked at this and then made me laugh by

1859 saying "Well, Richardson, I've heard of the Hivites, and the Hittites, and the Jebusites, but what on earth are the Pyrites?"

In the autumn of 1859 the firm of Laing and Stephens was persuaded by an engineer called John Frederick Spencer to fit a surface condenser on board of their ship the *Sentinel*. Surface condensers had been introduced into the navy some fifteen years previously and were called "Hall's Condensers," from the name of the inventor. These had been abandoned, however, and they did not come into general use again until at the same time high pressures were used in the boilers and compound engines. I was deputed to go down with Mr. Spencer to take the necessary measurements on board of the *Sentinel*. As we went Mr. Spencer began to talk to me in a fatherly way about zeal in my profession and so forth, and he was much surprized when I told him that I was convinced that I should never make a real engineer and that I wished to be an iron-shipbuilder. He inquired if I could command any capital, and said he had a friend, a Mr. Christie, who was desirous of finding some one like myself to join him.

This Mr. Charles John Denham Christie afterwards became my partner. He was the son of a gentleman who had made a fortune in the iron trade, which fortune he had lost in the Dumbarton Glass-works. The son (my partner) had worked himself into the position of manager to Alexander Denny, iron shipbuilder at Dumbarton, and in 1857 he had married Alice Pond the daughter of a retired Anglo-Indian, residing in the Lambeth quarter of London. He went to Brighton for his honeymoon, and the first morning he saw in the paper the failure of the Western Bank of Scotland in which all his savings were invested, and the post brought the following day a letter to announce the failure of his

employer. Thus he began his married life penniless and out of work. He succeeded during the next two years in getting some employment from Brunel in connection with the *Great Eastern*, and then he joined a Mr. Adamson, (whose brother was in the firm of Adamson and Ronaldson), in the slipway at Willington Quay. 1860

My father very generously gave me the necessary capital and in March 1860, with swelling hopes and a conscious pride that the first step had been won, I resigned my situation at the Hawthorns. My employers were good enough to ask if any increase of salary would induce me to remain. This was when I was a little over twenty-three years old, and I was revolving in my mind how best I could communicate with Lübeck. The yearning of the youthful lover was strong within me, when, "Oh, world's inconstancie," I received a letter from Rath Voigt telling me that Maria was engaged to another, one Karl Grautoff.

The news came like a thunderclap; all the fine castles in the air tumbled down like a pack of cards. I think I told my parents, but on such a subject, who is there who cares to say much? It was some few months later that my sister Anna wrote me the following beautiful letter which appears in her memoirs:—

"I got thy letter late on 7th. day night, after coming in from a delightful day at Melrose, and no one can ever know the thankful feelings it drew out. It is very right that these, which are the most sacred we have, should always be under a certain shield of reserve, but thou wilt let me tell thee that I *have* prayed for thee day by day, through all these long years, when I sympathized with thee, though I had no means of expressing it, and honoured thee for the way in which thou bore disappointment without letting thy own trouble trouble any one else. The Lord Jesus

1860 who pleads with unwearied tenderness in our hearts will be always with thee now as He has promised, a Saviour and Helper not only for the glory of an immortal life but for the smallest griefs and perplexities of this, and if we go to Him night and morning in spoken prayer, He will carry on His own work, which leads to peace and perfect freedom. A struggle I believe it must be until the end, more or less, but we need not fear,—as the Collect for yesterday says—'increase and multiply upon us Thy mercy, that Thou being our Ruler and Guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that finally we lose not the things eternal.' Dearest Johnnie, I cannot tell thee how dear thou hast been to me thy whole life long,—thou wilt be made a great blessing to others as a master and friend, and wilt find the highest wealth with Him 'cui servire regnare est' as the ancient language is. I think every day about the business and hope it will prosper. Papa seems to have no doubt but that it will."

In 1860 my father moved with his family to South Ashfield, an house built by his nephew, James Richardson, immediately to the south of The Gables, Elswick Road, and a short distance to the east of Beech Grove. Both my parents died at South Ashfield (see pages 173 and 234), and were buried in the Westgate Hill cemetery, Newcastle.

CHAPTER IV.

STARTING IN BUSINESS—THE NEPTUNE WORKS, WALKER, 1860—*AMBROSE* LAWSUIT—DISASTROUS LOSSES—WAR OF SECESSION, U.S.A., 1861-1865 —VOYAGE UP THE VISTULA, 1862.

WHEN I started as a shipbuilder in 1860, at the age of twenty-three, the Limited Liability Act had not been passed. That Act of Parliament has profoundly changed the system of doing business in England. Business is nowadays sounder and less adventurous than it was formerly, but it seems to me that the scope for individual enterprise is much more limited now than then. The English measure was avowedly founded on the French law, and far-seeing men even then predicted that English business would tend to become the same as French. At the present time in France what a young man seeks to find is employment, and if possible in government employ, or in some large concern where he need not fear dismissal. Such a post affords him occupation and the consideration of his fellow men. As for the cost of living, that is largely paid for out of the family savings, or (if he be married) from the dowry of his wife. 1860

If I compare 1860 with 1900, I am sure that there has been an assimilation in England to French ideas. Perhaps it would be getting more nearly to the "root cause," if we recognized that there is a constant growth or evolution in all nations, and that France is in advance of England. In a certain vague way we may see this if we compare the two countries as they were during the reign of Louis XIV. When I say that France is in advance of England, I mean, of course,

1860 chronologically. In this sense "in advance" means being so much nearer the ultimate decay!

When my friend and instructor, Louis Thibaudier, came to see the shipyard at Walker, he expressed great astonishment and could hardly believe me when I said that I was all alone without partners. He said, "*Mais en France il en faudrait de bien gros capitaux!*" And yet I think my father advanced to me less than £5000! Out of this I had to pay £1500 to Losh, Wilson & Bell for the lease of the ship-building yard, including all the buildings, an engine and boiler and a considerable amount of shafting. The late Thomas Bell no doubt thought it was almost giving the place away, but the amount seemed to my youthful mind so enormous that I made repeated efforts to get the figure reduced and succeeded in giving him the impression that he never had met such a young screw in his life.

Having once got a start, the idea in those days was to keep the ball rolling. Everyone was ready to give credit, so that if the contractor got payments for his work as he went along he did not find much difficulty in finding cash for his wages. Payments were, moreover, very generally made by acceptances (bills) at four or six months' date. These were discounted by the local bankers very freely, in fact it was usual to send them to the bank just as if they had been cheques, and they were put to credit as a matter of course. The bankers must have found it very profitable, for it was not either easy or usual to make any bargain about the rate charged. First get the bill discounted, then, if the charge seemed too high, go and make a mild remonstrance and take the opportunity of arranging for an overdraft! Such was the system in those days. It naturally followed that credit depended largely upon the impression which a man made upon his bankers, and as much (or in my case much more) on his

family connections. I used always to feel that the high 1860
character of my father and of my father's firm was the one sheet anchor which held me safe from drifting on to the rocks when the winds were adverse.

There were doubtless heavy losses to be borne by bankers and creditors when there was a failure, and the more so since the system of bills led to many abuses. Thus, on the failure of R. J. Brown at Sunderland, it was found that a ship in Sunderland had been sold six times over within six months, and even if we suppose that half the value at each transfer had been paid in cash (a very doubtful supposition), still it would mean that bills to the amount of three times the value of the ship were current at the same time. Again, the essence of an inland bill of exchange is that there has been a *bona fide* transaction. If a thousand tons of pig iron have been sold, even supposing that both the buyer and seller are weak men, there should be at any rate the pig iron in evidence. But such was the facility of credit in those days that unscrupulous traders would draw fictitious bills on each other and "go halves." This was called "flying kites," and was considered a most reprehensible practice. In fact, it was a lie on the face of the bill, since there was no "value received." It may be said that the iron industry of the Tees was built up on credit and when the price of pig iron in 1873 ran up to 130s. and afterwards fell to 28s. per ton, there were few of those pioneers who did not suffer heavily, even if they were not ruined.

Business is now carried on upon different lines. If capital is required, the public are invited to subscribe to shares or preference shares or debentures. If affairs go badly, it appears on the balance sheet, which is almost always published, and if the concern is a failure the shareholders lose their money, but it is rare that the creditors suffer

1860 to any material extent. Payment for goods supplied is very largely made in cash, and if any young man nowadays were to attempt to found a business, as I very properly and legitimately did in 1860, he would find that his proceedings would cause him to be talked about.

When the Limited Liability Act was under discussion in the House of Commons it was urged that rich men would be able to go into partnership to a limited extent with rising foremen, and that thus an opportunity to rise would be given to deserving working men, and that it would enable them to start for themselves. As a matter of fact, the effect has been the very reverse, and it is on the contrary much more difficult now to start in a small way of business than it was before the Act was passed. On the other hand there is an ever-increasing amount of money invested by small *rentiers* in industrial enterprizes, and this also is typical of what has taken place in France.

I started in business with C. J. D. Christie as my manager and assistant, on the understanding that, if all went well, we should go into partnership together. Here then was the man who for the rest of my life was to influence my course at every turn. How true is the Italian proverb, "He that has a partner has a master!" Science tells us that the movement of the planets depends upon their respective weights, and a man must be of no weight at all if he does not control more or less the actions of his partner. Lucky has it been for me that Christie was a real gentleman. During all the time that I have known him I have always felt that I could depend on his loyalty and right feeling. He was

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In October 1860, "Don Juan Wigham Richardson" was appointed Consul of the Argentine Republic "in the city and port of Newcastle-on-Tyne." It is not known how long he held this position, but he probably did so only for a short time.

a glutton for work, and in the early days of our partnership, 1860
when things went badly, he permanently injured a health never too robust by working long hours in an office which was badly ventilated. One of the first things we wanted in the time office was a clock, and I asked Christie, who was going up to Newcastle, to buy one, and this he told me he had done, but it was some weeks before it came. It appeared that Christie thought a 12-inch dial too large, and an 8-inch dial too small, and had ordered a 10-inch one. This same fastidiousness led to the universally admired beauty of his ships' models. Frank Carr once wrote a prologue to a play performed by some amateurs. Speaking of the shipbuilding fraternity he says:

> "Strange craft is theirs! Success depends on slips.
> Let *Christie* witness, deft artificer of ships."

There was no one on the Tyne who could make such beautiful models. In fact he set the fashion for careful design, and for many years a ship or a steamer would be picked out as having been designed by him. He used to go himself into the moulding loft where the lines are drawn down full size, and with infinite pains he would correct them, adjust them, and fair them.

Our first contract was for a small ferry steamer to run between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth. It had no great success and after that we came to a standstill. The long depression which came after the financial crisis of 1857 had not yet ceased, and in no direction could we find any work to do.

Christie went up to London and fell in with John Preston, a well-known broker, who introduced him to John Smurthwaite of Sunderland. This gentleman was a ship-chandler and a speculator in ships, and Christie made a provisional

1861 contract to build the hull of a sailing ship ultimately named the *Ambrose*, and to supply the masts and spars. This in the trade was known as a "hull and spars" contract. She was to be 190 feet long and 13½ feet beam and 21 feet deep. Tonnage, 958 register. The price was to be £9900, of which £8000 was payable by buyer's acceptances during construction, and £1900 in cash on delivery of the ship. Our bankers (Hodgkin, Barnett, Pease, Spence & Co.) very emphatically declined to discount Smurthwaite's acceptances unless my friends (my father), guaranteed them. As my father declined to do this I wrote to Mr. Smurthwaite to tell him that I could not go on with the contract. His reply was a notice that he would enter a suit for a specific performance of the contract. This step confirmed my father in the unfavourable estimate which he had formed of the whole affair. As for Christie, he and the three Scotch foremen, Maxwell, Buchanan, and Milne, whom he had brought from Dumbarton, used to stand about the empty yard in the attitude of undertakers.

The task of getting my counting house, that is one clerk and a boy, into order, kept me sufficiently busy, but poor Christie grew more and more melancholy. One morning a polite letter came from John Preston, the broker, asking for the payment of his commission of 2½ per cent., namely, £247, 10s. It seemed that Christie, not improperly, had signed a letter agreeing to pay this commission, but his having done so aroused the wrath of my father. Soon after this, being in London at the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends, he met his relative, Joseph Richardson, of the shipbuilding firm of Richardson, Duck & Co., who took him along to see Preston, and he finally was persuaded to consent to the ship being built.

When my father's first letter came indicating that this

would probably be the issue, Christie was more demonstrative 1862
than I have ever seen him, and exclaimed, "He's going to arrange to build the ship! He's going to arrange to build the ship!" Eventually arrangements were made to proceed with the construction of it.

The ship had meantime been sold to Messrs. Schilizzi of Liverpool and at last she sailed. I went with her over the bar. The captain, the pilot and I were on the quarter deck when the inevitable whisky was produced. The captain remarked that the Schilizzi ships were none of them insured. Upon this the pilot put down his glass untasted, remarking that under such circumstances he would run no risks.

Smurthwaite made a claim upon us for demurrage, and we made various claims upon him for extra work. I made fruitless efforts to come to some arrangement with him. My father gave me introductions to leading men in Sunderland, but they all fought shy of the man. I once called at Smurthwaite's office, and finding him out walked up the High Street. He then appeared coming down the other side with a friend of his, and when I crossed over he shook his fist in my face and said rudely enough, "Look here, Sir, I have fought actions at law more than half a dozen times and have never been beaten yet." I remember looking up at him and saying, "Did you ever fight a Quaker?" Smurthwaite's friend burst out laughing.

This led to a lawsuit which lasted for two years. An arbitrator was appointed, Mr. Price, Q.C., afterwards the Recorder of Leeds. Smurthwaite and his solicitors Botterell and Roche were very sure of winning and they briefed my old friend John A. Russell and a junior. Joseph Watson, our solicitor, submitted two or three names to me, and as I had been at school with Gainsford Bruce I selected him.

1862 I felt rather like David going out to fight Goliath! Our first meeting was in the Queen's Head hotel in Pilgrim Street, Newcastle, now the Liberal Club.

The "agreement for reference" had been drawn up by the Sunderland solicitors on the old system in vogue at the beginning of the century, when if there was any mistake in the written statement brought before the court, he who had made the mistake lost his case and had to begin a fresh suit. I was told that even the mis-spelling of a proper name might be fatal. In these modern days if a mistake be made it can be rectified in the court and very little if any harm is done. The Smurthwaite pleadings contained some such passage as this:

"Whereas the said Richardson contracted to build the said ship in all May 1861 and did not build the said ship."

They should have worded it—

"And did not build the said ship in all May 1861."

Gainsford Bruce when the pleadings were being read remarked quietly:

"But Richardson did build the ship," and he added "I claim that we have won the case."

Then ensued a conversation that I was not able to understand, followed by a retiring of John A. Russell, Q.C. and his junior. The latter came into the room again after a while and announced that his senior had gone to London by the mid-day express.

This case attracted no little attention in legal circles, and Gainsford Bruce received half a dozen briefs in as many days.

We had, as I have said, a counter claim of some £1200 for additional work mostly ordered by the agent of Messrs. Schilizzi. Some of the items, I have since thought, might have been perhaps fairly claimed by Smurthwaite as appertaining to the contract, but he had no right to arrange

with Schilizzi's inspector variations from the plans and then attempt to bully the poor contractor into doing the work. 1862

The principal witness on these contested points was Christie, but he broke down helplessly the very first day. One of the first points was the question of the masts. Christie maintained that masts had usually up to that time been constructed on the Clyde in his way. Here is a sample of the cross examination.

Q.—Mr. Christie you said in your evidence in chief that you had seen masts in the Clyde built without angle bars. Where did you see those masts ?

C. (very politely)—I beg your pardon, sir, but will you kindly repeat that question ?

Question repeated.

C. (dreamily)—That I had seen masts *in* the Clyde !

Q. (angrily)—Yes, *in* the Clyde, on the Clyde, on the banks of the Clyde.

C.—What part of the banks, sir ?

Q. (very angrily)—Don't make a fool of me, sir. I am asking *you* what part of the Clyde.

C.—I am very sorry, sir. I am sure I don't wish to say anything to offend, but I don't quite know what you are driving at.

Q.—Never you mind what I am driving at ! You just answer my question, sir !

C.—What was your question, sir ?

Q. (almost beside himself repeats the question).

C.—Were the masts you refer to *iron* masts ?

Q.—You must not show any contempt of court in this way, sir ! Answer my question and describe the masts.

C. (to himself and as if in great pain)—Describe the masts, iron masts, in the Clyde, in the Clyde. (Then looking up)—When did you say these masts were in the Clyde, sir ?

1862 *Q.* (to the arbitrator—Price, Q.C.)—This is the most stupid witness—or worse—that I ever came across. Will you please put the question.

Arbitrator (cheerfully)—Then, Mr. Christie, you never saw any iron masts on the Clyde ?

C. (by this time hopelessly befogged)—No, sir, never.

Q.—That will do.

Gainsford Bruce.—I think, Mr. Christie, you have been somewhat confused. You have seen iron masts built on the Clyde without any angle bars.

C.—Oh, yes, sir !

Q. (to Arbitrator)—I think we need not prolong the comedy.

Joseph Watson requested Christie not to appear the next day, but to send a doctor's certificate. Christie went over to old Dr. Aitchison whose letter received in the morning ran thus :—

" I hereby certify that my patient Charles J. D. Christie is suffering from nervous prostration and if he undergoes any excitement it will be at the risk of his life."

The proceedings dragged out for two years, and then the arbitrator awarded us £1500, or £300 more than we claimed. Smurthwaite paid the money and shortly afterwards filed his petition in bankruptcy. I begged Gainsford Bruce to find out from the arbitrator how he had arrived at the figure £1500. Mr. Price replied—" Well, you know Bruce, I never had such a case. I filled three solid notebooks with notes, but when I came to refer to my notes I could make very little of them. These shipbuilders make use of such queer terms. I noted they made a charge for eight Scotchmen and explained that these were a kind of ratline ! Then we had attachments, and fairleaders, and whelps, and devil claws, and dead eyes. In fact I could make nothing

of my own notes, but I saw that Richardson was an honest fellow and that Smurthwaite seemed to be trying it on, so I gave my notebooks to my clerk and told him to take out all the items and put them down on a sheet of foolscap paper and add them up. That's how I arrived at the figure!" Bruce, a first rate yachtsman, was very much amused. And yet there are people who expect absolute justice in this world! The anxieties of this law suit were a severe strain to me and I began to suffer from constant headaches, of which I never got rid until I gave up teetotalism. 1861

In the meantime great events had been taking place in the world around while I was worrying over these petty disputes. The greatest civil war in which the Anglo-Saxon race had ever been engaged was beginning, and was to rage for four long weary years. It brought with it in its train the cotton famine in England, and the Mexican expedition which ultimately shook the throne of Louis Napoleon and led to the execution of the Austrian Kaiser's brother. The War of Secession in the United States bore in many respects a similarity to our own Boer War. In each case the immediate cause of the outbreak was the confidence felt by the weaker party that they were sure to win and in each case it was the weaker and losing side which commenced the attack.

Mr. Amery in *The Times*' "History of the War in South Africa" notices this analogy and remarks that in both cases the issue was a double one or rather presented itself in two different aspects. The question of the black man's right to personal freedom, or of the white man's right to political power in the Transvaal, was in each case inextricably interwoven with the wider question of the maintenance of Federal or Imperial supremacy against the assertion of State rights or Republican independence. The Southern States were

1861 determined to maintain slavery. The American Constitution had never expressly abrogated their position as Sovereign States, and they were resolved to press their constitutional right to its utmost consequences,—even at the cost of wrecking the Union,—sooner than tolerate interference in what they considered their internal affairs. And just as the British public, while it sympathized with the Uitlanders, still felt a certain reluctance to force an absolute equality upon the Transvaal, so opinion in many of the Northern States was very half-hearted about the slaves. Again, just as J. P. Fitzpatrick's "The Transvaal from Within" aroused the attention of the British public to the state of affairs in South Africa, so Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and Harper's "Impending Crisis in the South" brought out in strong contrast the lights and shades of the question, and forced the North to face the position. The curious analogy might be still further traced. In October 1859 the whole of America was thrown into a state of frantic excitement by the news that John Brown, a fanatical abolitionist, had made a raid into the State of Virginia with a small body of armed followers, and it turned out that he had been aided and abetted by several eminent and respectable abolitionists whom no one could ever have suspected of being concerned in proceedings of so outrageous a character. Unlike Dr. Jameson, however, poor Brown was hanged, and Northern troops used to march to the song of "Old John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in his grave."

Again in America as in our Boer troubles each side thought that the other never did really intend to fight. The initial military operations also were a curious counterpart. The North began with a wholly unmerited contempt for their opponents, and they had ultimately to put forth exertions

never dreamt of before the war began. Even such a detail as the non-existence of maps was closely paralleled. 1861

We now (1903) look back with surprise at the feeling shown by the neighbouring nations of Europe. The tidings of British reverses in South Africa were everywhere received with a shout of exultation. We English, full of the conviction that the British Empire is the greatest power upon earth, had not understood how profoundly mortifying to them was our complacent arrogance and contempt of other nations. Even so the arrogance of our American cousins had told its tale on our English hearts. Probably the greater part of the bluster came from the politicians of the Southern States, but that little fact was never discriminated. I myself had been brought up in touch with North American feeling and especially with anti-slavery feeling. Mrs. Stowe, with her sister, her daughters and her son, had stayed at my father's house, and yet I can perfectly recollect the exultation felt whenever we heard that General Lee and his little army had gained a victory over the Northern armies. The Americans of the North were indignant at this attitude in England. They had expected that the sympathies of the old country would be aroused in favour of the side which was fighting for the freedom of the negro, even although at first this purpose, for political reasons, was not avowed.

I remember well a Northern friend speaking rather bitterly on this theme at my father's house, and my sister Anna said "Well, we are English, but yet we feel on the side of Scotland all along the line of history from Bannockburn to Flodden. The Scotch were the weaker side." I do not think that there was any large section of the English nation which sympathized with the Northern States, unless it were, strange to say, the Lancashire operatives who were suffering so severely from the scarcity of cotton.

1862 Before we had completed the *Ambrose* we secured a contract for two small barges to be used on the works of the harbour at Cape Town. The late Sir John Coode was the engineer, and a very pleasant man he was to work for.

Very different was our next customer, the late William Gray of Sunderland, afterwards of Dawlish. He meant nothing offensive, poor man, but he had such a carping, disagreeable way with him that poor Christie once entirely lost his temper, and had I not appeared on the scene he would have thrown Gray into the water. This William Gray afterwards was a colleague of mine on the Board of the Tyne Pontoons and Dry Docks Company. He was the pioneer of steam navigation to Port Elizabeth, round and beyond the Cape of Good Hope. At that time (1862), there were only three steamers running to Cape Town, viz.: the *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, belonging to William S. Lindsay, whose initials on the houseflag were generally construed to mean "Worst steam line." These three steamers managed to keep up, more or less punctually, a service of departure per month from each end. It shows the rapid development that, when thirty-five years later I went out to the Cape with my daughter Ernestine, there were on an average more than two steamers a day leaving English or European ports for South Africa, *i.e.*, 800 a year. That was in 1897, the year after the Jameson Raid, before the Boer War.

It was in the summer of this year (July 1862), when Earl Russell was Prime Minister, that the confederate cruiser the *Alabama* was allowed to leave the Mersey under pretence of going for a trial trip. In reality she proceeded to sea where for two years she wrought havoc with American merchant shipping and assisted in wresting the port of Galveston back again from the North. But for this

the unfortunate Red River expedition under General Nathaniel P. Banks in 1864 would probably never have taken place. After the conclusion of the war in America the United States made enormous claims for damages upon Great Britain which at one time seemed to threaten a war, but after some bungling diplomacy on the part of Gladstone and Granville the question was referred to the Geneva Tribunal, which condemned Great Britain to pay £3,000,000. The lines upon which the *Alabama* claims were decided and the rules laid down will form a precedent for the conduct of nations in future wars. 1862

A local event which aroused attention all over the kingdom was the Hartley Pit accident on the 16th. of January 1862. The beam of the pumping engine suddenly snapped in two parts and one half fell down the pit breaking the brattice and choking the exit. It may be explained that in those days it was a usual thing to have a single shaft to the pit workings and to divide it into two halves so as to get the upcast and the downcast shafts. The partition between the two was called the brattice. For more than three weeks (22 days), the nation was kept in doubt as to the fate of the victims. There were 215 men and boys buried alive. When at last the bodies were reached the only record found was a torn newspaper upon which was written the following pathetic memorandum—

"Friday afternoon, at half past two. Edward Armstrong, Thomas Gladston, John Hardy, Thomas Bell and others, took extremely ill. We also had a prayer meeting at a quarter to two, when Tibbs, Henry Sharp, J. Campbell, Henry Gibson and William Palmer . . . Tibbs exhorted us again, and Sharp also."

During the long uncertainty the Queen sent a touching

1862 message which appealed to every heart; poor lady, she had lost her beloved husband only a few weeks before.

Just before Christmas day (1862), my good friend William D. Stephens lost his steamer, the *Lifeguard*. She left the Tyne for London with fifty-seven persons on board, including thirty-five passengers, and was never more heard of. There was not even such a memorandum as that found in the Hartley Pit.

The results from our contracts during the first two years of business were disastrous. In fact, the whole of my little capital was gone. My dear father was much disappointed, and even angry, and talked about playing ducks and drakes with sovereigns. Up to this time Christie was my manager only, with the understanding, however, that if we "got on" (*sic*) he was to be admitted as a half partner. In this crisis of affairs he showed himself, as always, the quiet and courteous gentleman, with an unfailing confidence in his ultimate success, and without in the least pressing his claims yet appealing to the spirit of our mutual understanding.

For myself, I was beginning to take hold of the business and was mainly anxious to go ahead. I also may say I had then and have always had an affection for Christie, and not unmingled with this was a feeling of sympathy or compassion for his position of a young married man with two little children. At an interview with my father when these matters were discussed at length the dear old gentleman overcome with fatigue fell asleep in his chair. It was like the Cabinet dozing over the Crimean despatch of the Duke of Newcastle.

For forty years I carried on business with Christie, and I never ceased to differ from him as to the principles on which business ought to be conducted. The conservatism of

Christie's nature was beyond belief. But whatever the road he was on, he was a magnificent worker. No labour was too great for him. There never was a man who had a pleasanter way of arranging the details of a contract, and every one, high or low, spoke of him with respect and esteem. Then he was a born naval architect, and his models of ships influenced every designer on the north-east coast. 1862

One of our early contracts was for a small screw steamer called the *Beautiful Star*, built for the firm of Bloomfield & Whitaker of Sydney, N.S.W. She was chartered to take out salmon to Australia. When she arrived out, Bloomfield wrote to his partner Whitaker in England—" She is a perfect gem! well may you call her the *Beautiful Star*, for beautiful indeed she is. The builders ought to present you with a silver tea service for having given them the chance of so distinguishing themselves." The *Beautiful Star* was fitted up with a wonderful system of fresh water tanks, and it was hoped that it might be possible to take out the salmon alive, but the experiment was not successful. It had previously been tried in an ordinary passenger steamer and failed. I believe that eventually the salmon ova were taken out in ice and that salmon trout are now plentiful in the rivers of Victoria and Tasmania.

Whatever the line of business, it is after all the main thing to please your customers, and this Christie did to perfection. But he was far too much a scientific naval architect to make his business a commercial success. In fact it is, however, a curious thing to remark that the men in my experience who have succeeded best from a business point of view as shipbuilders have been men with but little knowledge of ships. I might instance Sir William Gray, a draper, T. Y. Short, a timber merchant, Sir Christopher Furness and others. Over and over again during forty years I have

1862 demonstrated that our principal profits have been made from simple cargo steamers and from repetitions of them, but not the less, if an inquiry came for a passenger steamer, Christie's face would brighten up and he would set to work to estimate the cost with every bias to minimize it and to regard hopefully the outcome of guarantees of speed, and so forth.

It may be asked, why did I not insist upon building the steamer which would pay best; I might reply that it involved the changing of the man, and possibly from a strictly business point of view I ought to have done so even at the cost of dissolving partnership. Such a step as that, however, is a very serious one, and indeed almost impossible. If one partner has to be bought out, from what source are the funds for doing so to be obtained? Beyond all, however, was the sincere friendship between us. Lucky was it for me that I was not in a fiduciary position, for example the commander of an army! This reflection has often made me feel how enormous the difficulties of a great general must be. He usually has not even the appointing of his subordinates nor indeed can he be said to have the power of dismissal.

One result of Christie's special bent was that all the financing of the business fell to my share, and also all the travelling. In fact, I became a veritable *commis voyageur*, though at first I was much puzzled how to set to work.

An early contract (No. 12) was the *Isabella*, a small paddle steamer destined for service on the Dnieper in Russia, and we had without due consideration undertaken to deliver her at Warsaw. The *Isabella* was 135 feet long, 14 feet broad, and drew 17 inches of water, and when it came to be a question of insuring her, the underwriters at Lloyds' did not consider her a safe risk. However, when I proffered to

go out in her myself, they took one half of her value. I reckoned that, if we went to the bottom, the other half would not affect me much. 1862

The early part of June 1862 was exceptionally stormy, and very provoking it was to wait day after day. Dear old Sarah Rickman, who was staying at South Ashfield, used to laugh, and say she did not believe I really meant to go at all. Finally, when the storm abated, it was found that through ignorance and inexperience the necessary "permit" from the Russian consul in London had not been obtained. The documents had to be sent off on a Friday and our London agents telegraphed on the Saturday that they would be posted to Newcastle that afternoon. With this telegram in my hand I persuaded the collector of customs to leave the papers with the Sunday porter, who was to give them to me when I should produce the Russian consul's permit. On Sunday morning, letters are given out in Newcastle at the post-office, but to my great disappointment there was no letter from the consulate. It seemed to me, however, that if I could only get the papers from the Custom House porter the consular permit could be sent on by post to Danzig. The porter, however, proved inflexible—neither persuasion nor tips would move him. He only gave way so far as to consent to walk with me to the collector's house and catch him before he went to church. Now on the way up through the Broad Chare I covetously regarded the bundle of papers in his breast pocket, and reflected that could I only get the papers, by force even, he would say nothing of the rapt until he found whether or not on Monday he was furnished with the permit. So under the railway arch I put my hand to his throat, pinned him to the wall and took the papers out of his breast pocket. I ran off; he followed shouting "Murder!" A rabble of women and children followed; humiliating,

1862 very! As good luck favoured me, the steamer for Walker was just putting off from the landing stage, and I managed to spring aboard. On my return to England, two months later, the clerk who had taken up to the Custom House the consular papers as arranged, told me that the porter inquired the name of that "Harbitrary young gent who had come up on Sunday from Wigham Richardson & Co.'s."

We were not long in getting under weigh, on Sunday, June the 15th., and I overheard the engineer say—"We're going to have a pleasant voyage. Mr. Richardson came down the ladder and called me 'Tom' as if he had known me all his life." Our crew consisted of Captain Edward Lowe, a North Sea pilot; Mr. Young, chief officer, and William the quartermaster. In the engine department Thomas Cardigan the chief, Jim the stoker, and a stoker boy. As we drew so little water Captain Lowe thought he might enter the Liimfiord at its western outlet and so traverse Jutland, but stormy weather (I was very sick), kept us tossing wearily in the North Sea for two whole days, and it was dark on Tuesday night before we entered the Skager Rack. Here we encountered a raging storm, and our small ship's company had much ado to come safely through. The principal difficulty was, that on the crest of a wave the rudder was right out of the water, and so all power of steering was, for an appreciable interval, lost. In the early morning, 18th. June, we sighted the rocky hills of Sweden, and the captain and engineer being thoroughly exhausted the helm was given to me and the engines to the stoker. A delicious odour of thyme came from the hills, and I steered for some hours close in shore, until at last Captain Lowe came on deck and almost danced with excitement. How could I do anything so foolhardy as go out of the true course, and among unknown shallows? It was in vain

I pleaded our shallow draught—he took the helm and shaped a direct course to Elsinore. Here we stopped awhile and idlers came to visit the yacht, so the papers called the little ship. Of course I visited the scenes of Hamlet, and the next morning, Friday, June 20th., we started for the Baltic, the fortifications and spires of Copenhagen glistening in the morning sun. 1862

At night a terrific gale from the west commenced to blow, and the engineer came to my berth at 2 A.M. with the news that one of the bottom plates had parted in the middle, but I was too sleepy to do more than beg him to go and look again. This was a lazy thing to do, but it inspired great confidence in honest Tom's breast. When I got up we had rounded the northern point of the Island of Bornholm, and were off the little village of Allinge. The Captain undertaking to keep watch on board, I took the whole crew ashore. It was a Sunday morning and for the first and only time in my life I attempted to speak Latin, to the clergyman. At the village inn they understood some English, so I ordered strawberries and cream, cakes and coffee. The crew were enthusiastic, they never in their lives had been so elegantly entertained. "Had you been alone what would you have ordered?" I said. "Oh," replied one, "we could never have afforded anything like this; we should have had brandy and water all round." They were more than surprised when I told them that the "feast" cost me less than even one glass of brandy for each of them would have done.

Poor Mr. Young, the mate, got on very badly climbing the hills, and when the landlady asked us to write our names in the visitors' book I indulged in these foolish lines—

"Oh! Mr. Young on board his ship,
No matter what the weather,
Is quite a different kind of chip
Than when upon the heather!"

1862 My simple crew were much delighted with them and reported them when we returned on board to Captain Edward Lowe, who thereupon fatigued me for the rest of the voyage with his own effusions in verse.

One day he said—"Yes, sir, no publisher has had the pluck to publish my poems, but my wife has written them all out in a fair copy hand, and when I am dead the people of Newcastle will find out how much they have lost—and for how long!" One of his lyrics I may set down here. Messrs. Leslie & Co., the shipbuilders at Hebburn-on-Tyne, had to send out three barges under sail to St. Petersburg and they were named, *pro tem.*, the *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*. The first was commanded by Lowe, the last was wrecked off the cape at the western extremity of the Island of Dago, which goes by the name of Dager Ort. Arrived at St. Petersburg Captain Lowe wrote to Messrs. Leslie a letter as follows :—

> "There was three vessels went to sea
> Called Faith, Hope, and Charity.
> The Faith got out three days before
> That Hope e'er touched the Petersburg shore.
> Charity, alas! she went to pot
> At the foot of the Gulf called Daggerrott."

The broad features of "Ondra" (Andrew) Leslie must have relaxed into a positive grin.

Early on Monday morning, June 23rd., we got up steam and weighed anchor, and with the rising sun we steered for Danzig. There my first business was to seek out the British consul, Mr. George Gibson, and beg him to get me a pilot for Warsaw. In this I got but little—in fact no—assistance, so I went to a ship chandler on the quay and bought some provisons and some Dublin stout (of which anon) and on his recommendation I engaged three Poles who had come down

on a raft from the Carpathian Mountains, who knew the 1862
Vistula well, and who professed to speak German. This done I got a passport for my crew, all except Mr. Young and the quartermaster. I deemed these would be useless as we would rest at nights, and besides, Mr. Young had got so drunk as to be quite ill.

The passport ready, I determined to leave Danzig that very evening, and anchor in the main stream for the night. Here our troubles began, however. One of my Poles at the helm steered us into a barge and smashed our paddle-box, and then ran us aground. In much wrath I steered the *Isabella* myself back to her moorings, and sent the Poles ashore; which done, in great depression of spirits I sat down on the companion to chew the cud of reflection.

Presently a young man in carpet slippers came on board and asked leave to see over the "yacht." I showed him round and offered him a cigar. We fell to talk and I told him all my troubles, wherepon he said he was a pilot and offered to take us up to Warsaw for eighteen thalers (fifty-four shillings). He moreover said he was ready to start at 3 A.M. if I would get his passport. I crossed out the names of the three Poles, inserted his instead, scribbled a lot of initials, and went to my berth quite happy, with this parting benediction from Captain Lowe—"They told me it would be a bad voyage, sir, but it's been worse than I expected, but what could you look for when we're going to Worser (Warsaw), and now I find on the native maps they calls it 'Worserwer,' (Warschawa)."

Punctually at three in the morning of a lovely day in June we loosed from our moorings, and how can I describe the devotion of Friedrich Jänsch, our pilot? For eighteen hours every day (3 A.M. till 9 P.M.) he never left the wheel, not even to take his meals, and I sat mostly beside him,

1862 watching the endless pine forests through which we steamed, or reading. Whenever there was a fair stretch of smooth and deep water I might leave my post, otherwise my presence was required to translate Jänsch's orders to the engine-room.

After the first day he learnt to call out "shtop," "schlow," or "back," and then my task was simpler. The second day, however, we nearly had an accident, and all through my fault. In a narrow channel we came across a barge. I was just at the most thrilling part of Wilkie Collins' "Woman in White," when Jänsch called out "*Rückwärts.*" "Go ahead," was my translation. "*Rückwärts aber voller Macht,*" said Jänsch. "Full speed ahead" said I. "*Herr Rickartson, in Gottes Namen 'Rückwärts,'*" cried Jänsch, and in such a tone that I sprang up, the wind carried my paper-backed novel far over the waters of the Vistula, and I shouted lustily—"Full speed astern." It was too late however, and we should assuredly have cut the barge in two, had not Captain Lowe very cleverly dropped the anchor. It gripped the ground just in time, and although we ran into the Polish craft and drew upon ourselves a torrent of what we took to be curses, no serious damage was done, nothing in fact beyond scratching the paint on her side.

We had to get our papers passed at Graudenz, and remembering that we were under a heavy penalty to reach Warsaw by next Monday, the 30th. of June, I was much annoyed to find that the Custom House closed at 3 o'clock and that I must leave my papers until the next morning.

Under these circumstances, I left the papers, but on my way back I called at a stationer's and bought a packet of envelopes. Enclosing a five thaler note (15s.) in one of these, I returned to the Custom House, and giving the envelope to the officer in charge, I told him it was an important

document and that I would return in half an hour to assure myself that all the papers were in order, since it was of the utmost importance that we should get off as soon as possible. A cup of coffee and a cigar wiled away the half hour very pleasantly and, on my going back to the Custom House, the officer gravely informed me that all was in order and that we might proceed at once. 1862

We reached the Russian frontier at about 7 o'clock on Saturday, June 28th., a soldier with a loaded musket was put on guard on board, and we reached Wlocklawek (Vlotzlah-veek), the first Russian town of importance, just as it was growing dark. In the morning I inquired about getting cleared, and was told to my no small dismay that nothing could be done on a Sunday, and that, moreover, it would take them all Monday and Tuesday to clear the large fleet of corn barges which were waiting to go down to Danzig, and then at least another day to clear the rafts of timber, but that possibly we might get cleared on the Thursday, July 3rd.

After attempting tipping without success, I asked where the Governor was to be found. In some surprise they told me he was, of course, in the fortress up on the hill, but surely I did not dream that so great a man would grant poor me an interview! However, I reflected on one of my dear father's counsels—"If thou art in a difficulty, insist upon it," and on the proverb, "a cat may look at a king," and I walked up the steep path. There was no mistaking the Governor's house. Two sentinels were pacing in front in the bright sunlight of the morning. It was about seven o'clock They walked from the ends of the façade until they met at the central door, and then turned back to back and walked to the ends again. It did not seem a very good way of keeping watch, but in any case, as soon as their backs were turned, I walked straight in, and knocking at the first door on the right, I

1862 responded to a gruff "*Herein,*" and found myself in the presence of the Governor himself, in *grande tenue*, with many orders on his breast and signing some papers previous to going to mass. He stared at me. "*Excellenz,*" said I, "*ich bin ein junger Engländer. Ich nehme ein kleines Dampfboot von England nach Warschau zur Addresse Baron Fränkels. Ich wünsche so rasch wie möglich fort zu reisen. Ich bin bereit alle Ihre Empfehlungen zu erfüllen, und alle gewöhnliche Trinkgelder zu bezahlen.*" He seemed petrified with astonishment, then striking a bell he burst out laughing and said. "*Sie brauchen dasz Sie ein Engländer sind, mir* nicht *zu sagen,*" and his secretary appearing he, still laughing, told him what I had said and instructed him to do what he could for me.

Mr. Secretary Müller, a most attractive young gentleman, took me out, and in very good English invited me to sit down on the stone seat at the entrance and wait a few minutes. In less than a quarter of an hour he came back with two Custom House rummagers and five or six officers, two of them cavalry officers with clinking spurs. I took them into the cabin and produced biscuits and cheese and those bottles of Dublin stout which luckily I had bought at Danzig, and some good Havana cigars. We had a very pleasant half hour together, and endless were the questions they asked. At length the Custom House officers came into the cabin and immediately pounced upon my literature. I had a few illustrated papers, the fragments of the "Woman in White," a Bible, a continental Bradshaw and so forth. I begged hard for the Bible and the Bradshaw—but in vain. "If only you had put them under the cushions," said Mr. Müller, "we would have continued sitting, but now nothing can be done. You must give them up." I sighed and resigned myself, and all formalities having been com-

pleted, the Russian officers said good-bye very cordially. 1862
By this time it had come on to rain, but they did not seem to mind. I put on my great coat, and when we were on the quay I asked Mr. Müller if he would accept two portraits, one of our Queen and one of her predecessor William IV., and so saying I proffered two sovereigns. These he politely declined, and asked me what I had given to the customs rummagers. "Far too much! Far too much! But I will get most of that back from them, which will suffice for me, and the governor!" I again pressed the £2 on his acceptance, when he smilingly said—"No, I won't take your money, my dear sir, but I have been admiring that great coat of yours. Will you give it to me?" With a long journey before me, I did hesitate an instant, but only an instant, and he straightway put on the coat, stuck his hands in the pockets, "posed" and laughed, "Now you may go and get up steam and start, and I wish you *bon voyage*. Stop when you get to the little chapel on a rock just above the town, and I will send your papers on board," and so saying he shook hands, and walked off laughing.

We had some trouble in threading our way through the fleet of corn barges, but the chapel was not to be mistaken. We blew the steam whistle, and a man who had evidently been waiting some time put off in a sort of small dinghy, and stepping on board he saluted, handed me an official envelope *and my coat*! When I took it up there were all my books, except the Bradshaw (appropriated probably by the Governor) stuffed into the pockets. From that day to this I have never come across Mr. Secretary Müller, nor had any opportunity of repaying his great kindness, bestowed too in so pleasant and gentlemanly a manner.

Our next trouble was that we ran short of coal. We bought some wood at a village on the way, for an English

1862 pound. It was ludicrous to see the Jew who supplied us, weighing the, to him unknown, coin in his hand. We found the wood a very bad substitute for coal, but this was because of our ignorance. We ought to have kept the furnaces chock full of logs, so as to get an incandescent mass. As it was we could hardly raise steam, and we miserably crawled up to the quay at Warsaw at sundown on the 30th. of June 1862, just within the contract time. The *Isabella* got safely through the canal system to her destination at Kieff on the Dnieper, and twenty years later a friend of mine saw her still in service on that river.

Early on the morning after our arrival at Warsaw, I paid the pilot Friedrich Jänsch his 54s. and something more, sent off Captain Lowe and the others by train to Hamburg, and then proceeded to transfer the steamer and receive payment. This took several days and afforded me time to observe what was going on.

In the first place, I received an order from the police to report myself at the head office every morning at 11 o'clock, and not to go out after dark without a lantern. With neither of these conditions did I comply, and to my surprise no notice was taken of my disobedience.

The year before (1861), was the year of the revolution so graphically described by Lawrence Oliphant, and the greatest uneasiness and apprehension reigned amongst the Russians. At the door of the hotel were two cannon loaded with grape shot, and soldiers with matches ready in their hands. While I was there the younger Grand Duke Constantine, supposed to be peculiarly a *persona grata* to the Poles, made his public entry into Warsaw. The people were ordered to go out into the streets to receive him, and they stood as silent and mournful as if at a funeral. With difficulty the authorities prevented the Poles from draping their windows

with black. A gang of hired ragamuffins followed the *cortège* 1862
with feeble hurrahs, while the poor Constantine almost writhed in his seat. I shall never forget the impressive scene.

One dastardly act of revenge occurred in my hotel. The military Governor of Warsaw was General Berg. He was so afraid of being poisoned that all his dishes were locked under covers by his cook, an old servant of the family, and unlocked by the General himself. He fell ill, and as he did not dare to trust a Polish doctor, Professor V—— of Berlin was telegraphed for and came to the Hôtel de l'Europe. Before the professor had changed his clothes, four Poles entered his room and directed him in the name of the Polish Revolutionary Committee to poison the General. When he, (as may be supposed), indignantly refused, they left him a summons in writing, warning him that, if General Berg was not dead in forty-eight hours, he himself would be killed. On the second day as he was breakfasting in the restaurant of the hotel, and preparing to leave for Berlin, four men walked in and stabbed him dead. I came down half an hour later, and saw the floor wet where they had washed up the blood. The assassins could not be discovered, and the Russians took a strange revenge. The most respected of the Polish nobility was a certain Count Zamoyski, (pronounced Zamoinsky), who was an ardent patriot, and had made his palace a museum of Polish antiquities. At the same time he recognized that the Russian rule was inevitable, and he was at that moment in St. Petersburg trying to promote peace and concord between his nation and the Tsar. The Russian Government banished him from Russia at twenty-four hours notice, the Russian soldiers in Warsaw looted and burned his palace, his young wife, terrified, died in premature confinement, and the poor Count an exile in Paris followed her a few months later to a shore, let us hope, where such scenes are impossible.

1862 When my business was finished I set off for Vienna. I had pleasant companions so that the journey passed pleasantly enough. There was a truck next to the engine, with a bulwark of railway sleepers set on end containing five riflemen, and whenever we approached a forest my fellow passengers studiously withdrew from the windows at that side, but we were not once fired at. What I think impressed me most were the enormous crowds of well-dressed people at some of the principal wayside stations. The puzzle was to know where they all came from and what they were all doing.

At the frontier a greasy Jew in his long coat and dangling curls came and asked me what really was happening in Warsaw, but one of my fellow-passengers, a Polish countess, came and advised me (in French) not to be seen talking to him. We reached Vienna without further incident.

I have spoken of the great services rendered to me by Schiffer Jänsch. In 1866, when the war broke out between Austria and Prussia, he wrote and told me that in consequence thereof he had lost his berth as a pilot on the Oder, but that if I would send him six English pounds, (*sic*), he could go to the Volga where a situation had been offered to him. I sent him the money, which he did not acknowledge, but I recognized his signature on the endorsement of the bank draft.

In 1872, Sir Benjamin C. Browne and I had occasion to visit Genoa on business. I had a severe and distressing attack of asthma the first night in the hotel, and as I was unable to sleep, the crying of a teething baby was to the last degree aggravating. In the morning when I asked for another room the chambermaid said it was impossible as the hotel was more than full. At table d'hôte in the evening I sat next to a very handsome and charming American lady who entertained me much with her conversation, while her husband on the other side talked with Sir Benjamin.

Towards the end of dinner I told my neighbour about my asthma and the baby. 1862

"Well, I never did!" said she. "Why now that's my baby, it is. Why, they told me the gentleman had typhus fever! Well, now, I wish you to see my baby. I insist on your seeing my baby."

After breakfast the next morning the baby had gone for a walk and so Browne and I went out to see our business friends. On the way the mischievous Sir Benjamin said "I say, Richardson, you'll have to tip the nurse half a sovereign!" It is always rather painful to me to give money to the fair sex, so we bought a filigraine brooch for her, and before lunch we sent for her and the baby. Presently the damsel came in with the infant and she certainly was very pretty. The baby was I should say, quite an ordinary specimen. The girl spoke German—"*das süsse, schöne, liebe Kind*" etc. and kissed it. Then I presented the brooch as awkwardly as possible, but the maiden curtsied and said, "*Ich danke vielmal, aber von fremden Herren nehme ich nichts an,*" and she laid the brooch on the table. On this I presented her with my card and asked where she hailed from.

"*Ich bin preussisch,*" said she.

"*Nun, das ist ziemlich weit!*"

"*Ja, so, ich bin aus der Provinz Brandenburg.*"

"*Doch, ziemlich weit. Sagen Sie mir welche ist Ihre Vaterstadt.*"

"*Ich wohne nicht weit von Frankfurt an der Oder.*"

"*Also sind Sie entschlossen Ihre Vaterstadt mir nicht zu sagen,*" said I.

"*Oh, mein Herr, ich komm' von einem ganz, ganz kleinen Dorf. Sie werden nie davon gehört haben.*"

"*Doch sagen Sie mir wie's heisst!*"

1862 "*Mein Dorf heisst Sielenzig, mein Herr, es liegt auf dem Oder-strom, eine deutsche Meile von Kunersdorf entfernt.*"

"*Nun,*" I replied, "*ich kenne Sielenzig ganz wohl.*"

"*Ei was! Sind Sie dort gewesen?*"

"*Nein, doch nicht—aber ein gewisser Friedrich Jänsch hat mir, vor Jahren, sehr oft über Sielenzig gesprochen.*" The girl raised her head and looked me full in the face and said slowly "*Sind Sie der Englische Herr der in sechs und sechsig dem Schiffer Jänsch sechs Englische Pfunde geschenkt?*"

On my replying in the affirmative, she said she would indeed take the brooch, and seizing my hand she covered it with kisses and rushed from the room.

"Richardson," said Browne (who speaks no German) "what on earth have you been saying to that girl?"

"Well come down to lunch and I will tell you."

I have not till now come across the girl again nor heard from Jänsch — but perhaps I shall some day yet. The world is so small!

From Vienna I visited Trieste, but found there was no business to be done there and I went on to Genoa. It was so hot in Lombardy that you hardly liked to put your head out of the window into the hot air. I arrived at Genoa at about 4 P.M. and at once went to Rubattino's office, where I just caught Rafaelle Rubattino himself. He was putting away his writing materials in order to catch the evening train for Turin. I closed the contract for the *Elba*, a small steamer about which we had been in correspondence previously. It was extremely interesting to me to meet a man who had played no unimportant part in the conquest of Sicily and Naples, and it was the beginning of all our Italian business, which on the whole was less profitable than it

should have been, owing to my own want of judgment 1862
in giving large credits during the time of the Baring crisis.

I proceeded from Genoa to Marseilles by sea. There was no railway in those days but there was a very fair service of steamers and pleasant company on board.

A short time previously the French Government allowed English travellers to enter France without a passport, so when the steamer arrived in Marseilles I prepared myself to claim this privilege. The officials came on board, and shouted out that every one must have his passport ready. They then announced that they would take the French passengers first, then the Italian, and afterwards all other nationalities. I immediately walked to the gangway and said I had no passport to show. The officer saluted and said, "*Mais, monsieur est anglais?*" I think I never felt prouder in my life.

> "'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
> To be called by the name of an Englishman."

On my way home I was met in Paris by my sisters, Elizabeth and Emily, and we saw the sights of Paris together. One incident remains in my memory. We had dined together at one of the restaurants in the Palais Royal, and, while I was enjoying a cup of coffee and a cigar, the young ladies said they would look at some of the shop windows. After half an hour I wondered that they had not come back; then in three-quarters of an hour I became anxious; and after an hour I was quite alarmed and conjured up visions of Eugène Sue. Finally they turned up after an hour and ten minutes' absence, during which they had looked into every shop in the quadrangle, hugely delighted, and quite unconscious of having been absent more than half an hour.

1862 *To Emily—between Danzig and Warsaw—June* 1862.

"*What* means are allowed to accomplish our ends
And attain to the goal of our wishes?
To conquer the obstacles Fortune may send,
And secure all the loaves and the fishes?
The power of the Sword was the fashion of yore,
By it many heroes won glory,
But *our* motto is '*Omnia vincit Amor*
Et nos cedamus amori.'

See Phaethon guiding the car of the Sun,
And Genius Pegasus riding.
Lo! the one comes to grief ere the morning's outrun,
In the pound see poor Pegasus hiding.
But the hoary sage whispers 'Remember, my child,
That *Experientia docet,*
Though the breeze of ill fortune blow ever so wild
'Tis *perseverantia* does it.'

Be armed at all points both for pass and for ward,
On your backs let your harness be girded,
Make Virtue your buckler and Knowledge your sword,
As Miss Hack says—though otherwise worded.
Then trust that kind Providence helpful will be
If 'gainst foul winds you can't make your tack,
And a maiden at home who is called Emilie
Will do what she can for her

JACK."

CHAPTER V.

Business Vicissitudes—First Meeting with Marian Thöl—Edward Richardson's Death, 1863: His Character.

In October 1862, W. E. Gladstone paid a visit to Newcastle 1862
and the north-east coast. He received a veritable ovation and was taken down the river, a procession of steamers accompanying him. He records his impressions of our city, "the fine church and lantern, the gem of an old castle, and Grey Street—I think our best modern street." [1] He made a speech which captivated all Tynesiders. He referred to the old Priory of Tynemouth, the statue of Collingwood, the piers and the wondrous river works in terms as appropriate as eloquent. Party feeling ran high however, and the Newcastle *Daily Journal*, as I remember, omitted all this part of the speech. This was a little meanness which in later days we should have looked for rather in the Radical than in the Conservative press. But foolish is the idea that there is any difference in men. Whatever their politics may be, men are men for better or for worse.

It was in September that Lee and Jackson had inflicted the crushing defeat on General Pope at the second battle of Bull Run on Manassas Junction,[2] and at the evening banquet Gladstone electrified his audience by saying —"We know quite well that the people of the Northern States have not yet drunk of the cup—they are still trying to hold it far from their lips—which all the rest of the world see they neverthe-

[1] *Vide* Morley's "Life of Gladstone," vol. ii., p. 78.

[2] *Vide* Henderson's "Life of Stonewall Jackson," vol. ii., p. 168 *et infra*.

1862 less must drink of. We may have our own opinions about slavery; we may be for or against the South; but there is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; they are making, it appears, a navy; and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation."

Such a speech from a cabinet minister was generally taken to mean that the English Government were about to recognize the independence of the South, and the American minister contemplated asking for his passports. Gladstone was compelled to explain his words away, and he did so in a fashion which was never forgotten, could never be forgotten, and has much to do with the opinion some men formed of his Jesuitical ways. That was the phrase.

In the succeeding June (1863) there was a debate in the House of Commons in which Lord Robert Cecil (Lord Salisbury) was very incisive about the vagueness of Gladstone in this matter. It was on this occasion that John Bright delivered a very noble speech about our kinsmen in America.

My old and kind friend, Thomas Aggs, had given us an order for a sailing ship which was called the *Edinburgh*, and about the same time my school friend, James Nicholson Peile of Whitehaven, joined our firm—for a short time only, alas! for he did not live long.

The system of building for Lloyds' Classification in those days was as follows—if a vessel was of from 600 to 699 tons register she was said to be on the 600 grade and she was built to the 600 grade scantlings. That is to say the thickness of the plating and the size of the angle-bars and so forth were all according to a table wherein different sizes were set down for the different grades. On this system a vessel of 699 tons would be very much lighter than

a vessel of one ton greater measure, namely of 700 tons. 1862
Now as shipowners did not wish to carry about the world a useless weight of material, it was usual to design vessels so as to be very near the limits. The *Edinburgh* accordingly was designed to be of 690 tons. The tonnage is ascertained after the ship is built, by measuring her internal capacity. This was done in those days by men of the workman class who were called Custom House measurers.

One day when I was in London I received a telegram from Peile to say it was essential that I should be at Walker the next morning, and when I arrived he told me that the measurers had made the *Edinburgh* 711 tons, and that Christie was beside himself with apprehension, anticipating nothing less than a repetition of the *Ambrose* troubles. Peile added that Christie was convinced that Richardson could put the matter right. When the measurer, Terence M'Carthy, called, I entered into conversation with him on the principles of measurement. In the meantime, according to the evil practice of those times, Peile produced a bottle of sherry—only it was brandy by mistake—which M'Carthy relished so much that he asked for a second glass. I then produced Christie's calculations and requested M'Carthy to take them in the evening with him and compare them with his own figures. I added that I did not want him to work overtime for me for nothing, and slipped a couple of sovereigns into the pocket of his great coat. The next morning, to Peile's astonishment and amusement, M'Carthy burst into the office, saying—"Shure now but thim figures were right intyerly." He referred to Christie's figures which he accordingly adopted.

When the disastrous nature of our early transactions was found out, I felt as if I were wakened up with a vengeance.

1862 The smarting sense of failure, the compassionate sympathy of my family, the shame before the world all rose up before me, and I began to work and throw myself into my work in a way that even now astonishes me, when I think of it. We had tendered for two small steamers, the *Sussex* and the *Normandy*, for the London, Brighton & South Coast Railway Company. I found that the directors were likely to be guided by the advice of their locomotive superintendent, James Craven, and I determined to try what a conversation with him would effect. The difficulty was to get hold of him. I found that he was expected in London from Brighton the next day, and that he had an office or rather a room at the London Bridge Station. I went there at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, but no trace could I find of him. His room door, opening to the street, was locked and no one was in attendance. He was well known to the porters and had been seen to arrive by the train due a little before 11 A.M. He also, as I was told, returned to Brighton the same day, but it was altogether uncertain which train he would take. He sometimes went by a train at noon, and sometimes later—even up to the last train at night. I therefore chose a spot where I could keep an eye both on his office door and on the departure platform, and tipping the head porter to point out my man when he should appear, I set myself as a sentinel, nor did I leave my post for five weary hours, except once to go and buy a penny bun.

At length the porter came to me with—"That's Mr. Craven, sir!" and I immediately went up to him. He said he had no time to speak to me. I insisted. He said "Well, get in" and, as the train was moving out, I jumped into the carriage. Mr. Craven, who had evidently been lunching copiously, at once fell asleep and did not waken up until we got to Brighton. Arrived there, without taking any

notice of me, he walked off to his house close to the station. 1862
I kept by him, and as he rang the bell he said—" My daughter will make us a cup of tea." We had quite a pleasant time at that very smart young lady's tea-table, and afterwards I assured myself that Mr. Craven would not be against us when our tender came before the Board. I returned to London by an evening train.

It was in this year that we received an order from the River Tyne Commissioners. We being an unknown firm, the late Mr. Ormston of Carville Hall and the engineer John F. Ure were deputed to call and see if we were in a position to carry out such a contract. It was a hot day in summer, and Peile and I were writing in our shirt sleeves when the two gentlemen were shown in. Mr. Ure burst out laughing and said to his companion—" Did I not tell you we should find them hard at work ? "

I have spoken before of Christie's skill as a naval architect, and he was beginning to reap his reward. The *Beautiful Star* was followed in due course by the *Star of Australia*, the *Star of the South*, the *Star of the Evening*, the *Kangaroo* and the *Woniora*. One of these steamers, I forget which, was an order given by an Australian who wrote from London. I went up to see him, and found that he was staying at Leigh, near Tunbridge Wells, with a friend. I at once took the train thither and finally unearthed the two in a summer-house made from an old tub. They each had a long clay pipe and a glass of ale, and the Australian's host was much interested in my sketches and calculations, and told the Australian that in his opinion the youth, (myself), was to be depended upon.

With these brighter business prospects my dear father warmly sympathized, and he seemed never weary of hearing me relate these little experiences. I can see him now sitting

1863 by the fire, crossing one leg over the other, and laughing at my little jokes, often quoting a bit of Latin or a well-worn proverb. It is the remorse of my life that, knowing and feeling what pleasure I could give him, I nevertheless allowed to myself almost any excuse to do something else. *Lacrimae rerum!*

In the year 1863, blockade running rose to a height, and had a marked effect upon shipbuilding. The steamers employed were mostly fast paddle steamers about 200 feet long. They were usually built in a great hurry. I think they managed to finish one of them in less than four months. Great speed was the main requisite, and of one contract we heard that the price of the steamer was to be £1000 per knot on the trial trip. They were almost all built on the Clyde, but the demand for them had a reflex action on the Tyne. The profits of a successful run were enormous, and the risk of course proportionately great. Captain Augustus Hobart, of the family of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, was at this time a post-captain in the British Navy. He afterwards became Vice-Admiral of the Turkish Navy, and commanded the Turkish fleet during the Russo-Turkish war. He and three other post-captains engaged in the blockade running, and he relates that he found the most profitable cargo to take to the seceding states was ladies' corsets! This notwithstanding the fact that the South was in dire want of everything. Quinine was worth its weight in gold, and good boots for the soldiers of General Lee would have been of more value than a regiment. Truly, indeed, "Man may have his will, but woman has her way." (*Vide* "Sketches from My Life" by Admiral Hobart Pasha.) The cotton which was the return cargo was bought at Wilmington for about 2½d. a pound and was sold in Liverpool for ten times that price.

It was in this year that the culminating event of the American War took place. President Lincoln's Govern-

ment had been making herculean efforts to march direct to 1863
Richmond. The young Napoleon, George B. M'Clellan, with victory beaming on his face when he started for his Yorktown expedition, had there found how much easier it was to criticize Lord Raglan in the Crimea than to defeat General Lee before Richmond. Probably the authorities at Washington, and especially Edwin M. Stanton, were to blame for interfering with the disposition of his forces. The whole account of the siege reads like a romance, and when the fortress fell, Grant became the hero of the North and ere long was named Commander-in-Chief of all the Northern forces.

In this same year, 1863, the late Thomas Luke, one of Lloyds' surveyors, introduced Captain Durham to us. He was the representative in England of the Armenian house of Apcar & Co. of Calcutta. We built for them the paddle steamer *Electric* and the *Catherine Apcar*, *T. A. Gibb*, *China* and *Hindustan*. The last two were sister ships and were considered, as regards their model, to be Christie's masterpiece.

A curious incident happened with the *Electric*, which shows the slack ways of those times, and possibly throws a sidelight upon the *Alabama*, the celebrated confederate cruiser. The *Electric*, when she started on her voyage for Calcutta, encountered a severe storm off the mouth of the Tees, and a sea striking the houses on the port sponson caused a leak in the engine-room. It was not serious, but the crew became alarmed and the captain put back to the Tyne. The crew were a bad lot and under the influence of bad liquor, and they represented that the steamer was, as a model, unseaworthy, refused to ship again and demanded a month's wages. Upon this being refused, they brought an action in the County Court against their captain. This

1863 was on the Monday and the Court was to sit on the following Saturday. Now Captain Durham reckoned that before that time the vessel, with a new crew, would be far at sea on her way to Calcutta, and as the action was laid against the captain of the ship it could have but little effect. The repairs however took a longer time than was estimated, and on Saturday morning the *Electric* was still lying at our wharf. About eleven o'clock we heard by telegraph that judgment had been given against the captain in the absence of any defence. To make matters worse the steamer was neaped, and it was necessary to wait till the tide rose. Finally, the bailiffs appeared on the scene. We ought to have prevented them from getting into the yard, but they ran down just as the *Electric* crawled off the mud. The bailiffs hailed us. I was on board on the bridge, but we paid no heed and steamed off. Our troubles, however, were not ended, for, to make sure, the lawyer acting for the sailors had given notice to the River Police, and when steaming down past Jarrow Slake the pilot told me that a police boat was signalling us to stop. I told him to disregard the signal, but he said he dared not do so. Not a moment was to be lost, so I ran down the ladder and requested Captain Durham to send the steward with his compliments to the pilot and desire a word with him at once in the cabin. Thus I was left in command on the bridge, and when we came near to the police boat I signalled, "Full speed ahead." With difficulty and with many imprecations, the police saved themselves from being run down, and when we were well clear of them I called the pilot up from the cabin.[1] Captain Durham's

[1] Many years subsequently a French captain was much impressed by our ways with the authorities, and he told our late good friend, Félix Touache: "*Monsieur Richardson se moque bien de la police anglaise. Il ne s'inquiète pas un goddam.*"

troubles however were by no means ended. When we got over the bar the engineers refused to proceed. 1863

A long conference ensued, during which I had some talk with Mr. Boyd as representing the engine builders, and finally I said—" Captain Durham, if you will send the three engineers ashore under arrest for mutiny, Mr. Boyd and I with two of the apprentices, will be responsible for the engine-room department round to Plymouth, and Mr. Boyd will arrange for other engineers to join us there." This little speech so astonished the engineers that they succumbed. The *Electric* reached Calcutta in safety. She gave so much satisfaction there that Apcar & Co. requested us to send out to them four boilers for another similar steamer.

I may here note that part of the purchase-money of the above boilers was acquitted by our drawing a bill at six months date upon Apcar & Co., which bill was endorsed at 27 pence to the rupee. This included interest for the six months. The nominal value of the rupee was the tenth part of a pound sterling, but at that date it was worth considerably more. In other words, silver was at a premium and gold at a discount.

This fall in the value of gold was doubtless owing principally to the large increase in the output, due to the discovery of the " placer " gold in California and Australia. It caused a great deal of uneasiness at the time, and a French writer, Michel Chevalier, wrote a treatise upon it, which was translated by Richard Cobden. A quarter of a century later, a reverse movement took place. That is to say, silver fell and gold rose in value. In other words, there was a general fall of prices as quoted or reckoned in gold. It was a sound appreciation of this cause and effect, and of its bearings upon the value of speculative, as opposed to gilt-edged, securities which enabled the late Baron Hirsch to accumulate

1863 his enormous fortune. He had studied to some purpose the work written by Ernest Seyd, a Jewish banker in Lombard Street.

Before leaving the Apcars let me say that they were largely interested in the export of opium to China, and from them I used to hear a very different account from that current in the philanthropic circles of my relatives. But this is a very long story. In William Forbes Mitchell's highly interesting "Reminiscences of the Great Meeting, 1857-8" (published by Macmillan & Co.), there are some very interesting passages about opium, *vide* pp. 125-6-7, and in the Appendix D. of the same work are the views of some missionaries in India.

It occurred to me that, after Cobden's reciprocatory treaty with France, something might be done in that country in the way of shipbuilding orders, so I made a journey to Paris and to Marseilles, but without any immediate result. Still, I got to know the "lie of the country," and this I found useful in future years. At that time, the Marseillais had the character of buying only second-hand ships. "*Marseille, c'est le chiffonnier de la France.*" The Valérys, who were in some sort relations of the Buonapartes, were scheming a line of steamers to Algiers, which subsequently took large proportions, and came to a disastrous ending in 1870, when the Prussians invaded France. I twice had a long talk with Valéry *père*, an octogenarian. We sat on a wooden bench outside their office, facing the old port. There was a trellis-work and a vine overhead; Marseilles has changed very much since those days.

Returning to Paris, I took a third class ticket, and changed into a second class express at Lyons. My only travelling companion was a most sociably disposed old French gentleman, and we became great friends. He confided to me that he was going to Paris to seek an eligible *partie* for his

grandson. I not unnaturally asked him if he could not 1863
find me a wife, said that I adored *les Françaises* and so forth. He inquired of my station, business, family, and income. The latter, which I estimated moderately enough, sounded pretty big in francs. He was a Protestant, and when he heard I was a Quaker he became quite excited, and vowed that he would be able to fit me to a tee. In fact, with such an income I might pretend, oh! very high! You shall come with me to some ladies in Paris, who move "*dans un monde bien distingué.*" You shall meet several charming young ladies, among whom you cannot fail to find one at least who will please you. I wish I could reproduce his vivacious talk. He insisted on sharing a cab in Paris, and made it go first to my hotel, and then he left promising to come round the next forenoon. Really, he was so serious that I was glad I could leave by an early train, and so the droll incident ended.

It was in the spring of 1863 that a day devoted to business in London had been especially weary and dispiriting. The wind was in the north-east and it came on to rain at mid-day. I left at 5.25 P.M. and as we ran north from Grantham the wind had veered round to the west, and the sun setting behind the Belvoir hills suffused the ether with a rosy light. A feeling of restfulness came over me which found expression in the following lines--

"Ah, sometimes when the night, the blessed night,
Steals softly, sadly o'er the western hills,
It seems to me poor restless erring wight,
That the dread sense of all the future ills,
Which our immortal spirit feels
Is tempered by a draught from Lethe's stream,
That for a moment all the smarting heals,
Till the poor soul is gladdened by a beam
Which e'en a messenger from heaven itself might seem.

1863

Oh, blessed night, the calm that comes with thee,
When all the worrying work of day is o'er,
Fit emblem seems of that long rest to be,
When we have crossed the death-stream to the shore,
Where the All-loving reigns for ever more;
And let no doubt the timid soul o'ertake
That perfect Love has perfect bliss in store.
Deeper the darkness falls but ere we wake
The glories of heaven's dawn on this sad world will break."

I slept at York, and the next morning the bright sun awakened me and the west wind, laden with ozone from the Atlantic, was pleasant to feel. A sense of a blessing in store came over me. I stopped at Darlington to see after some plates which were being rolled for us at the works of Pease, Hutchinson & Co. and then went on to Walker. In the evening I was thoroughly tired, and when my mother told me that my sister Anna had gone to tea with Mrs. Westmacott and had invited me to call for her, I begged that a servant might be sent instead. However, when refreshed by food, I changed my mind and went to fetch my dear sister.

A young friend was staying with Mrs. Westmacott to whom I was presented—Miss Thöl. She was asked to play something, and putting on her spectacles she sat down to the piano. I asked her the title of the piece, and turning slowly on the music stool she took off her spectacles, and looking past me as it were into the distance she said—"It is the sonata of Beethoven, '*Liebst du mich.*'"

Here at last I had met my fate. Here was the great blessing in store, a blessing which was to accompany me all the days of my life.

* * * * * * *

I believe there was much speculation in the family circle about the evident change which had come over me. I was naturally very reticent, the more so as my suit did not

prosper at all through all that year (1863), although I did not fail to press it. But as regards the speculation in the family circle, in the autumn Theresa Thöl, Marian's sister, came to visit Mrs. Westmacott, and was at South Ashfield (my father's house). One evening my sister Emily was trying to sing some new song and to accompany herself without much success, when Theresa rose, went to the piano and played the accompaniment with much grace and feeling. My father turned to me and said — "If she is like that she will do." He said nothing more, but I have always been rejoiced to know that, although he never saw my dear wife, he had at least said what made me feel that the union would have been approved by him. 1863

It was at South Ashfield in the early morning hours of the 27th. of November 1863 that he died. I had not realized that he was particularly unwell. He was always more or less of an invalid, and the fact that he was keeping his bed was not so very unusual. When I went to say good-night, he told me with much feeling that whenever it might please the Lord to summon him he was prepared to go. But that again was the constant frame of mind of the dear old man. Dear Cousin Eliza Wigham was staying with us at the time, and, as ever, her presence seemed to suffuse the house with an atmosphere of peace. At about 3 o'clock in the early morning, she came to my room and told me that all was over. In a fit of coughing my father had burst a blood vessel. He was buried in the dreary cemetery on Westgate Hill. It was characteristic of kindly Quaker ways that John Pease and his brother Joseph both came over from Darlington, and at the reunion held in the house after we came back from the graveside, the former spoke very beautifully to comfort my mother. He spoke of the Saviour

1863 Who was not only an ensample and a leader, but a guide in every step of life.

> "Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
> Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
> But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
> And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died."

In the troublous times which were so soon to come, when the health of both my brothers, Edward and George William, gave way, my mother once quoted the first verse of Isaiah lvii.—"the righteous is taken away from the evil to come." My mother was deeply imbued with the writings of the prophet Isaiah. My father was not 58 years old at his death. He was born in 1806.

The following is taken from the memoir by his sister Ann Foster.

Edward Richardson was educated at Frederic Smith's School at Darlington where he took a good position as a classical scholar. On leaving school he worked as an apprentice in the tanyard in Newgate Street established by his father, in which he afterwards became a partner.

All his life he suffered from a tendency to pulmonary disease, and this prevented his close attention to business, but he always took a kindly interest in his apprentices and workmen and was much beloved by them.

As a young man he was fond of intellectual and scientific pursuits. He had a decided aversion to metaphysics, considering that the human intellect when turned too much inwards, was apt to prey upon itself. His highly practical mind led him to prefer natural science, where certainty can be obtained, to abstract science where one may easily be lost in speculation.

In November 1837 he and his sister Ann were returning to Newcastle from London in the sailing ship *Bywell*, when

the vessel ran upon a sandbank off Lowestoft at night during 1863
a violent storm. The ship's boats were lowered, but were immediately swamped, and the crew and the few passengers were in imminent danger for several hours. However, they were fortunately rescued by the Lowestoft lifeboat only a quarter of an hour before the ship broke to pieces. Edward Richardson and his sister lost everything but the clothes they stood in, and had even to borrow money for their coach-ride home from Norwich.

When in December 1857 the District Bank suspended payment, he made the following entry in his diary.

" This day last week the District Bank resolved to suspend payment. It is a dire calamity; my dear brother and I are both shareholders. . . . As to myself I have been ready to conclude that my loss may turn out to the profit of my soul."

In the early morning of February 13, 1863, the tanyard in Newgate Street was destroyed by fire. He bore this catastrophe with great resignation and calmness.

When his large family were growing up around him, he enjoyed mingling in their pursuits, and taught them to be brave and daring, encouraging a spirit of self-reliance. He was fond of riding himself, and trained them when young in the love of it.

It was his desire to train up his children in the principles of the Society of Friends, to which he was himself sincerely attached. In a letter written to them in 1837, found after his decease, he says, " In all your actions seek to approve yourselves unto God, your Heavenly Father. Cultivate all the Christian graces. If you should, in a day of disputation, be called upon to examine the foundation of your outward Christian profession, do it in meekness and fear, and recollect the principle of the profession in which you have been brought

1863 up, a principle that will lead you *not* into austerities and formalities, but into a renunciation of the vanities and fashions of the world."

In 1839 he attached the following memorandum to his will.

"It is my will and the desire of my heart that my four beloved children Anna Deborah, Caroline, Edward and John Wigham may each and all be brought up in the holy fear of the Lord Almighty; that if it please the Lord to take me from them during their childhood, their instructors may lead them into the paths of virtue and piety. And I enjoin my executors to bear this my wish in remembrance, and to choose for my precious babes such instructors or such schools as may seem best adapted to training them in godliness, that they may if possible be under the constant care of persons who are worthy to be patterns in religion. And may God grant unto my beloved wife and sweet children a portion of His Holy Spirit through Jesus Christ our Lord!

"Edward Richardson.

"*2nd. of 4th. mo.* 1838."

"The above my prayer for my precious children is extended also to little Elizabeth, and as my settled wish for my offspring I append this paper to my redrawn will, and request my executors to consider it as part of my testament.

"*28th. of 2nd. mo.* 1839."

He also left the following note:

Pueris:

"'Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.'—Prov. xxii. 6.

"J. Pease's text. Quarterly Meeting.—1/4/1842.

"For my own dear children I wish the above instructive 1863
advice to be constantly acted upon. And should I be taken away before my dear children arrive at the most critical period of their lives, I desire that they who may have charge of them endeavour, in all love and affection, so to blend the wisdom of the serpent with the mildness of the dove, as to watch very narrowly their paths.

"I cannot foresee the situations in which they may be placed, nor the kind of persons who may have influence over them, therefore in an especial manner I commend them to Thy holy keeping, O blessed Saviour. In Thy abundant mercy send Thy holy Spirit to their souls, to purify and illuminate them. Draw them by the cords of Thy love to Thyself, and they loving Thee in sincerity will be kept from the snares of youth and from the wiles of the devil.

"E. R."

CHAPTER VI.

GROWTH OF BUSINESS—MARRIAGE, 1864—THE S.S. *RUHR*—END OF THE WAR OF SECESSION, U.S.A., 1865—SCHLESWIG HOLSTEIN—FINANCIAL CRISIS, 1866—SEVEN WEEKS' WAR, 1866.

1863 IT was at the end of 1863 or the beginning of 1864 that we undertook, as a sub-contract from Robert Morrison & Co. of the Ouseburn Engine Works, a light draught paddle steamer, the *Sir Herbert Maddock* and two barges It was characteristic of the way we did things in those days that, although we had not yard space on which to build them, yet we undertook the work. I counted upon being able to buy the lease of some adjacent ground (the ground on which now stands the Neptune joiners' and carpenters' shop, Williamson & Corder's gelatine works, and Fletcher's Forge), but it was not until after we had committed ourselves to Robt. Morrison & Co. that we succeeded in doing so. These premises had previously been occupied by the caustic soda works of the Hunters, who were brothers of Sir W. W. Hunter, the writer on Indian subjects.

When the first of the barges was launched the keel, not being supported evenly along its length, bent upwards, and the plates of the vessel's sides amidships were split apart. The Irish labourer on board shrieked out that he was being "kilt and drownded intyerly!" Christie ought to have been a regimental officer. No one could be calmer on such an occasion. He saw at once that the barge would float straight again, and he ordered her to be towed upstream and placed upon Mitchell's gridiron. I suppose all this was done

in less than a quarter of an hour. New plates were ordered 1864
for those which had been torn asunder, and so the incident terminated.

At the launch of the *Sir Herbert Maddock* another difficulty supervened. The after end had so much flotation that it lifted up and left the cradle, and the weight being no longer distributed, the vessel ceased to slide down, in fact she stuck. Again, Christie was quite cool, and remarked that she must be kept in position until the tide went down a few inches. This was done, and she ultimately slid gently off the ways. A man of less presence of mind than Christie might have caused a catastrophe.

The contract required that the steamer and her two barges were to be completed and tried in England, and were to attain a certain specified speed with the barges loaded and lashed alongside. They were then all to be taken to pieces and shipped to Kurrachee (Karachi is the modern spelling). Of all weird experiences that trial trip stands before me. Christie had excused himself from attending, but Robert Morrison was there, and two very gentlemanly engineer inspectors from Great George Street, Westminster. It was a wild afternoon in December—a north-east wind and a driving snow storm. Morrison explained that we must run from the Coxlodge Staiths to a post 100 yards west of some place or other, and back again, and he stated the distance to be exactly one mile, and appealed to the pilot! The London gentlemen stood on the lee side of the boiler-casing and shivered. I was told to hold my watch in my hand and keep the time. I fancy that Morrison imagined that I should inspire confidence! On the eastward run he came and asked me how many minutes had gone, and on my reply he said "Why, there's the post—*time!*" I myself did not see any post but he pointed it out to the engineer inspectors. In going back we

1864 forgot to notice the post, and so got no result at all, but Morrison said it did not matter, for there was hardly any tide running, and that the speed was most satisfactory. Then we got ashore benumbed with cold, and found that a pair-horse cab had been waiting for us more than an hour, and we were driven to Morrison's house to dinner, which was as strange as the other proceedings. All through, Morrison discussed the settlement, and as regards every claim for demurrage or what not he exclaimed, "Very well, gentlemen, but it's not u-su-ell." This way of pronouncing the word "usual" was comical. At one point the engineers turned to me, but Morrison exclaimed "Oh, don't mind him. He's a Quaker. He cares nothing about business. His father has just left him—" (here he named a fabulous figure). "Now we will go into the library where we can have a cigar, and you can sign the certificate, and Richardson there, who has been drinking nothing at all and is beastly sober, will take you to your hotel." And so, to my bewilderment, he carried the matter through!

It was in so far satisfactory to hear that the *Sir Herbert Maddock*, after being re-erected at Kurrachee, steamed round to the mouth of the Indus and did good work on that river, but the commercial results were not satisfactory. Great expectations had been raised as to what might be achieved by the navigation of the rivers in India, but they have not been realized. One exception might perhaps be made in this statement, namely the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company which was largely promoted by the Dennys of Dumbarton.

But even the river traffic on the Irrawaddy has now, I understand, been killed by the railway. This has not been the experience in India alone. We have seen the same thing happen on the Rhone and on the Mississippi. Further we

may say that the great rivers of the world, notably the Amazon and the Congo, have not developed into great arteries of commerce in the way that was expected. At the same time, in many instances a traffic, subsidiary in some sort to the railways, seems to be growing up. 1864

In these years we built several screw colliers, among others the *Bebside*. At her trial trip the late Captain Straker—grandfather of the present master of the Tynedale foxhounds—and the late Hugh Taylor, father of the present High Sheriff who lives at Chipchase Castle, were present. I had expected several others, and had had some temporary tables rigged up in the hold for lunch, but the above-named gentlemen only turned up. They were in a merry mood, and Captain Straker sang in the old style and with much feeling the old song about the " Nancy "—

> " She looks well all ways,
> But looks best in stays—
> My good ship the ' Nancy '
> And Nancy my wife."

As for dear old Hugh Taylor he also sang a nautical song and insisted upon standing on the table to do so.

On the 12th. of April 1864, Marian and I were married at St. Matthew's, Brixton, London. Her sisters, Theresa, Georgina, and Rosie, and my sisters Emily and Alice, were bridesmaids. Theodore Waterhouse was my best man.

We crossed first to Paris, where we much enjoyed seeing the museum of the Hôtel de Cluny, as well as the other usual sights. We then went south, and coached along the Riviera, which was far more agreeable than the modern way of travelling by rail, chiefly from one tunnel to another. The railway line there was then only begun. After spending

1864 some time at the Lake of Como and Lugano, we proceeded to Genoa, where there was business to be transacted, and finished our honeymoon at Geneva.

On our return, we settled down at 32, Rye Hill, Newcastle. The numbers of the houses have since then been changed.

It was in this year that the health of my brothers, Edward and George William, began to cause us all much anxiety. George was sent to the United States with our future brother-in-law, John Gregory White, in a sailing ship. They were a month on the passage. None of my acquaintance since then have gone otherwise than by steamer.

J. Gregory White has been staying here (Hindley Hall), for a few days and he has been recalling the trip to the States with my brother George, and remarking on what we all felt about him, namely his pleasantly humorous and courteous ways and his great kindness of heart. His namesake, my son George, in these matters resembles him, but my brother had a certain stately presence which always marked him. So also had my father.

Edward's illness was mental. He had induced my father to allow him to extend the works at Blaydon by adding the manufacture of alkali to the manure business. I believe Edward would have preferred to establish works in the lower reaches of the Tyne, by which the transfer of the raw salt into barges then requisite on account of the old bridge at Newcastle, as also other lighterage would have been avoided. To this, however, my father would not agree, and, as it turned out, this decision was right. In the coming years, all the small alkali works had to shut up owing to the introduction by Brunner, Mond & Co. of the Solvay or ammonia process, and had my brother started works on a new site, the loss would have been so much the greater. Edward worried

very much over his business, and suffered from sleeplessness and aggravated constipation. He had three separate mental attacks at intervals of eight or nine years, and at the third attack in 1890 he quietly passed away at Warkworth. 1864

During 1864 we built various screw colliers besides the *Bebside*, and a small paddle steamer, the *Transit*, for service between Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, and Portsmouth. The order was given by Thomas Webster Q.C., the chairman of the Ryde Ferry Company and father of the present Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice of England. He may have been sanguine, but a gentleman in his position should hardly have given the order until the share capital had been subscribed. We had to arrest the steamer and sell her by auction. Daniel Hack of Brighton kindly went to the Isle of Wight, and bid against the only buyer—Mr Lambert of Swansea, brother-in-law of the engineer John Frederick Spencer. If I recollect rightly, he paid a very fair price, so that we got through the transaction without much loss.

In the late autumn of 1864, we received one morning a fat envelope with the royal arms of Prussia. This contained the specification of a paddle steamer for the transport of railway trains across the Rhine at Ruhrort, and it was signed by the Graf von Itzenplitz, Minister in Berlin of Public Works. I did not know until long after that Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co. had been asked to recommend one or two English firms, and that Percy G. B. Westmacott had kindly given our name. I took the voluminous documents home at night, and, with my wife's assistance, translated them.

At that time Germany had not forgotten the Napoleonic Invasions and at that time also Louis Napoleon, the master of many legions as he was termed, was *the* threatening

1864 element in German politics. So much was this the case that the Prussian Government would not allow any bridge to be built across the Rhine unless it were protected by a fortress capable of holding a *corps d'armée* of 40,000 men.

The River Ruhr joins the Rhine at Ruhrort to the north of Düsseldorf after traversing a busy industrial district, the Lancashire and Yorkshire of Germany. Essen, the seat of Krupp's great works, where some 24,000 men are employed, Elberfeld and Barmen the centre of the cotton trade, Solingen the Sheffield of Germany and Krefeld the centre of the silk manufacture are all in that district. It brings home to our mind the force of Pitt's dictum, that above all things a government must aim at security. In the sixties, the prosperity of the most important manufacturing district in Germany was being affected by the fear of a French invasion.

To return to my individual experiences, there was a condition in the contract that £1200 was to be held over for a year, during which time the contractor was to guarantee the material and workmanship. Christie did not like this at all, and warned me that all foreigners were rogues and that we should never see a penny of that money. The idea seemed to me absurd, but inasmuch as every man in this world is, more or less, influenced by another, I added half of that amount, viz.: £600, to the price at which we tendered and, rather to my surprise, we received a letter the day after Christmas day inviting one of the firm to go over and sign a contract for the car-ferry steamer, which was to be called the *Ruhr*.

The headquarters of the Government railway, the Bergisch Märkische Eisenbahn were at Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). This was before the Prussian Government

had bought up all the railways in the country. Christie 1865
and I put up at the huge Hôtel du Grand Monarque, and as it was out of season we and an American were the only visitors. It took about a week to adjust the specifications and prepare the contract, and I thought it a great courtesy that the Prussian officials consented to a conference at ten o'clock on Saturday night, so that we might catch the midnight express to London. Christie had got very impatient, and in truth, with the country covered with snow and in the dead season, it had not been easy to amuse ourselves. At the conference we all sat while a clerk read the contract aloud. I did not understand the half of it. It is not easy to follow legal phraseology in your own language, still less in a foreign language, and least of all in German. However, this did not prevent my signing it. What, however, was my surprise when Christie said to me afterwards in the train, "Do you know, Richardson, when that long contract was being read I seemed to understand every word. It's very queer, for we've only been a week in the country." Talk of hallucinations!

In the summer Marian's parents celebrated their silver wedding on the Rhine, first at Rolandseck and then at Remagen. Marian and I went over, taking Philip, then half a year old, and his nurse. We took the steamer to Hamburg, and both Marian and the nurse were very ill, so much so, that when we got into the Elbe I had to see to the washing of the baby, and in my ignorance I took him on deck and got a sailor to fetch a bucket of salt water and a mop. The babe seemed to like it, but I was severely blamed for not having used warm water. It is a great mistake to take babies with you when you travel. At every principal station I had to push my way into the

1865 kitchen of the restaurant to get hot water for the bottle, and yet with every care poor Philip suffered dreadfully from diarrhœa, which did not fairly cease until we got down to the seacoast again at Rotterdam. I think it stunted his growth. Once when I talked this way to our old friend, Gustave A. Koeckert, he said, "*Ah! mais c'est son bonheur à lui. Ce n'est que les hommes de petite taille qui font quelque chose dans le monde.*"

We visited Göttingen on the way. Ernst Curtius, the historian of Greece, was living there then as well as Marian's uncle, Heinrich Thöl, the famous jurist. The simplicity of the life was charming. We went to a dance at the house of Professor Zächaria, the rector or pro-rector of the University. The King of Hanover was the rector. When I asked for our host, an old buffer in a straw hat up in an apple tree lighting Chinese lanterns was pointed out to me. There was a fiddler and two other musicians. Refreshments consisted of six bottles of sour wine and a basket of bread rolls. But didn't they just enjoy themselves!

Martha Brinckmann and Georgina Thöl (Aunt Georgie) were both with us at Remagen, and Grandmamma Popert came over from Leipzig. She had a huge parcel on her lap, which had excited the curiosity of an old lady and gentleman, her travelling companions. When my father-in-law met her she handed it to him and said, "Take it, Philip, that's gunpowder." The old lady in the carriage gave a little scream. The fact was it contained 15s. worth of crackers and catherine-wheels, which Martha and I set off in the evening, to the great delight of the villagers. We heard it was reported that "those English people had spent 300 thalers (£45) on the fireworks."

The old landlord of our hotel lamented the good old times when there were neither railways nor steamboats. He had

entertained the Duke of Wellington on his way to Vienna in 1814, and again when returning from the Austrian capital to take command in Belgium. 1865

I took my sister-in-law Georgina and her cousin Martha Brinckmann a little trip to the Laacher See. We passed by the Apollinaris spring, which then seemed open to anybody, but out of which Theodore Merz's friend Steinkopf and George Smith (Smith, Elder & Co.) managed to make a million sterling or some such enormous sum. Martha was then in the exuberance of youth and beauty, and full of fun and frolic. On our return Georgie's foot failed, and she stopped a carriage containing two Dutch gentlemen, who kindly drove us to the nearest railway station. When we parted, I asked Martha why she had not thanked them. She tossed her head—"Thanked them, indeed! They should thank *us* for our company."

I took Marian with the nurse and Philip down to Rotterdam, and put them on board the steamer for Newcastle. Directly Philip—poor little chap—breathed the sea air his distressing diarrhœa ceased.

I waited at Rotterdam for the *Ruhr*, the car-ferry steamer we had been building for the Prussian Government, and I never was more bored in my life. I knew no one, and it was very wet weather. At last, after nearly a week of impatient waiting, I was told that a sailor man was below to see me. I ran downstairs. It was our foreman, Jack Lyddon. I felt inclined to embrace him. He said he had come in early in the morning, and the Dutch artillerymen at the entrance of the Maas had been seen preparing to salute, having never seen so strange a craft, and thinking it must be some new-fangled gun-boat. There was much talk in those days of *Monitors*, *Merrimacs*, and such like.

1865 After calling on the brokers who were to clear the steamer, we went on board, and I was waited on by two gentlemen, who said they were mast-makers and riggers, and wished to submit an estimate for taking down the jury rig which had been fitted for the voyage across the German Ocean. They were very polite gentlemen. I asked them their ideas, but they replied it would be necessary to make some calculations, upon which I took them into the cabin and supplied them with paper, pens and ink. This done, I went on deck and told Jack Lyddon to take down the masts, which he did in a few minutes. When my Dutch mast-makers came up the companion ladder, and saw all their work completed, they were good-natured enough to laugh heartily, and bowing magnificently, they departed. I then got a pilot, and having consigned the masts and rigging to our brokers to be sold, we were off up stream within an hour and a quarter. All went well for a time, when the engineer reported that something was wrong with the air-pump. It was evident that the machinery would have to be dismantled to discover the exact cause of the mishap. I explained the position to the German engineer who was on board with us. He fully concurred. He could not do otherwise, but he expressed the opinion that it would take us a week to do the job, and that he himself would go home to see his family, and would return to continue the voyage. I told him that he might go home as much as he chose, but that far from taking six or seven days over the job, we should not take as many hours. He was utterly incredulous, and went below to pack his valise. I explained this to our own engineer and to Jack Lyddon, and told them that we must all put our hearts into the job and astonish the German. I took off my coat to work with the rest, just as our German friend was coming up the companion ladder with his valise in his hand. He paused to watch

operations. Finally, he took his luggage below again. In 1865
little more than five hours we were under steam once more.

We arrived at Ruhrort after work and office hours, and there was no one to receive us. I had telegraphed to Homberg, not knowing that Ruhrort was the headquarters of the ferry service between these two places, and my telegram had gone to Hamburg! I retired to rest early, after having got my letters at the post-office, but I was soon awakened by a messenger with a telegram from Uncle Robert Foster, announcing the sudden death of my old friend James Nicholson Peile.

The next morning the authorities went over the steamer, and arranged for a trial trip on the following day, with a full cargo of loaded wagons. They also ordered from the hotel refreshments on a liberal scale, especially as regards wine. The trial trip day lives in my memory. The jolly Germans were delighted with the results, and proposed the health of the builders in glowing terms. I never could make an extempore speech, but my efforts on this occasion, in responding to the toast, produced an amount of hilarity which I have never seen equalled. One old gentleman rolled off his seat, and would have fallen on to the floor had not a neighbour caught him.

I often used to tell this little story about my speech in the German language, until gradually I began to think I must have imagined it, for it seemed unlikely that I should have essayed anything so audacious. I even accused myself of growing into the frame of mind of George IV., who became persuaded that he had once led a cavalry charge, and so as a matter of conscience I dropped the anecdote. Thirty-one years later, however, on the occasion of the visit of the Institution of Naval Architects to Hamburg and Berlin, I was sitting next to a lady at the lunch which was given to

1865 us at Blankenese, and when I spoke to her she exclaimed, "*Aber! Ein Engländer der Deutsch spricht?*"

A gentleman, opposite, whom I had not recognised, Herr Bredsdorf, the managing director of the Flensburger Schiffbau Gesellschaft, quietly said—

"*Ach ja! Mr. Richardson spricht ein famoses Deutsch. Vor dreiszig Jahren hat er eine unvergessliche Rede gehalten, am Bord des Dampfers die* Ruhr, *am Rhein!*"

To finish the story of the *Ruhr* contract. At the end of the year of guarantee, we applied for the £1200, but had to write twice at intervals of about three weeks before we got any reply whatever.

Then we were told that they had not yet ascertained what we should have to pay for repairs under the guarantee. Christie growled, "I told you so. Just what I expected. Write it off, Richardson, as a bad debt."

We were then in the depressing times which succeeded Black Friday. We made some further attempts—even went over to Aix-la-Chapelle, I think—when one day towards Christmas (1866) we got a formal letter from the office of Public Works at Berlin (Handel, Gewerbe, und Öffentliche Arbeiten), which, translated, was to the following effect—

"In respect of your claim for £1200, we have now ascertained the amount of repairs, to wit, 13 thalers 3 groschen and 8 pfennige, and have the honour to enclose an order upon the banking firm Von der Heyd, Körsten und Söhne, for the balance, £1196, 0s. 2d., etc."

When I translated this for Christie, he said, "Well, Richardson, I stick to it. You cannot trust foreigners, though I believe the Prussians are not so bad."

The year 1865 saw the close of the Civil War in the

United States, and was thus the most important year of the century for North America, and therefore, may we not also say, for the world? The struggle had lasted for four years. 1865

The north was overwhelmingly superior in resources, and in the number of her soldiers; she had, moreover, the command of the sea, and yet the task was not accomplished until after four long years. To myself, as a civilian, the problem is not understandable.

On the 9th. of April 1865 Lee surrendered to Grant. The story of the surrender is one of the finest incidents which it has ever fallen to the lot of an historian to relate. Lee and Grant had been educated together at West Point, and Grant sought in every way to make the surrender as little painful as possible. No punishment was inflicted, and no indemnity claimed. The soldier statesman only sought to restore the Union. Some of Lincoln's cabinet ministers considered the terms did not include Jefferson Davis and the politicians, but Grant would stand no nonsense of that sort.

Lord Acton (the historian) once told Mr. Moberly Bell of *The Times* that he considered Lee's to be the most admirable character in all history. If so, there were *two* very admirable men in Spotsylvania Court House on that 9th. of April 1865.

Some years later Grant was elected President of the United States, and two of his sons failed in business. He gave up everything which he had in the world, and then, as a further effort to pay off their debts, he with no little repugnance published his memoirs. In the modest narrative the interview with Lee is narrated.

Another great event marked the year 1865, namely, the Danish War with Prussia and Austria. It would take the pen of a Carlyle to make clear the history of Schleswig

1865 Holstein, but out of the disputes concerning them arose the present German Empire.

And here let me remark that in the middle of the nineteenth century we had four very remarkable royal personages, whose work will be felt for many long years to come. First, Queen Victoria, who made the influence of the Court felt in promoting good morals and temperance, and who did so much to counteract the anti-empire views of the school of Professor Goldwin Smith. Secondly, Louis Napoleon, with his legend of Cæsarism. Thirdly, Vittorio Emmanuele, who achieved the unification of Italy. Lastly, Wilhelm I., who brought into being the modern Empire of Germany. Historians will doubtless show that the merit was not due to the crowned heads, but to their ministers, not to the King of Sardinia, but to his minister Count Cavour, not to Wilhelm I., but to Bismarck, and so on. But there are few greater merits than that of being able to choose wise ministers, of having a mind capable of appreciating them, and a constant soul to support them through evil report and good report. On the other hand, historians who are disposed to philosophize will contend that great movements in history do not spring from individuals, but from the convictions of the people. This is doubtless true, but such speculations lead to a labyrinth of reasoning.

Who was it that asked —"Who would have won the Battle of Waterloo if Napoleon and Wellington had never been born?" We all know what Fletcher of Saltoun wrote about the songs of a people, and if it comes to that, the Schleswig Holstein question was raised by Ernst Moritz Arndt, when in 1813 he wrote "The German's Fatherland." How often have we all of us marked the enthusiasm with which in Germany that verse is sung, which goes—

"Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland? 1865
So nenne endlich mir das Land!
So weit die deutsche Zunge klingt
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt
Das soll es sein
Das, wack'rer Deutscher, nenne dein."

The feeling about their fellow-countrymen in Schleswig Holstein, of which I had heard so much in 1857 at Tübingen, went on increasing amongst the Germans, and under Wilhelm I. and Bismarck it took definite proportions, until finally Prussia induced Austria to join her in a military occupation of the two Duchies. The Danish army resisted, but came to terms after the storming by the Prussians under Prince Friedrich Karl (father of the Duchess of Connaught) of the entrenchments at Düppel (Dybbol), near to Flensburg. In the following year Prussia pushed the wedge home at Königgrätz (Sadowa), and in 1870 crowned her work at Sedan.

What exactly the English Government did, or did not, do is not perhaps yet fully known, but what is certain is that Earl Russell (Lord John), who was then Foreign Secretary, wrote a despatch which caused the Danes to accuse us of having first egged them on to fight and of having afterwards left them in the lurch. They did not know how fond those liberal aristocratic statesmen were of writing despatches, nor did the writers know what amusement they caused in high quarters abroad.

It is understood that Queen Victoria used strong pressure to keep England at peace with Prussia. It was even said that she threatened to abdicate rather than go to war with Germany. Mr. Gladstone (as stated in Morley's Life, vol. ii. pp. 579-580) roundly states that the British Government invited France to join in an ultimatum to the German

1865 Powers, and what is more surprising, he takes credit for their spirited policy. Such an avowal reveals the fatuity of the Grand Old Man in foreign affairs, and it also shows how much we owe to the great Queen for preventing so egregious an error.

It was in the summer of this year (1865) that we completed the *Nordland* and the *Trondhjem*, two small steamers for the passenger traffic along the Norwegian coast. The marine superintendent, Captain Baumann, had been an old friend of Christie's at Dumbarton. He was a huge man, and one of the best souls that ever lived. He had a direct way of saying things which at times was sufficiently amusing. I had asked him and the chairman, Consul Lundgreen, and another director who had also come over, to dinner. They went to Sunderland in the afternoon and missed their train, and very politely, rather than keep us waiting, they came straight from the station to my house, without going to their hotel to change. Captain Baumann was dressed in a large checked tweed suit, and they all made apologies. I remarked that travellers could not be expected to take dress clothes about with them, and he replied with feeling, "Ah! but we have brought dose tings mid us, and *dat* is de bodder."

We eventually built several steamers for this Drontheim Company, and the transactions were always pleasant, even if not very profitable. These first two steamers were delivered considerably after the contract date of delivery, and the Norwegians were very indulgent to us. One cause of the delay was the introduction of piece work, which Christie was unwilling to adopt in our yard, but after this he gave way on the point.

In the year 1865 we laid down a steamer on stock, of a

type of which we had built several with marked success, a 1865
sort of superior collier. She was 200 feet long on the water line, 28 feet beam, and 17 feet moulded depth. Nominal horse power 90, and carrying 850 tons dead weight. When she was approaching completion, a broker called Robert James Brown called, accompanied by two gentlemen representing the Government of Bolivia in South America. I had heard of Brown before. He was called in Sunderland "Gentleman Brown," and he certainly had very winning manners. It is recorded of him that he once walked down the High Street of Sunderland arm in arm with two shipowners, and during the walk of a few hundred yards, he bought a vessel from one and sold it to the other at a profit, without either of his companions being aware of what he was doing.

The representatives of the Bolivian Government agreed to buy the steamer, and Messrs Robinson & Fleming, a firm of very high standing in London, agreed to accept our drafts at short dates in payments. Also we were to fit up the steamer, which was to be called the *Bolivar*, with quarters for officers and crew, and all that was necessary to make her a patrol steamer. I think there was even a cannon or two to be mounted on the deck.

When in January 1866 the steamer was launched, Robinson & Fleming declined to accept further drafts. I went up to see them, and Mr. John Fleming explained that they foresaw bad money times ahead, and did not wish to put their names to any more paper. Joseph Watson took legal proceedings on our behalf, whereupon Robinson & Fleming appealed to the Court of Chancery, and finally, we took the deposit and sold the *Bolivar* to James Hunter of North Shields. We took a large interest in her ourselves, and I induced my mother and sister Anna to take a share, and we

1866 all expected to have entered into a profitable venture. The reverse, however, proved to be the case, and I was much mortified to have misled my mother and Anna. They refused to allow me to make up the loss, and ever after I avoided, as far as possible, the mixing of business affairs with family or personal friendships.

In May 1866 the financial crisis foreseen by John Fleming came upon us, and reached its culminating point on what was called "Black Friday." The wildest funk prevailed in the city, and a man with ready cash and with nerve might have made enormous sums. The great Quaker house of Overend, Gurney & Co. went down, but Robinson & Fleming weathered the storm. The minimum discount rate of the Bank of England was raised to 10 per cent., and the Bank Charter Act was suspended, that is to say, the Bank of England had permission to issue notes without having gold to represent them.

It must have been in the month of April that I went to London to see about building two steamers for the Greek and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. I saw the managing director, Mr. Stephanos Xenos, and found him quite disposed to accept our tender, provided we would take his terms of payment. In fact, he was so ready to agree that I had very grave doubts about the position of the company, even although the references (bankers) had been satisfactory. I went therefore to see Mr. Barnett, of Barnett, Hoare & Co., who shook his head and said he did not like these Greeks, but he invited me to return after lunch, when he told me he felt he had given me a wrong impression, that his friends over the way (he moved his head towards Overend, Gurney & Co.'s.) had told him that the firm in question were doing an excellent business, and so forth. This did not fully satisfy me, and I wrote to Christie, asking him to

John Wigham Richardson.
1866.

telegraph me his views in the morning. The reply was characteristic: "Follow your instinct." I therefore called and made excuses. Mr. Xenos seemed in no way surprised, and no wonder, for two days afterwards he and his company stopped payment. He wrote an interesting work called "The Depredations of Overend, Gurney & Co." If it be not a true history of the events, it is at any rate "his story." I often tried to get a copy of this work, but in vain, until thirty years later I called upon Mr. Xenos in Athens, and he gave me his own (only) copy. It is now in my library. 1866

The bank rate has not again been so high as 10 per cent. since 1866; in fact, in the Baring crisis it went down to 2 per cent., and it shows how little people who are immersed in business care to fathom the theoretical deeps around them, that I have never met a banker who had troubled himself to consider the cause. And on this subject the anecdote about the original Rothschild (so often and better told) may be cited. When asked how he had made his fortune, he replied, "Just by obliging my friends. You see, at one time all my friends seem to want to buy the stocks and shares which I have, and so, just to oblige them, I sell them at a price. Then, I don't know why, but a time comes when they all wish to sell, all of them, and, just to oblige them, I buy at a price."

This sheep-like action of humanity is the main cause of a crisis. So long as all are in the mood of buying, the value of articles must go up, and if a man finds that what he bought yesterday commands a higher price to-day, he is cheerful and satisfied. A time comes, however, when the tide turns and prices begin to fall, and then every one who intends to sell, hastens to do so before it is too late. The *sauve qui peut* causes a panic. Those who had been accustomed to borrow easily can no longer do so. Depositors withdraw their money

1866 from the banks, and the commercial crisis becomes a financial crisis.

Prior to 1866 bankers, as explained in Walter Bagehot's book, "Lombard Street," had been in the habit of advancing money by discounting bills. This was held to be a great improvement upon the old system of advancing upon personal security, or even upon real securities, because, in time of pressure, a banker could always re-discount good bills at the Bank of England. Thus he had securities which were liquid. The very simplicity of the system of bills led, however, to abuses, so that after 1866, and still more after 1875, the whole system of inland bills of exchange became profoundly modified. The Limited Liability Act made it comparatively easy for private firms to raise capital, and so it came about that cash transactions began to be the rule rather then the exception. If in the City of London, whether on the Stock Exchange or in Mincing Lane, loans are now made, it is usually on a deposit of actual securities, *i.e.*, shares or dock warrants, and a system has grown up by which the daily value is checked. I need not go into this, however; but it will be asked, where, then, are the bills for which the Bank of England fixes a minimum rate of discount? The answer is that they now (1904) are mainly bills of exchange for the facilitating of foreign banking transactions, or else they are bills drawn abroad for the payment of produce sent to England. Now, as regards these latter, it is evident that, if foreign merchants see prices falling in London, they may hesitate to send over the usual quantity of produce, and also the price of what they do send will be lower, so that, at a time of crisis nowadays, instead of the supply of bills for discount being increased, it is positively lessened. Thus, as said before, in the Baring crisis, the Bank of England minimum bank rate, instead of rising, fell to 2 per cent.

It may be of further interest to consider whether special 1866
reasons may be causing a fall in prices. That there must in the nature of things be ups and downs is self-evident; it is the swing backwards and forwards of the pendulum. Still, however, there may be special causes which are not always considered. Among these must, I think, be reckoned the question of the currency. The crisis in 1866 was undoubtedly hastened by the crisis in America, and many good judges think that the American crisis was hastened by the movement to resume cash payments and to bring the note circulation to par. Similar views have been held in reference to the resumption of cash payments in England about the year 1820, and a like result has been ascribed to the appreciation of gold in the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Further, it certainly seemed to me that some of the economic troubles of Italy were due to the bringing of the notes to par. In fact, if it be conceded that the inflating of a currency causes a rise in prices, can it be denied that a contraction of the circulating medium must cause a fall ?

In June 1866 war was declared by Prussia against Hanover, Electoral Hesse and Saxony, and by Italy against Austria. The history of this war and of the causes which led up to it have been admirably told by Col. H. M. Hozier (afterwards Sir Henry Hozier), who also in the same volume summarizes its results in the war of 1870-1871 against France. A student who wishes to understand the various phases of the series of events which led to the abolition of the old German Confederation and the founding of the Empire (Reich), as we know it at present, will find few more instructive volumes than Hozier's. In 1866 every German ardently longed for unity, but as to the means of attaining

1866 it there was an infinite variety of opinion. Under such circumstances a resolute minority, which is ready to appeal to force, generally can get its own way. That is to say, when a nation is fairly unanimous as to the object and end, it will follow the lead of a resolute minority, even although disapproving the methods. This is especially true when those methods mean force as opposed to argument. It is only by realising this truth that we can explain the acquiescence of the French nation in the frightful excesses of the Jacobins. The leader of the minority in Germany, if not himself *the* minority, was Bismarck. He was a man of iron resolution. He scoffed at the German professors. He shortly said that the unification of Germany could only be attained through *blood and iron.* There was no one in those days who more filled the popular imagination.

In the year after the Danish War, Bismarck moved for a reform of the German Diet. He proposed that its members should be elected by universal suffrage, one member to each 100,000 voters, whereas it had been a sort of congress of ambassadors from the different small states. By this move he got on the side of the popular element, while the princes, the aristocracy, and the official classes in the smaller states were against him. Do we not seem to be taken back to the times of Julius Cæsar and the Roman Senate? It may be interesting in these days of short memories to recall the rapid sequence of events.

On the 14th. of June 1866, the Austrian Government succeeded in carrying a motion in the Diet for a Federal execution against Prussia. This was tantamount to a declaration of war against that power. On the very next day, *i.e.*, the 15th. of June 1866, Prussia sent word to Hanover, Saxony and Hesse that, if those three powers did not within twelve hours agree to take certain specified measures equivalent to withdrawing

from the Confederation, Prussia would declare war against them. The three powers naturally hesitated, and their territories were immediately invaded by the Prussian troops. Five days later, Italy declared war against Austria. When Prussia had once started, there was no hesitation. Blow followed blow. 1866

Having made these political arrangements, the Prussians moved the whole of their army, including the troops in the Rhine province, to the frontiers of Saxony and Bohemia, leaving to the *Landwehr* regiments the task of fighting the forces of the Confederation. As stated above, no time was lost, the Austrian troops withdrew hurriedly from Holstein, the Hanoverians were so slow that the greater part of their artillery and munitions of war were captured, and they finally had to surrender after fighting (and winning) the battle of Langensalza, a small town about a dozen miles north of Gotha. But it was the main army which decided the campaign. The army of Prince Friedrich Karl occupied Saxony without a blow, and the Saxon army retreated southward and joined the Austrian forces. A fortnight after the occupation of Saxony the decisive battle of Königgrätz was won, and the movements of the Prussians will always be a theme for the strategist. They were a wonderful combination of intelligence, order and discipline. The army was a huge machine, which, when set going, worked at once perfectly and almost without a hitch.

In Italy the Italians under La Marmora, of Crimean fame, had been badly beaten at Custozza by the Archduke Albrecht. Before the end of July the Prussian armies were in front of Vienna and a truce was arranged, and under Bismarck's skilful arrangement, peace (the Treaty of Prague) was made a month later. The terms were very simple, being practically that Austria should retire from the German

1866 Confederation, and offer no objection to the formation of the North German Confederation, which may be said to have included all Germany north of the River Main. Also Prussia annexed Hanover and Schleswig Holstein, and Bismarck was careful to specify that her title thereto was by *droit de conquête*.

On the 20th. of July the Austrian Admiral, Tegethoff, with a very inferior fleet, defeated the Italians under Persano at the battle of Lissa in the Adriatic, on the Dalmatian coast, south-east of Ancona. There is a vivid account of the engagement in H. W. Wilson's work "Ironclads in Action." The double defeat of their army at Custozza and of their fleet at Lissa was a severe blow to the Italians, a nation which had been loudly proclaiming that it would achieve its independence without external aid. "*L'Italia farà da se*" was the current phrase in those days. Persano was accused of incapacity, and even of personal cowardice, and dismissed from the service and degraded.

I am writing these lines in the summer of 1904, when the world has been startled by the successes of the Japanese. My country has had one more lesson. Those only who look ahead and prepare for every eventuality can expect success in great enterprises. I do think, however, that England has at last wakened up to the necessity of arming her troops with the very best weapons, but it must not be forgotten that the needle gun was known to the authorities, many years before the Seven Weeks' War.

While I am writing, the discussion of Joseph Chamberlain's fiscal proposals is also going on, which seem to recall what I myself said in my speech in 1887 to the foremen engineers, and now, after so many years, I am more than ever convinced that my fellow countrymen will not fail to rise to the level of their destinies nor hesitate to consolidate their empire.

By so doing they will more and more attain the position 1866
of security, so long occupied by the United States. By such a security I mean the security which does not depend so much upon armaments as upon the consciousness of an irresistible force behind. During the nineteenth century, the United States may be said, except during the Civil War, to have had neither an army nor a fleet, and yet no power in the world cared to quarrel with them. . . .

"... Non illi quisquam se impune tulisset
Obvius armato."

"No man scatheless would have stood against him in battle."
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 880, 881.

M. H. R. AT ZERMATT.
14th. September 1873.

CHAPTER VII.

Removal to Wingrove House, 1866—Business Depression and Revival —Government Contracts and Inspectors—Pamphlet criticizing Lloyds' Register—Berlin and Professor Ernst Curtius—Franco-Prussian War, 1870-1 — Theodore Merz — Death of Jane Richardson, 1873.

1866 It was in the autumn of 1866 that, coming up from Walker, I met in the train Henry Proctor (son of the late Joseph Proctor of Willington ghost fame), and he remarked that he had been to see a house at the west end of Newcastle, Wingrove House, but that it was too small for their family, not having sufficient bedrooms. I had always admired the house. When we were children our nursemaid used to be told to take us a walk as far as the weathercock, which surmounted the lodge at the south end of the stable buildings. I inquired the address of the agent, and found he was Mr. Joseph Anderson, solicitor, whose offices were in Neville Court, now the Mining Institute. I went round at once on leaving the station, and presently arranged that he should not let the house without first communicating with me. Then I took up my brother George to see it, and he was delighted with the stable yard and said "Well, Jack, it is a gentleman's house all over."

We removed from Rye Hill in the autumn, and the first night there was a howling storm of wind, the sound of which roared down the big chimneys. Philip (born January 1865), was a little boy not two years old, and he

Wingrove House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Entrance : South front.

repeated after me—" Jolly wind ! Jolly wind ! " but both 1868
Marian and I had a sense of depression.

I may say that an uncle of lawyer Anderson built the house, it was said with his own hands, and that he was fourteen years (1838-1852), in building it. He was the Major Anderson who gave the bell called " The Major " to St. Nicholas' Church. The story goes that he built the lodge first, and laid down in it a stock of port wine. He would then drive up in a cab after breakfast at about 9 o'clock, and donning an apron, used to clip stones until 11.30 or 12 o'clock. Then he would produce a packet of sandwiches, and open a bottle of port, and drink two glasses, and then walk down into Newcastle. He never inquired about the remainder of the bottle, and the mason and labourer whom he employed did not do much more work that day !

We lived thirty-six years at Wingrove. We had our share of trials, but it was a time of much happiness and many blessings, and I think all my children remember the house with affection.

After 1866 a prolonged commercial depression came over the country. There was so little work at Walker that grass grew in the ship-yard, and the cartman requested permission to reap the hay ! Christie was so upset that he went home for the day. If it had not been for the kind support of our bankers, and especially of John William Pease, I think we should have lost heart and thrown up the sponge.

In the spring of 1868 I caught a severe cold and suffered from such depression that Marian asked her brother-in-law, Edwin Waterhouse, our auditor, to come down. He looked into our books, and said he only wished all his clients were equally solvent ! Such a report did me more good than any amount of doctoring.

Finally, I went to Ben Rhydding where Dr. M'Leod

1868 reckoned to cure asthma by putting the patient into a sort of boiler, in which the air was raised to a pressure of 8 lbs. per square inch above the atmosphere. The operation cured the asthma immediately, but then, unfortunately, the doctor proposed a course of the water cure, and promised to make me as strong as a little pony. As a matter of fact, he nearly killed me, and I stayed there five weeks before I was well enough to move. I was supposed to be a literary man because I was much in the house, and was busy reading the four large volumes of Von Sybel's "History of the French Revolution," a work which deserves to be better known. Some interesting people were there, among them Benzon the father of the Jubilee Plunger. He was a very peculiar-looking man, but very talented and an able talker. One of the ladies once met him in the grounds and took him for a wandering lunatic, and, running off with a wild shriek, almost tumbled into my arms. One part of the time I sat at table next to Captain Lawley, brother of Lord Wenlock of Escrick Park near York. To him came for a day's rest his brother Frank, who had had a chequered career although only a young man. He had been private secretary to Gladstone, but was asked to resign because he was found to be operating on the Stock Exchange. That was when Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Young Lawley then turned up in Dublin, but I know not in what capacity, and was in some way connected with exposing the "reindeer" affair. That was when an officer had made a bet that the word "reindeer" was spelt with an "a" and had then arranged that they should refer to Johnson's Dictionary, knowing beforehand that it was spelt so in that book. Subsequently the same officer was accused of cheating at cards, and young Lawley undertook to prove it. He watched till the officer had his hand over a card, and with a sudden

stab of his penknife he pinned the hand and the card on to the table top. There was no end of a fuss, and Lawley, to get out of the way, went to the Southern States as war correspondent of *The Times*. In that capacity he had some wild adventures and strange experiences. I could not manage, however, to draw him out. He maintained a strict, though polite, reserve. I think he afterwards married a daughter of the Court Chaplain to the King of Saxony and died without issue. 1868

Another inmate was Miss Rhoda Broughton, the novelist. She had just written a romance called "Cometh up as a Flower," which had had some success. The day on which she left she marched into the smoking-room with an old silver watch in her hand—a veritable turnip. She said simply—"I have no money with which to pay my bill. Will any gentleman here give me £20 for this watch?"

"Certainly," said an old gentleman, a wealthy woollen spinner from Bradford, and, taking out his pocket-book, he counted down four £5 notes.

"Thank you," said Miss Broughton.

"Not at all," said he.

She bowed and went out, looking quite relieved!

There was a dear clergyman named Andrews, from the neighbourhood of Peterborough, who in the absence of his wife never succeeded in lacing his boots. He repeated a translation made by a friend of his of *Die Ideale* of Schiller, remarking how different it was in sentiment from that of King Solomon: "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv. 18).[1] He would not give me a copy, nor would

[1] *Cf.* Schiller's lines:—

"Kaum warf noch einen bleichen Schimmer
Die Hoffnung auf den finsteren Weg."

1868 he repeat it a second time. This induced me to try my own hand on a translation with but indifferent success. The attempt made me familiar however with one of the best known poems in the German language.

During all this time the letters from Christie were most depressing. Indeed, if it had not been for my wife coming to cheer me up, I hardly know what I should have done. Finally, when she had returned to look after the children, I wrote to Christie that if there was any inquiry from any quarter, I should prefer to go and see after it, rather than to return home and listen to his Jeremiads.

He replied that the only inquiry was one from Bremerhaven for a footy (*sic*) little tug steamer. I got this letter on a Saturday morning, and, seeing that there was a steamer that evening from Hull direct to Bremerhaven, I went across and not only secured the order for the tug (the *Diana*), but sold a small twin-screw boat (the *Magnet*), which we had built in conjunction with the Sunderland Engine Works, then managed by John Frederick Spencer. She had been intended for a hydraulic propeller, but Spencer had so miscalculated the weights that she would have sunk at her moorings. In these circumstances, it seemed best to convert her into a screw steamer. From Bremerhaven I went to Paris, but could do nothing there and I returned to London. Going down Ludgate Hill, I came across Captain Durham, who said—" Richardson ! The very man I wanted to meet." He added that he wanted two steamers, but couldn't stop to talk as he had to catch his train to Herne Bay, where he lived. I naturally offered to go with him, and after a high tea we set to work to figure out what was wanted. All these calculations were made on the backs of old envelopes which I had in my pocket. I finally settled the matter with him and caught the night train back to

London, and it was not until the first keel was laid, and we had applied for a payment on account from the London agents of Apcar & Co., that we thought of a written contract! I think I also fell in with a Norwegian in London who gave me an order for a small steamer, thus making orders for five months in all. Thus the darkest hour was just before the dawn, and business continued pretty good until the crisis of the seventies, broken only by the memorable "nine hours" strike of 1871. 1868

In the autumn there was the General Election (November 1868), which put Mr. Gladstone at the head of the State for six years. The members elected were 393 Liberals; 265 Conservatives: majority 128. This was I think the last election before the passing of the Ballot Act, which act, although opposed by the Conservatives, had the unexpected effect of putting them in power. It is, however, a trite observation that the effect of a new law is seldom that which either its supporters or opponents expected. Another effect, however, which was hoped for and expected, it did achieve —at least, it achieved it when assisted by other measures. I mean the abolition of bribery at elections. The election of 1868 was the last where corruption was practised on any large scale. The various candidates were, I think, officially declared to have expended £3,000,000. That means some £4,000 to £5,000, on the average, apiece. Many judges said that the expenditure must have been very much higher. The system was as bad as bad could be. I believe that some of the county families of Northumberland are still crippled from the lavish expenditure in contests for a seat in those times in Parliament. The expenditure for a seat in those times would run up to many tens of thousands. One very bad result in those days was that a member of Parliament after such an expenditure would look for some *quid pro*

1868 *quo*, and this *quid pro quo* may be summed up in the word "patronage."

The evils and the immorality of bribery were sufficiently descanted on in those days, and not only then but long before. One of the most striking scenes in the play, the "Man of the World," is founded on this evil system. Orators would often point out that it was as wrong to give as to receive a bribe, and yet, so far as I was able to judge, no gentleman ever suffered in the estimation of his neighbours, or of the public, from the fact that he had gained his seat by lavishly bribing the electors. His neighbours might be sorry for him because he had encumbered his estate, they might call him foolish and deficient in prudence—and that was all!

These reflections lead me back to the title I thought of giving to this little memoir: "The Reminiscences of a Rascally Contractor." For forty of the best years of my life I have been a contractor, and I have, I hope, tried to do my duty. More than that, I have had to do with all kinds of contractors, and, with hardly an exception, it has seemed to me that every man with whom I have had business relations was always sincerely desirous of doing what was right. And yet, it cannot be denied that the general public have a very different conception of the character of a "contractor." The image rises up of the man who supplies boots with brown paper soles to an army and acquires an enormous fortune at the expense of the lives of his country's defenders! That such cases have occurred and do occur, cannot indeed be denied. That they are more frequent with government contractors than with others, is only what is to be expected. But let us be reasonable. Let us take the case of the brown paper soles, and inquire whether the head of the department could distinguish a good sole from a bad one. Was he an expert who could tell at a glance the quality

of leather? Had he in fact that knowledge which enables 1868
a farmer to say, when first a field begins to grow green, whether it will be wheat or barley? Was he not more probably an old officer, of merit and *emeritus*, whose recommendation to the post was rather the desire to acknowledge his past services than any belief in his special fitness for the office?

Again, it is probable that the Government advertised for tenders. Was any care taken to ascertain the standing in the trade of those who sent in tenders? Was it made clear whether they were manufacturers themselves or only middlemen? Above all, were all tenders rejected which were manifestly too low in price for a good article? The answer to all these questions would be very dubious indeed, and, as regards an adequate price, I was once told many years ago by an extensive manufacturer that our government was at that time paying for boots less than what the material alone, if of good quality, would cost without any labour or profit whatever.

The late Charles Wilson of Shotley Park and Sunderland used to remark that, during his life, he had observed that many people would complain of having been cheated; whereas, what really had happened to them was, that they had neglected to look after their own affairs.

I once said to my old neighbour, Thomas Hepple, the tug-boat builder, that I thought most people were fairly honest.

"Yes," he replied, "if you keep them so."

I will now give a few instances which came under my own observation towards the end of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, which will show how difficult it is for any government to carry out its multifarious operations with as much fairness as a private firm.

A young man started as a cloth manufacturer at Bradford. He tendered to supply the government with a large quantity of blue cloth for the navy. In the process of weaving the cloth, it was accidentally made three-eighths of an inch too narrow, and for this cause it was rejected by the government agents. He offered to make almost any reduction in price, but after weary delays all his proposals were declined. There was no other market for the special quality of cloth, and finally the young manufacturer had to call his creditors together, and the cloth was sold by auction. A middleman bought it at a very low rate, and *he* sold it to the government without difficulty!

The superintendent of the Stores Department at Portsmouth Dockyard called once upon a friend of mine who manufactured white and red lead and asked him why his firm never supplied lead to the British Government. The manufacturer called for the catalogue of the firms who at that time were on the Government supply list and almost snorted out—"There! Do you ask me the reason? There are some two dozen firms, and only two are actual manufacturers and very small manufacturers at that. All the rest are dealers or middlemen, and you, the head of your department, you come and ask me the reason!"

"Well, sir, if I invite you to tender next time, will you oblige me by doing so?" But he could not be brought to say more than that he would consider when the time arrived. In due time his firm were asked to send samples and prices. They complied and received an order which was duly executed. By and by the following sort of correspondence took place.

From the Stores Department, Portsmouth:

"We regret to have to inform you that the red lead which

you sent to us does not appear to be up to sample and we shall be glad if you will send someone to see us about it."

Reply:

"We are sorry to learn that the red lead is not up to sample. Please return it at once and we will replace it and pay carriage both ways."

Two months later, he received another letter, stating that a great part of the red lead was, after all, found to be up to sample, and again inviting some one to call. He again requested that the lead might be returned, but still with a like result. At last he indignantly wrote to the superintendent and said he would send the correspondence to *The Times*. The superintendent begged him not to do so, admitted that there was an appearance of irregularity, and said he would treat the matter departmentally. He wrote back that he would send the correspondence to *The Times*, unless he received a letter from the Lords of the Admiralty themselves, requesting him not to do so. He got such a letter as he asked for by return of post, *signed by the three Lords of the Admiralty*. Of course these gentlemen did not know what they were signing.

It may be held that my friend was aggressive, and wanting in the *suaviter in modo*. Indeed, he might very well have assisted the superintendent to get to the bottom of an abuse—the abuse of tipping—and it is only too true that few walks of life are free from it in one form or other. But if the "rascally contractor" finds it necessary to grease the wheels, let those who condemn him consider what they themselves do in the same direction, say, when they are travelling, for example!

It was about this time that the government commenced

to build war ships by contract. A paper was being read, I remember, at a meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects, and it was mentioned incidentally that the current price for ship plates was £9 a ton, whereas plates for the Admiralty were £19 a ton. Upon this, Admiral the Earl of Lauderdale remarked that, if the dearer plates might be called " shipbuilding " plates, he supposed that the cheaper ones might be called " shipsinking " plates.

This led me to explain to the meeting the reason for the difference in price. All *Admiralty* plates were required to withstand a certain strain when tested with the grain, and two tons per square inch less across the grain. The manufacturer was required to roll thirteen plates to the dozen, and these thirteen plates were all laid out and left ten days for inspection. They then had to be turned over and left another ten days for the inspection of the other side. Any surface flaw involved the condemnation of the plate to the scrap heap. The next step was now taken. The inspector chose one out of the thirteen plates, and the maker was required to cut it into strips—so many with the grain and so many across the grain. Each strip was then tested, and, if a single one failed, every one of the dozen plates was condemned. I perhaps should add that all this testing was done at the cost of the maker. When I entered the hall of the Institution, an orange seller was saying, " Oranges, fine oranges, sir, three a penny." If the good woman had been called upon to submit her basket to any such system of testing, could she have afforded to sell them, not at three a penny, but even at three pence a piece ?

The above remarks were not much listened to. The atmosphere was not congenial, and it was not until my colleague Sir William H. White, who had had experience as the manager of a contractor's shipyard, was appointed

chief constructor, that a more common-sense course was pursued.

But to follow the history of the much-tested plates. When the Palmer Company at Jarrow were building H.M.S. *Jumna*, and when she was ready for launching, one of the inspectors discovered what he called a flaw in one of the plates, and directed it to be removed. The contractors protested that it was a mere surface defect, that the plate could not be removed without tearing down the cabins, that it would delay the launch for a whole month, and so forth. All was of no avail. The contractors were put to a large expense for the whim of an inspector, and to the inconvenience of having to wait a whole month for the payment of the launching instalment, which, I think, was some £40,000. Finally the hapless *Jumna* was finished and a captain was appointed, who, when she was ready to sail, received a letter from the Admiralty saying that the rigging of one of H.M. ships had given way, and instructing him to satisfy himself that the *Jumna's* rigging was all right. The captain accordingly demanded that the rigging should all be taken down and tested. The *Jumna* was barque-rigged, and at last with difficulty the captain was persuaded to choose one of the three masts, and, if *its* rigging withstood the tests, he would be satisfied to pass the other two.

The managers of the Palmer Company now thought their troubles were ended, and, by way of finishing up pleasantly, they gave a ball on board to the officers. This caused a further delay, because one of the inspectors the next morning reported, that the floor cloth of the saloon had been so much worn by dancing that it could not be accepted, and new flooring cloth had to be supplied!

It may be said that such a narration does not prove much, nothing beyond the proverbial fantastic tricks of those

who are dressed in a little brief authority. But it ought also to show that if an evil exists the fault is hardly ever all on one side. Nor can it be said that the inspection as above related improved the quality of the article. The replaced plate could not be such a good job as the original one, and the testing of the rigging was even more injurious. The experience during the last ten years (1894-1904), of contractors building for the Russian Government has been very similar, so much so, that in quoting for forgings, it was not unusual to find the makers specially stipulating that their price and conditions would not apply, if the forgings were for the Russian Government. And yet in the recent Japanese War, it does not appear that the Russian war ships have any particular excellence !

In England in the seventies, the inspectors were largely officials from the government dockyards. They were thus, like all such men, in fear of the censure of their superiors, they were full of the prejudices of what we used to call " old carpenters," and they, more or less, disliked the idea of ships being built outside at all, and there was probably some ground for saying that some of them condemned work in a contractor's yard which they would, as builders themselves, have passed in their own dockyard.

There was a firm of builders in Sunderland, in those days, who were building a gun-boat for the government ; and when she was launched they towed her into the north dock and left her there, writing to the Admiralty that they had already lost heavily on the contract, and could not afford to lose any more money. Nothing could move them from this position, and at last the Admiralty towed her up to Chatham and finished her there.

The rage for inspection at this time communicated itself to the Board of Trade, and I was one of the deputation to

remonstrate. Sir Charles M. Palmer was the spokesman. My late friend, Thomas Gray, the assistant secretary, in replying stated, naïvely enough, that in his view, a Board of Trade surveyor ought to be satisfied in his own mind that a steamer was safe in all respects for the conveyance of passengers, and that his judgment should not be fettered by rules or regulations. Some one upon this exclaimed—"What? No byelaws?"

Some one else called out—"What, after all, *is* a Board of Trade surveyor?"

What possessed me, I know not, but I said—"A Board of Trade surveyor is the superlative degree in grammar." I was promptly called upon to explain myself, and I said, and often afterwards I rued having said it, that I had observed that a man would start in an engineering business on his own account. That was the "positive degree." Then when, through ill luck or a want of ability or from inattention to his affairs, he did not succeed, he became a consulting engineer—that is to say, not having been successful in his own business he undertook to advise other people on theirs. This state might be called the "comparative degree." If he failed as a consulting engineer, he took refuge in the Board of Trade and became one of their surveyors, which was the "superlative degree."

The joke, at that time, had too much truth in it not to leave a sting, for which I think my firm was made to suffer, but I had the good fortune to secure the goodwill, and indeed the friendship, of Thomas Gray in the following manner. He, (Thomas Gray), had come to Newcastle with the President to see the working, at Tynemouth, of the rocket life-saving apparatus, and he stayed the night at North Elswick Hall with my next door neighbour, Henry Milvain. The President of the Board of Trade was staying at the Station Hotel,

and was to go down to the sea coast by the 9.45 A.M. express. Milvain, accordingly, told his coachman the night before that the carriage would be wanted at 9 o'clock, and that he was to see that his horses were all right, shoes in order, and so forth. The old coachman mistook the directions, and imagined that he was to be ready at 9 P.M., and when he was sent for in the morning he had taken his horses to the shoeing forge. It so happened that I had not gone down early to business that morning and when Milvain came to ask if I could help, I said, certainly, that I could drive him down. When, however, I went into the stableyard, I found that my man was whitewashing the stable, and it was evidently impossible for him to get ready in the few minutes at our disposal, so I told him that I would help him to harness the horse and that I would drive Mr. Gray down to the station myself.

Upon this, old Roseboro the gardener came to help, and then putting on an old blue cloak which he had, dating from Waterloo like Col. Dobbin's old cloak in "Vanity Fair," *das hatt' manchen Sturm erlebt*, he mounted the box.

"Now, Roseboro," said I, "we *must* catch the train."

He turned round and said with a grin—"Never fear, maister," and, lashing the horse, he took us right down Westgate Hill at a hand gallop. How it was we were not stopped for furious driving I know not, but Thomas Gray was delighted.

This Roseboro was the man whom I once set to bottle a cask of Chambertin and who being found to have refreshed himself liberally, said to me—

"I was thinking, maister, all day long on the words in Holy Writ—'Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox which treadeth out the corn'"!

Inspectors in those days seemed to expect gratuities,

much as gamekeepers do today. Nor were they backward in giving hints. A favourite plan was to borrow say £50 or more, and forget to repay it. The government did its very best to put down all corruption, and the late Mr. Baxter of Dundee was especially successful in his efforts. It was said that he called in the services of the detective police force. Moreover an act was passed, whereby anyone offering a bribe to any of Her Majesty's officers was liable to two years' imprisonment. The effect of this law was excellent. One instance of its beneficent working impressed me very much, and has made me wonder why its application has not been extended, and why its protective provisions should not apply to a subject as well as to the government. The circumstances which I am about to relate are on the authority of the sufferer himself, a broker for the sale of ships, whom I will call X. The Council of Bengal required for its service a small steamer and they requested the Admiralty in London to procure one. The Admiralty put an advertisement in the papers, and X. submitted a steamer being built at Kirkcaldy.

The Admiralty inspector went to see the vessel, but did not consider that he could report it as fulfilling the requirements of the Bengal Council and told the builders so. They were, as it turned out, in a very tight corner, and they told X. he was to offer the inspector £500, if he would so report that their steamer might be accepted. I can imagine that X. not only thought he was justified in doing this, but that it was his duty towards his clients to do it. At any rate, he made the proposal to the inspector, who inquired if X. was really authorized by the builders to pay him such a sum, and being assured that this was the case, said that the matter required consideration.

Two or three weeks after these occurrences X. received

a letter from the solicitors to the Treasury, stating that they were instructed to proceed against him, inasmuch as they had evidence that he had been guilty of offering a bribe to one of Her Majesty's officers. X. forthwith went to see his own solicitors, who gave him the cheerful advice that there appeared to be no defence, and that the minimum punishment was two years' imprisonment.

The upshot of the affair was that X. was required to sign a confession and to consent to the same being published, that is, advertized, in *The Times* and in two other papers at his expense, with a promise never to offend again. This having been done, the matter was allowed to drop, and X. never heard anything more of it, but the incident was well known and discussed in shipping circles, and its significance was not lost.

It was in 1874 that I published a pamphlet, which was a severe criticism on Lloyds' Register of Shipping. Christie was much alarmed, and was sure that our firm would suffer. As a matter of fact, Lloyds felt the sting, and one of their surveyors, the late Robert J. Reed, brother of Sir Edward Reed, and uncle therefore of the *Punch* artist, was commissioned to write a reply, and a very clever and biting reply it was. It was published anonymously, and very largely circulated all over the world. It was a gratuitous advertisement for me of very great value. It commenced thus: "Mr. Wigham Richardson is a very eminent shipbuilder, but," etc. . . . I certainly did not at that time, nor for the matter of that at any time, imagine myself to be very eminent!

One afternoon R. J. Reed called on me, accompanied by a friend, and said, in his jolly way: "Now, Mr. Richardson, my friend and I wanted a glass of wine, and I told him we

could not go wrong if we came to this shop. I know the quality of your champagne." Taking in the situation, I told him that, unfortunately, I had to go to Newcastle, but that the porter would serve them, if they would excuse me and kindly make use of my room. I afterwards heard that they got into a train for North Shields, and in it met our banker, Robert Spence, who remarked to R. J. Reed on the cheerfulness of himself and his friend. " Can you doubt it ? " as the reply ; " we have been having a glass of wine with Mr. Wigham Richardson ! " The porter had served two bottles of champagne !

Teetotalers are fond of instancing the evil effects of business under the influence of liquor, but it perhaps cuts both ways. When Christie got into a corner he usually applied to me, and on one occasion, when a steamer was sailing in the morning to Russia, he found that the permit from the Russian Consulate in London had not been obtained, and asked me if I could not see the vice-consul in Newcastle, a gentleman called Smith, who was a wine merchant in the Broad Chare, and try what could be done. I accordingly went up and called on Mr. Smith, when I spoke to the following effect :—

" I have come, Mr. Smith, to talk to you about champagne. I have been once or twice seriously annoyed that the people who supply wine for trial trips, and such like, do not give us such wine as I should like to have. Could you oblige me by sending down to the shipyard, say, five dozen of the very best champagne which you have, and please send an invoice for prompt cash."

" Surely, Mr. Richardson, I will do so with great pleasure, and I am sure you will be satisfied. Is there anything else that I can do for you ? "

" No, thank you. Except—yes, there was a letter from

1868 my firm about some details, but I left it with the clerks outside, who are doubtless giving it their attention."

Mr. Smith upon this went through to the clerks' office, and came back at once, saying that it was only a permit and that it would be ready in a few minutes. These few minutes he devoted to selling me some cigarettes for trial trips.

The story has a sequel. At a subsequent date a Mr. Patton was giving Christie no end of trouble by presuming in his ignorance to lay down what ought to be the lines of a steamer which we were building for his company. They had debated the point for an hour and a half, when I went in and invited Mr. Patton to lunch, saying that Christie and he could resume their discussion afterwards. At lunch, I ordered some of Mr. Smith's champagne, and Mr. Patton took one glass but declined any more. When, however, I told him the history of the wine he took another glass, or even two, and then smoked a cigar, after which I pointed out to him that he would just have time to see Christie and settle the points at issue before catching his train.

"No," he said, "no: I have been thinking over what Mr. Christie was saying, and will you please tell him that I leave the question of the lines of the steamer entirely to his better judgment!"

Mr. Patton certainly came to a wise conclusion, but to what extent the excellent champagne influenced him, I leave to more experienced heads to decide.

We were frequently in Germany, my wife and I, in those years. Once in 1868, while I stayed at Alfons Oppenheim's my wife stayed with Frau Curtius. The dinner hour in Berlin in those days was half-past three, and, going along

one day to the Curtius', I met Professor C. on his doorstep, 1870
just getting into a drosky. He was going, he said, to the palace, having been invited, or summoned, to dine with the King. He returned in about two and a half hours and told me the following story:—

While at dinner a letter had come from Abeken, Queen Augusta's private secretary, describing a state dinner party which had just been given at the Tuileries by the Emperor Napoleon III. in honour of the Kronprinz (later the Kaiser Friedrich) and the Prinzess. There were about sixty guests, and most of the gentlemen were military. After the dinner was over, the Emperor made a little speech, saying how much they felt honoured by the presence of a daughter of the Queen of England, and that, in deference to an English custom, the ladies would retire to the drawing-room and have a little chat by themselves, while the gentlemen would console themselves as best they might with a cigar during their absence.

Upon this the Empress Eugénie smiled at her guest from Berlin, and all the ladies filed out. When the door was closed, a troop of actresses came in at the other end of the dining-room—a noisy, racketty crowd. Some quaffed wine, some smoked, some put their feet on the table, some sat on the knees of the gentlemen. For a minute or so Fritz watched the scene, and then, turning to the Emperor, he said: "Sire, shall we join the ladies?"

At this point in the reading of the letter, said Curtius, His Majesty put his hand on my shoulder and said: "My son got that from you, Curtius."

On another occasion, I think it was in the spring of 1870, I was travelling through Berlin, and I wrote the evening before some jingling lines to invite myself to supper with the Curtius' in the Bendler Strasse, which was then a quiet

1870 street across the Thiergarten from the Brandenburger Thor—

> Of all Berlin I love the best
> The gateway leading to the west;
> 'Tis there beneath the foliage green
> A pleasant pathway may be seen
> Straight to the Bendler Strasse.
> The Berlin ladies may be fair
> Her men be brave and debonair. . . .[1]

and so on—some verses of very poor stuff.

I took a drosky from the station, and in the Parizer Platz I saw a large house brilliantly lighted. When I asked the driver he said that it was the French Embassy, and that there was a state ball going on. I found that Frau Curtius was in bed with a sick headache, but I was invited to wait and take some supper, as the Professor and Dora would return presently. They soon came. They had been to the ball at the French Embassy, and Dora Curtius was quite excited because the great Bismarck had been talking to her. He had asked her how it was that there were not more members of the University present, and she explained that the professor of mathematics was giving an entertainment that same evening. "*Da schüttelte Bismarck seinen grossen Kopf und bemerkte, 'Ja? Überall findet man Particularismus.'*" This word *Particularismus* was a new word to me. The English equivalent, in the sense here used, is "parochialism." It was at a time when Bismarck was striving to centralize the North German Confederation, as he afterwards tried to bind closer and closer the different states of the Empire (Reich). It will be recollected that

[1] I recollect the Curtius' challenged that use of the word "debonair," and asked if it was an English word. I said it was used by Milton in *L'Allegro*. Dora Curtius wished to get their copy of Milton and find the passage, but I dissuaded her. This was just as well!

one of his methods was to persuade the Germans that pro- 1870
tective duties were necessary for their nascent industries, and by so doing he got from the Imperial Custom houses a revenue for Imperial purposes. He justly considered that this would be raised with less friction than by calling upon the industrial states for contributions. At the time I am now writing (1905), there is a great discussion going on about Free Trade *versus* Protection. I remember how eagerly I followed the discussion, or similar discussion, in Germany in the seventies. I was then entirely against protection, and did not consider their arguments could hold water for a minute. Well, Germany did adopt a protectionist tariff, and she has seen a wonderful industrial development. Is this a *propter hoc* or only a *post hoc?* Those who read these lines will be better able to judge than I am, but in any case the sense of security from foreign invasion and civil strife must have had an important effect upon German prosperity, whatever the fiscal policy might be.

I only once saw Bismarck. I was calling in the Wilhelmstrasse on Theodore Merz's cousin Franz v. Rottenburg (who died in 1907), and, as I was talking to him, he interrupted me, saying: "I thought you might like to see the Reichskanzler," and there was the great man walking in the garden of the Foreign office. It was raining and he wore a mackintosh, quite unbuttoned however, and a military cap. He had his huge Pomeranian dog with him and a stout stick in his hand. In every way a sort of a giant, huge and stout. So far as I recollect, the great men who have made their mark in the history of the world have not usually been tall of stature.

When the war broke out between France and Prussia my firm had been for some time in negotiation with Messrs.

1870 Valéry for the building of some steamers for the Algerian service. The striking and overwhelming successes of the Germans were not then anticipated, and, at any rate, I thought it better to go over to Paris even after war had been declared. I travelled at night *via* Dover and Calais. The train was full of Germans from London going to rejoin their regiments. It seemed an extraordinary thing, and what could not have happened in the days of the first Napoleon, that these men should be travelling through France by Lille and Brussels without let or hindrance. Nor did they in any way conceal their purpose or destination, but chaffed the poor French officials, who seemed quite cowed when they said they would soon be back but in very different guise.

Monsieur Valéry was quite ready to discuss the plans of the steamers, and told me that the war would be over in a few weeks, that the Emperor had prepared new machines, (he referred to the *mitrailleuses*), which would mow down the enemy like corn in the fields. I did not find the same confidence elsewhere in Paris.

On the walls everywhere was a proclamation of the Emperor in which he said: *J'amène mon fils à la guerre.* The word *amène* was in every case marked round by a pencil line to note the grammatical error. In effect Louis Napoleon, who was brought up at Baden by his aunt, the Grand Duchess Stéphanie, knew German better than any other language, and it is well known that the German language does not distinguish between " take " and " bring."

It will be remembered that the war was declared by France under the liberal ministry of Émile Olivier. When he first came into power, he wished to declare the liberty of the press, and a sort of compromise was made of a very strange kind. The newspaper censorship continued as before,

but anyone wishing to make known his views to the French 1870
people might, if he signed his name, paste bills (*affiches*), upon the walls, without submitting them to the censor. It may be imagined how the quick-witted Parisians took advantage of this. Now, Louis Napoleon although he had been at the head of the State for eighteen years, had never been admitted into good society in France. The aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, kept steadily aloof. He made constant efforts to break in, but never succeeded. Shortly before the war he had another idea. He invited the principal literary men to Compiègne. Only two of them accepted, namely, Edmond About and Sainte Beuve. In the evening, following the example of his uncle, he got up a game of blind man's buff. While the game was going on, he said to Sainte Beuve: "What is this that they are writing about me in Paris?" "*Sire*," was the reply, "*l'écriture est sur la muraille.*" These words were distinctly heard during a pause in the game, and, as the Germans say, an angel flew through the room.

I had a sort of adventure of a small kind myself. I went to the Comédie Française to see Alfred de Musset's play, *Il ne faut jurer de rien.* Surely it would be well for every young man to read or see this play where the author so finely draws the more animal passions of the man as compared with the unconsciousness of the girl. Now during the Second Empire the playing of the *Marseillaise* had been rigorously forbidden, but it was thought politic, when the war broke out, to allow it to be played. At the theatre, I had a word with a gentleman sitting next to me. At the conclusion of the first piece an actress came forward dressed in the traditional republican garb, with a Phrygian cap on her head, and sang with great *verve* the *Marseillaise* from beginning to end. The audience joined in the chorus,

1870 but not, as it seemed to me, very enthusiastically, and then everyone went out for a cup of coffee. I happened by chance in the café to sit next the gentleman beside whom I had sat in the theatre. I asked who it was who had sung the *Marseillaise*, remarking that it was not in the programme. "Oh! don't you know," he replied, "it was Mdlle. Hagar, the sister of the celebrated Mdme. Rachel"; and he continued: "*Mais n'était-il pas beau et magnifique?*"

"*Je n'en sais trop*," I replied, "*du sang de vos ennemis abreuver les sillons, me paraît un peu fort après dix-neuf siècles de Christianisme.*"

To my great surprize, I found that two fierce looking men were listening to me. One was smoking a cigar, and he growled out: "*C'est un Allemand. On reconnaît l'accent.*" I immediately jumped up, but found already some four or five others had been attracted to the scene. I made some remarks which, I fear, were still more injudicious, and it seemed to me that the aspect of the small ring in front of me grew more and more hostile. He with the cigar, who had called me a German, was especially fierce. I had a cigarette in my hand and asked him for a light. He handed me his cigar, and I took as long as I well could over the operation, lifted my hat, thanked him, and passed out of the café, very glad to be out of it. Had the incident occurred a week later, after the defeats at Forbach and Wörth, I feel convinced that I should not have been let off so cheaply.

It was in 1868 that a young man came over to call on me from the Tharsis Works on the other side of the Tyne, and sent in a card, "Mr. Theodore Merz," with a letter of introduction from Frau Curtius. I asked him to lunch on Sunday. We then lived at Wingrove House and, as he arrived a little early and we were out, the servant

invited him to walk into the garden. There, in the north-east corner, he saw the old tool-house, which was ornamented by some carved grotesques in stone, and jokingly affected to believe that it was the Quaker chapel with the gods on the sky line.

I do not think I had much talk with him on this occasion. He talked principally to his hostess, but from time to time we saw him and were much struck by his abilities. He was born in Manchester, where his father had established a notable school for higher education, having afterwards retired and resided in Darmstadt. During the troubles of 1848 they travelled to Basel in Switzerland, and it so happened that the murderers of Count Lichnoffski were escaping in the very steamer on board of which the Merz family were going to Mannheim (*vide* "Allison's History of Europe" from 1815 to 1852; vol. viii. p. 551, *i.e.* chapter liii. 66).

Theodore Merz, after his schooling, went first to Giessen and then to Göttingen, where he took his degree. He next went to Heidelberg, where it is on record that he bought a rifle from the firm of Von Erlach, whose manufactory was near to Thun, and that he used to practise at the targets with but medium success. The rifle itself was afterwards given to the astronomer Klinkerfuess. A daughter of this Von Erlach married Professor Ernst Curtius' son Friedrich, who was Kreisdirektor at Thann, Elsass, and subsequent president of the Consistorium, Strassburg.

From Heidelberg young Merz went to Bonn University, where he formed a warm friendship with Professor Ritschl, the philologist, and his family. After giving lectures there as *Privatdocent* in philosophy, he again went to Göttingen and stayed for a while at the observatory as assistant to Klinkerfuess.

This sojourn at Göttingen was an epoch in the life of

Merz. He became acquainted with Professor Dr. Ernst Curtius and his wife (*née* Reichelm). In the introduction to his great work, "A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century," he says, under date November 1896, "One indeed to whom I am in this respect more indebted, perhaps, than to any one else—whom to know has meant, for many, a revelation of the power of mind and the reality of spirit—is no more: Ernst Curtius. While I was writing the last pages of this volume, in which he took a warm interest, the tidings arrived that he had passed away. But she who was nearest and dearest to him is still with us—a true priestess of the higher life, who has kept burning in the soul of many a youthful friend the spiritual fire, when it was in danger of being quenched by the growing materialism of our age."

Merz had an uncle Louis Leisler, of the firm of Leisler, Bock and Co. in Glasgow, who wished that his nephew Theodore should come to England and engage in industrial pursuits. Accordingly, he entered the laboratory and works of the late Mr. Townsend, who had built a chimney which was higher than any other in that part of the world. This Mr. Townsend was a man who had made his own fortune, and, as such, had great force of character. Merz soon mastered the processes at Townsend's works, and he so impressed his uncle with his talents and his grasp of affairs that he was sent to the Hebburn works of the great Tharsis company. The Hebburn works had been erected with all the appliances of that day and were supposed to be thoroughly up to date. They were not, however, paying, and it was with the hope of his making some suggestions that his uncle induced Merz to live for a while at Hebburn. After he had been there some time, more or less than a year I think, I received a visit from Merz about 9 or 10 o'clock one evening.

He was rather excited and proposed to me to read aloud a report. I dimly grasped that this was to refer to the management of the Hebburn works and composed myself to listen as best I could. I was unable to follow all, or indeed any of the details, but the concluding paragraph was clear enough. It was to the effect that, if his directors would see fit to follow his recommendations, the result in the next year would be a profit of £32,000 in place of a loss of £8000! This was sufficiently startling, and I urged Merz not to indulge in prophecy. He said, however, that he was certain of his figures, and the report was sent to Glasgow. His directors not unnaturally gave him leave to carry out his policy. The luck of the markets was in his favour, and his policy was more successful then even he himself had anticipated, and I believe there was a profit of some £43,000.

The result was that he was appointed general manager of all the works—in fact, practically of the whole company, This was the first of those celebrated reports for which Merz became so famous in after years. Up to that time, a report was like an annual report of a company, or if it were anything special it was generally of an exculpatory character. Merz's reports, on the contrary, were always constructive. He put his finger on the sore spot, and he not only suggested the cure, but he made it quite clear how the said cure could be carried out, and, if he were allowed, he would himself see that this was done.

I do not think he got on very well with his Scotch directors. They could not but feel jealous of his greater talents. Not long after he had married my sister Alice, it was intimated to him that he must reside in Glasgow, whereupon he resigned his position. He never cared about making money. He was ambitious of success, of the success, if

you will, of making a concern profitable, but he himself never seemed to care whether he were paid or not. Before his resignation, the Tharsis directors had proposed to pay him a retaining fee of £500 a year, so that they might freely consult him. It was said that they had heard he was being applied to by a rival company—a rumour without any foundation. With Merz's conscientious thoroughness, this appointment soon meant as much work as if he had continued to be general manager, so much so that his friends remonstrated and he finally severed his connexion with the company.

About this time Merz very kindly undertook to manage the Blaydon chemical works. What he did is a standing marvel. The alkali trade had gone to pot (to use a vulgar phrase), and the manure trade was not much better, and yet he managed to secure to the Richardson family a steady 5 per cent. on their invested capital. It was an arduous task and specially distasteful, as being on such a small scale, to one who had directed the huge Tharsis company, but he patiently set to work and succeeded. The remuneration was insignificant, and, indeed, when it is considered that he started the unfortunate Hebburn colour works largely with the view of benefitting the Blaydon company, it may be said that his remuneration was almost a minus quantity.

Of his later life, I may say that he and his son Charles together developed electricity as applied to industries of our country, but he himself will doubtless be best remembered by his monumental work, "A History of European Thought in the Nineteenth Century." I ventured to send a sort of review of it to a local newspaper and the conclusion of it was as follows:

"The inner circle of his friends know, to some extent, how great are his intellectual powers, but how few of the

citizens of Newcastle realize that an author has for more 1872
than twenty years been producing in their midst the most original and the most important work which has been written in our time, a work which sums up all the scientific work and all the philosophic thought of the nineteenth century. Dr. Merz is evidently a student of Lucretius, and we may apply to him the lines which Virgil is believed to have applied to the great poet-philosopher of Rome—

> 'Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas
> Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
> Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!'"[1]
>
> *Georgics*, ii. 490-492.

To Theodore Merz.

"Wingrove, 18th. Feb. 1872.

"My dear Merz,

"Shall I thank you for your kind attentions to Mrs. Richardson during my absence, or shall I assume that you are sufficiently rewarded if you derived a fraction only of the pleasure that you bestowed? One debt I may pay, viz., to send you a photo which Marian, I find, promised you, and now you are in debt to me whenever you have your head *successfully* taken off.

"I cannot say how very much I regretted missing your lectures. It was quite impossible to get back in time. I should esteem it such a very kind thing if you would one day read them to me.

"Have you heard how very unwell my sister Anna is? Her right arm is quite paralyzed and we are in very great anxiety about her. I do not think you know her much, or could ever *now* learn to know her well, but you will under-

[1] Happy he who hath availed to know the causes of things, and hath laid all fears and immitigable fate and the roar of hungry Acheron under his feet.

1872 stand what she has been to me when I say that what I have had of higher aspirations in my unworthy life has been mainly owing to her influence and that she has always been a dearest friend and a truest counsellor. How often, when telling her of my troubles, of my schemes, or of my successes, her eye has beamed with affection, have I thought of Byron's lines—

> 'When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
> I knew it was love and I felt it was glory.'

"I suppose Ritschl is now in Middlesbro', and trust he likes the change. I was so very much grieved when in France to find such an intensely sore feeling against Germans, and worse, a feeling that it is their simple duty not to leave their quondam fellow-citizens of Alsace and Lorraine under the hateful yoke of Bismarck! Ah me!

> 'Friede, Friede sei auf Erden;
> Ach wo saümt des Engels Fuss?
> Wann wird endlich Freiheit werden,
> Du geliebter Weihnacht's-gruss?'

"I hope you are soon coming this way.—Till then and ever, your very affectionate,

"J. W. R."

On the 5th. of December 1873 we lost our dear mother. She had been ailing for the whole year, and before that time had for some years been quite blind. I used to go and see her at South Ashfield every morning before going to business. In fact it was partly because I wished to be near her that I gave up the idea of living in Carville Hall. She used always to ask for the latest news, and I well remember when I told her how Earl Russell (Lord John), had been writing about the duty of England to put a stop to some fighting—"*imponere*

NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY to Berwick
NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY
Park Villa
Henry Pit
Walker Station
Fair Pit
Walker Corn Mill
Scott's House Farm
Samuels
ROMAN WALL (Site of)
Gosforth Pit
Marshy Ground (Car)
Farmhouse
Scott's Gill
East Pit
Old Wallcar
Delight Pit
Old Waggonway
WALLCA
N
W
E
Low Wallcar
Ann Pit
Walker Colliery
Scrogg House
Christ Church
Vicarage
Walker Dean
Dean House
Wincomble
Jane Pit
Wallcar
High Pit
Walker Alkali Works
St Anthony's Pottery
Chemical Works
St Anthony's Lead Works
St Anthony's

WALLCAR
near
NEWCASTLE upon TYNE
about 1860.

Scale
0 ¼ ½ Mile

Carville Estate ▨ *Neptune Works in 1860* ▨
Boundary of Shipyard in 1903 —·—·—

W. & A. K. Johnston, Limited, Edinburgh & London

morem pacis," she immediately quoted the next line— 1873
"*parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*"

According to the custom of friends, there was a gathering at the house (South Ashfield), on the evening of the funeral. The late John Pease spoke very impressively, while my Aunt Sarah (Mrs. John Richardson, *née* Balkwill), with much weeping bore testimony to the innate nobleness of her character.

Her power of sympathy was such that even strangers were drawn to confide their troubles to her. Her generosity often reminded me of the stanza:

> "Comment accroit-elle sa richesse?
> C'est en donnant à chaque pas."

Through the many trials of her life she showed a courage beyond all praise.

My dear mother, to love her was a liberal education!

The subjoined extracts from a letter written by J. W. R. to his mother in October 1869 may here appropriately be inserted.

"I do believe, dearest mother, that all thy liberal doings will be a blessing and that even by them thou wilt stand. . . . I find it quite impossible to express how deeply I feel myself blessed in my parentage, and often and often, when in business affairs I have had reason blackly to forecast the future, the verse in Psalms xxxvii. 25, about the righteous, has given me an assurance sufficient to bring me out of Doubting Castle!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HOUSING OF WORKMEN—THE CARVILLE ESTATE: *QUI TERRE A, GUERRE A.*

1873 THE autobiographical papers of John Wigham Richardson cease with the year 1873. He used to say that if they had been continued beyond that date, they would have been annals of his children rather than of himself. He held, moreover, that the interesting part of his business career ended with the advent of prosperity and stability. It may perhaps be matter for regret that such was his opinion. For even in the absence of that adventurous, and one may almost say romantic, element, which lends so great a charm to the chronicle of his earlier enterprizes, much value would still attach to any record from his pen concerning the remarkable after-development of the business. In the history of that business there may have been no more voyages up the Vistula, or daylong vigils at railway stations in pursuit of a possible customer. Yet one would fain have learnt from his own pen something of the subsequent steps by which the Neptune Works attained to their present position in the shipbuilding world.

The expansion of the business brought with it, of course, a large increase in the number of employees, and a corresponding influx of responsibilities, which he was not the man to take lightly. In particular, the necessity, or, as he conceived it, the duty of providing house accommodation for his workmen was early forced upon him. It would be difficult for anyone conversant only with the present extent

of Walker and the travelling facilities now afforded to workmen, to appreciate the isolated state of Low Walker fifty years ago. Nowadays large numbers of the men travel by train or tramcar from Newcastle and North Shields; others live, many of them in their own houses, in the immediate neighbourhood of the yard. But in 1860, when J. W. R. started his shipbuilding business, these houses did not exist. There was no communication with Newcastle except by means of a rough road from Walker Gate. The riverside railway had not been made, nor was there any regular service of river steamers. It was even more difficult to get to North Shields; and Byker, where many of the men now live within easy walking distance of the yard, consisted of only a few cottages. 1873

The first attempt to solve the housing problem was made through the kindness of Robert Foster, an uncle of J. W. R. and brother of Birkett Foster, the artist, who built the row of houses forming St. Ambrose Place opposite the Neptune Works offices—an enterprize which was of great service, and at the same time proved a fairly remunerative investment. Next, the houses called River View, were built by the firm, but these, though designed by an architect of some repute, were, in J. W. R.'s opinion, anything but successful. At the outset, he was strongly advised to make houses with one room only for each family. To this, however, he would not consent, and ultimately it was decided by way of compromise, that each dwelling should contain one small, and one fair-sized room. The houses were built in three stories, with a common stair to six tenements, and a common backyard. This arrangement is not unlike that of the Cambridge Colleges, but J. W. R. afterwards thought that it would have been in every respect preferable to have kept to two stories, and to have made the River View houses with at least two good-sized rooms.

1873 The firm, shortly afterwards, built a row of houses, called Western Glower, back to back with River View, with only two tenements to each common stair, the lower tenements having an independent entrance. The back doors open on a common yard occupied by four tenants, and the front entrance is through a small garden.

The next step was to build one-storied self-contained cottages with gardens in front and, contemporaneously with these, two-storied houses or flats with separate gardens and staircases, each tenement having its own front door.

It will be noticed that a gradually ascending scale of comfort can be traced in these successive types of workmen's dwellings. "The latest design of all," says a description of the Works written in 1894, "is a self-contained house with a parlour, a kitchen, a wash-house, three bedrooms, and a bathroom with cold and hot water, a small garden in front and a back-yard."

It was J. W. R.'s desire that his workmen should have facilities for acquiring their own houses by gradual purchase, but here a leasehold tenure stood in the way. The Walker estate (on which the earlier houses were built), had come into the possession of the Newcastle Corporation after the curious forfeiture under the Act of Mortmain in 1721, and the Corporation is debarred from granting leases for a longer time than seventy-five years. It was owing to this circumstance that the firm in 1873 purchased the Carville estate, the property of Mr. Charles Rayne.

This estate lies (as will be seen from the map) between the Carville part of the township of Wallsend and the river Tyne. In 1873 it was traversed by the North Eastern Railway Company's Tynemouth branch, and the line of the Roman Wall could be traced across it to the north of Carville Hall. Near the river there was a foot-path called the Old

Pilot Track, but no other means of getting across the estate. 1873
The hall itself was a three-storied mansion, with a duck pond which had been part of the Roman fosse. Its walls, built of stone robbed from the ancient wall, were of great thickness. There was certainly a house there in the time of Charles the Second, or earlier; but in the eighteenth century it was bought and rebuilt by Sir Robert Carre, a London knight, and a draper, and, as it is believed, a burgess of Newcastle. The name Carville is supposed to be taken from him, and to have no connection with the older name Walker, though this, by rights, should be written Wall Car, evidently derived from Wall (*i.e.* the Roman Wall) and Carectum, a marsh or place where sedges or rushes (*carex*) grow. To this day can be seen the remains of a marsh immediately to the east of the old farm, a few minutes' walk to the south of Walker Gate station. J. W. R. used often to ride on horseback to the works, either alone, or in later years, with his son George, cantering across the fields between High and Low Walker, and the presence of the marshy ground was always immediately felt when the horses splashed through the hidden water. Wall Car thus means "the Marsh at the Wall," and Byker, or By Car, means near the Marsh.[1] In the fourteenth century and later, Bycar was always the spelling of Byker.

J. W. R. was wont to describe his experiences in developing the Carville estate by quoting the old proverb, "*Qui terre a, guerre a.*" The beginning of troubles arose from

[1] The word Car is also seen in Prestwick Car, about seven miles north from Newcastle, and to the east of Ponteland. Before this well-known marsh was drained in 1860 it was a famous nursery of nature, the breeding place of many species of water-fowl and of other birds; rich in botanical and entomological specimens, the happy hunting ground of generations of naturalists. It is a pity that the true spelling was not given to Wallcar, making it at once distinctive and historical.

1875 the necessity of making a road across the Carville estate. There was, naturally, much discussion as to the best direction. By this time, the Riverside branch railway-line had been surveyed and the notices given, and J. W. R. was anxious to preserve a fairly large and uninterrupted plot of ground between the railway and the contemplated road. There was a considerable difference in the levels, and the Stott's Gill, which lay in a deep valley and after heavy rains became a roaring rivulet, had to be crossed. He determined to bank up the Neptune Road (as he had named it) some three or three and a half feet, and to make a level crossing. The Newcastle Corporation consented to contribute to the cost of the culvert and embankment across the Stott's Gill, with the stipulation that their share should not exceed one-fourth of the cost as estimated beforehand by their own engineer. But owing to J. W. R.'s ingenious suggestions, the total actual cost proved to be less than one fourth of their engineer's estimate! Thus the Corporation did in effect pay, not merely a share, but the whole cost; but as the work has stood from that day to this, and as the advantages to them are great and undeniable, and fully equivalent to the outlay, they have had no reason to be dissatisfied with their bargain.

The Neptune Road having been completed, the next step was to divert the pilot-track for which it provided a substitute. For this purpose, the usual course of procedure —namely inspection, and certification by two Justices of the Peace—was adopted. But through some mistake the final certificates were not enrolled at the Quarter Sessions next ensuing, and the lawyers were of opinion that the whole matter would have to be gone into again. J. W. R. however, with characteristic thoroughness, sent for and studied the original Act (of 1835). He found that the exact words in question ran as follows:

"But no old highway . . . . shall be stopped until 1874
such new highway shall be completed and put into good condition, and repair, and so certified by two Justices of the Peace upon view thereof, *which certificate shall be returned to the Clerk of the Peace, and by him enrolled amongst the records of the Court of Quarter Sessions next after such order as aforesaid shall have been made.*"

It occurred to him that the words in italics might be interpreted as meaning that the certificate was to be enrolled in its proper place amongst the archives of Quarter Sessions, and that leave so to enroll it could at any time be procured. This suggestion elicited from his brother-in-law and legal adviser, Robert Spence Watson, the admiring comment: "John, you ought to have been a lawyer!" and with his assistance the scheme was carried through. In consequence of this success, the firm had some sixteen acres of land between the river and the railway uninterrupted by any public road, the public at the same time being provided with an infinitely better and more convenient road.

But now followed contests with no less than three powerful corporations—the North Eastern Railway Company, the Newcastle and Gateshead Water Company, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. In these disputes J. W. R. realised the value of the old axiom that possession is nine points of the law, feeling that in dealing with great corporations it is always better to get into possession somehow or other, and to let them bring an action against you rather than to attempt the converse. Attack is usually the safest defence.

The first tussle was with the Railway Company, and had regard to assessing the value of the land. The firm claimed a special value for the land, since at that date (1874-5), before the catastrophe in the chemical industry, hardly any available

1874 sites were left unoccupied below Newcastle. Furthermore, in spite of the area between the railway and the river being fairly ample, they based an additional claim on the allegation that the railway did not leave enough room for slipways or other large works. It has subsequently been shown that this latter contention was well founded, but at the time neither claim was allowed, and the firm were only awarded the bare value of the land (£3500), less some £300 or £400 costs which the Railway Company was not called upon to pay. These costs were largely on account of what are called expert witnesses for whom the firm, while only allowed in taxed-costs, one, or at most two guineas a day, had to pay twenty. J. W. R. rather shocked his counsel, Gainsford Bruce, by suggesting that as barristers' fees were allowed in full, the case should be taken by contract, the senior counsel paying the witnesses out of his fees! He much enjoyed the abusive epithets (*e.g.* "rapacious young shark") lavished upon him by the counsel for the Railway Company. The general impression produced by the case was that he had in some way scored off the Company!

The next pitched battle was with the Newcastle and Gateshead Water Company. Their main line of water pipes to North Shields had been carried along the old pilot track, and when this was closed, J. W. R. suggested that they should be carried along the new or Neptune Road, offering to share the expense. But despite the advantage of having their mains under a public road, they decidedly refused this offer, claiming a right to keep the pipes where they were. They came seriously in the way of the necessary excavations, and at last J. W. R., on casually meeting Colonel Potter, the Chairman of the Water Company, declared that if they did not move the pipes he would be obliged to cut them.

"Cut them indeed! I should like to see you try!" was

the unwary answer, the result being that J. W. R., directed 1875
the navvies at work to "dig well back underneath the pipes." As a natural consequence, the supporting clay having tumbled away, the pipes sunk down and burst, and J. W. R. on his way one morning to inspect the work, had the pleasure of seeing something which resembled one of the Trafalgar Square fountains spouting high and sparkling in the sun, under the admiring eyes of all the children in the district. He naturally expected a not over gentle remonstrance from the Water Company, but to his surprise they took the inglorious course of repairing their pipes in silence. The same proceedings were repeated, no less than five times, and at length the Company, in defiance of J. W. R.'s representation that the pipes were in one place carried over land where there had never been a right of way, laid a new line of mains across the debateable ground. On this he took the drastic course of having the new pipes removed at night, and laid along the road. The Water Company were now driven to negotiate, and despite the prediction of an imaginative clerk that bloodshed must ensue, an amicable settlement was soon arranged. The Company undertook to remove the pipes if J. W. R. would pay half the cost of doing so. But this last condition was never enforced, and thus all the honours of victory remained with him. The Water Company authorities were evidently ashamed of the whole business and wished to hush it up.

The third great war was with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and lasted six years. The Carville estate had formerly belonged to Tynemouth Priory, but was enfranchised in 1859 by Charles Rayne, who paid the Ecclesiastical Commissioners some £5900 for the 69 acres. The Commissioners when land was enfranchised had the same sort of rights as those granted by Act of Parliament to a railway company;

1876 that is, they could continue to occupy any land after paying due compensation. Under this arrangement they had paid to Charles Rayne £98 per annum for that part of the Carville Estate occupied by staiths or coal shipping wharves. About the time when the firm acquired the Carville Estate it had been established by a test case that this annual payment by the Commissioners was not a fixed contract for ever, but that, if the land increased in value, the compensation should be proportionately increased. J. W. R. naturally thought that this principle should be extended to his own case, but six years of negotiation, accompanied by attempts at legal proceedings, failed to produce any effect on the Commissioners. Finding them impervious to argument, he had recourse once more to the strong arm. His firm had agreed to sell all the land between the Riverside Railway and the Tyne to the Tyne Pontoons and Dry Docks Company, subject to the staiths being removed. Accordingly, one Saturday afternoon, J. W. R., attended by a party of forty carpenters with axes, crowbars, and battering rams, arrived at the spot where the staiths were erected, and had the whole structure cut down and pitched into the river! An attempt made on behalf of the Commissioners by the staithsman to arrest him, was countered with a threat of arrest for trespass, as the scene took place on his own land. The policeman and staithsman retired vanquished. But the matter did not drop there. The Commissioners' solicitor demanded an interview, and said:

"This is no laughing matter, Mr. Richardson. Do you know that my principals in London are capable of having you taken care of for a month or so?"

"Oh!" was the rejoinder, "if you give me books and paper, and keep me clear of telegrams and so forth, I shall look upon a month's imprisonment as a very agreeable holiday!"

Carville Hall, Wallsend, in 1852,

South west aspect.

This dauntless attitude had its effect, and in the end 1876
the Commissioners found they could only claim damages, which were fixed in a sum mutually agreeable.

Of the many streets which were laid out on the Carville estate, one lies on the very line of the Roman Wall and was given that name. In the gable end of one of the houses J. W. R. inserted a large granite slab with this inscription:

> "Condidit hic murum Segeduni Cæsaris agmen,
> Haec est a muro, quae via nomen habet,"

which may be rendered, "Here at Wallsend (Segedunum) the army of the Cæsar built the wall. This is the street which takes its name from the wall." A classical friend found fault with the second line, but succumbed when told it was cribbed from Ovid:

> "Haec est a sacris quae via nomen habet."
> *Trist.*, Lib. iii. El. I. 28.

The total cost of the Carville Estate, including all the expenses of these various contests, was about £30,000, and the amount realised upon it by the firm during thirteen or fourteen years £60,000. J. W. R. used to say that the money invested at five per cent. compound interest would have brought in quite as large a profit—unaccompanied moreover by any of that strife which according to the French proverb above quoted is inseparable from the possession of land. But on the other hand, he had little doubt which method of investment had done most good in the world. By way of commentary on this remark we can scarcely do better than refer once more to the description written by an eye-witness in 1894.

"This type of house," says the writer in allusion to the later and more perfect workmen's dwellings described in a former quotation, "affords a degree of comfort to a

1876 well-paid artisan or foreman, which many people in what is considered a much higher social position, are far from enjoying, either abroad or even in England, or America. . . . The firm have always attached great importance to the proper housing of their workmen, and have considered it a duty not to lay out capital on plant without also doing the same on dwellings. . . . In all, the firm have built over 200 houses for their workmen, besides inducing others to build to a still greater extent on their land. They have given facilities for the workmen to acquire their own houses by gradual purchase, and have moreover, arranged for many allotments of vegetable gardens under Corporation leases. The ownership in fee simple of his dwelling, the profits of his allotments, and the attractions of his garden have, it is believed, contributed much to make the workman of Walker what he so often is to-day—the ideal of a self-respecting citizen."

Old Hemp-Picker,
Lac de Gers.
3rd. September 1873.

CHAPTER IX.

Rheumatic Fever, 1876—Home Interests and Hobbies—Virgil Evenings —Hospitality—Letters.

While the shipbuilding business was expanding rapidly 1876
J. W. R. was, to use his own words, "working harder than any man has a right to work." His health, always frail, was severely taxed by overwork; moreover, he had fallen into the practice, so fatally easy to a busy man, of taking scarcely any exercise. In view of his rather reckless horsemanship and the uneven paving of some of the streets to be traversed, his friends had not been sorry, when he abandoned his custom of riding to and from the works. But the change had this disadvantage, that it encouraged the sedentary habits to which his way of life naturally inclined him. He now drove daily in a closed carriage to and from Walker, occupying himself the while with a book—for choice his beloved Ovid, and almost wholly neglected the physical exercise which became no longer compulsory.

Even his fiery energy could not indefinitely sustain him under such conditions, and in the autumn of 1876 he was laid aside with a severe attack of rheumatic fever. His sufferings were acute. For at least a fortnight, twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four were a mere blur of continuous pain. During the remaining twenty-fourth his senses were blunted by injections of morphia, and the prospect of this blessed respite supported him through the

1876 long period of consciousness. Recovery was long deferred and often interrupted.

"Five weeks and a day ago I lay down on my bed of suffering," he writes from Buxton in a pathetic pencil note to his wife, "to-day I am sitting up well wrapped in flannels for an hour beside a small fire. And yesterday came back some little power of vision[1]—write two minutes, rest ten minutes."

Some days later he was able to write a comparatively long letter to his little son.

"Buxton,
"Saturday, 20th. September, '76.

"My dear Philip,

"I was very glad to receive your letter and Mamma's from Berka (near Weimar). You must tell Mamma to judge by my writing how much better I am. The acute phase has given way, and now it is a question of getting strength into my spindle shanks and movement into my joints which twinge at every turn. I sit up (or I am set up) for an hour or two daily, and I can see to write a little and read as much as a letter at a time.

"What a wonderful collection of animals you have been making. I hope you really killed them all before you pinned them on the cards.

"Human beings are sometimes thought to be quite dead when they are not, and have been found turned round in their graves. Is not this dreadful!

"This does not apply to human beings only. I was reading not long ago about a man called Gregman who lived in the Yosemite Valley. He had a black cat he was very fond of. It used to sleep in his room and at getting-up-time would sit on his pillow and purr and purr and purr in

[1] His sight was gravely affected by this illness.

his ear, until Gregman got up. Then, however, he was awfully scared of the cold tub and would fly into a corner behind a curtain and kind of snarl until the operation was quite over. Then he would get on the window sill and purr in the sunshine. 1876

"One afternoon Gregman found the poor cat dying in the garden. He took him with great care into his bedroom and made him a bed of warm flannel, but in the morning the poor cat was dead. So Gregman sent for a large cigar box to make a coffin, and while waiting for it he accidentally dropped the cat into the bath. There was a furious splashing and fizzing and then the cat flew out of the window and never never came back for another bath.—Dearest love,

"J. W. R."

The above letter was written from Buxton whither he had at the outset been sent by his physician, in the vain hope of averting the attack. It was many weeks before he could be removed to Newcastle, and when at last it was possible to travel he was still in a very feeble condition,[1] so shrunken and wasted that his brother-in-law, Robert Spence Watson, lifted him like a child out of the railway carriage. He reached home in safety, but a long time had yet to elapse before he was perfectly re-established.

His sister Caroline has made the interesting remark that during his recovery from this illness, she first noticed a modification in his views concerning the intrinsic sinfulness of war. Another observation of his seems to show that the two things were connected in his mind. He did not suppose, he said, that a soldier left wounded

[1] It may be noted that he was always rather below the average weight proportioned to his height, and this, he used to say, was one reason why insurance companies were exacting in their dealings with him.

on the battle-field would suffer much more than he himself did in rheumatic fever. Yet he had not found the pain unendurable, and the soldier would have this additional consolation that *his* sufferings were borne for his country. He had certainly some right to consider that his endurance had been subjected to a test as severe as can befall most victims of war.

Good, as we all know, comes sometimes out of evil, and to a certain extent it was so in the present case. He grew more submissive to medical authority, and consented in several details to modify his way of living. After the railway to Walker was opened (in 1879) he generally went down and came back by train, and as he made it a rule to walk to and from the stations, a distance of two miles each way, he secured at least a minimum of exercise daily. His doctor having moreover counselled the addition of a billiard-room to Wingrove House, he complied with the suggestion, and on winter evenings found much relief in the game from the ever-present worries of business. A ride before breakfast all the year round became a regular institution. Altogether, his health, though never strong, was, during some years decidedly improved.

J. W. R. meanwhile had other demands upon his time and thought besides the claims of business and the interests of his workpeople. Between the years 1865 and 1878 five sons and two daughters were born to him. It became his custom, when not absent on his numerous compulsory journeys, to devote every evening a certain time to the children. It was characteristic of the man, and perhaps of his own training, that while keeping his young charges very well amused, he aimed, in the first place, at instructing them. His sister Caroline has noticed his early devotion to utilitarian games, then popular, through the influence

Stable-yard: Wingrove House.

of the Edgeworths; and when properly organized undoubtedly the most fascinating of all diversions to an intelligent child. Another of his sisters still remembers with admiration a certain wonderful bridge constructed by him when a boy. It was made of spent lucifer matches, yet so scientifically were all the principles of building observed, that it bore the combined weight of several heavy fire irons!

In his childhood he also learned to manufacture cardboard boxes and tissue-paper fire balloons, and both these accomplishments played a conspicuous part in the instruction which he imparted to his children, who still retain a delightful memory of them. Those illuminated balloons, seven feet in length, sailing upwards to the high roof of the darkened hall, must indeed have been an entrancing spectacle! Nor was this the only exciting feature of the "children's hour." A cistern under the roof demanded inspection at times from the watchful master of the household. On such occasions he used to draw up his children through a trap door with ropes that they might have the excitement of scrambling among the rafters.

For the most part, however, the evening games were of a more sober description. They included talks on the science of building, illustrated by visits before breakfast to houses in course of construction and object lessons in a great variety of subjects. On one day, for example, the children would collect as many different kinds of wood as possible, and would then be told the names and uses of each. On another day, stones would take the place of wood, while on another, a book or some other common object in constant use would be examined, and the process of manufacturing each portion of it explained by question and answer, together with practical illustrations.

He was an accomplished chess player and used to lighten

the tedium of many a long journey by the game. On board ship he would soon find out who were players and organize a tournament as a useful offset against gambling games of cards of which he never approved. At home an evening was often spent at chess with visitors or his sons, of whom Philip fully inherited his skill, in turn passing on the traditions to his sons William and George.

Another favourite hobby of his was sundials. He wrote the appendix to Mrs. Alfred Gatty's "Book of Sundials" dealing with their practical and scientific construction. Several interesting friendships were made by his corresponding with amateurs like himself or with professional diallists. The object of many a little expedition in his travels was to hunt up some old sundial, to make a sketch of it or to copy the motto or inscription. At the Neptune Works he erected a sundial on the gable end of the store-house which used to be the time-office, and below the dial is carved :

> "Harum dum spectas cursum respice ad novissam horam."
>
> "Watching these fleeting hours soon past,
> Remember that which comes at last."

In the directors' luncheon-room at the Neptune Works is another interesting dial for which he made the calculations and design. A large ground-glass window forms the dial face with the lines and figures etched on it. The gnomon is bolted to the exterior of the glass, and its edge is flattened at one point to make a disc through which a hole is drilled. By this means a spot of light appears in the shadow of the gnomon, and when that spot touches the etched curve of equation of time, it is noon at Greenwich. Furthermore, the dial, being translucent, is read from the inside of the room, and has this advantage, that the shadow travels round the same way as the hands of a clock.

His library was that of a true student and a scholar. Rare editions and costly bindings, beloved by bibliophiles, were not of such importance to him as clearly printed and serviceable books which could be used rather than merely looked at. He never read a book without buying it, and never bought a book without reading it. He also used to make his own index, which gave the book additional value. On his shelves were to be found most of the standard works of poetry and fiction in English, French, and German, books of reference, most of the Latin classics, and some of the Greek. Very noticeable was the large quantity of biographies, works on economics, sociology, and applied sciences, also histories, the completest section being perhaps that devoted to military and naval histories. Among his favourite books were Allison's "History of Europe," Kinglake's "Crimea," Napier's "Peninsular War," the records of the American Civil War, the lives of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and the well-known writings of Captain Mahan on the question of naval supremacy and naval warfare, together with all that had to do with England's recent campaigns, down to *The Times*' "History of the Boer War."

The following notes by his daughter Ernestine may here be appropriately introduced.

Virgil Evenings.

About 1882 my father, who loved sociable gatherings, began a series of Virgil evenings which were held at intervals of a few weeks during the winter after dinner. They were chiefly held at Wingrove House, but other members kindly entertained the club from time to time. There was no aim at great scholarship: a passage of a dozen lines or so was read aloud in turn and then translated with a view to bring-

ing home the poet's beauty of thought rather than the intricacies of grammar.

The late Father Berry of Walker Presbytery was perhaps the leader, and his deep and accurate knowledge of Latin was only equalled by the charm of the wit and ease which he displayed when his turn came round. Besides members of the family, other friends who attended the readings were Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, Sir Benjamin Browne, John William Pease, W. S. Daglish of Tynemouth, Stephen Sanderson of Berwick, Canon Bromley (the Vicar of Benwell), Benjamin Noble (the banker and brother of Sir Andrew Noble), Walter Mulcaster, Edward Bateson, J. Meade Falkner, Dr. Merz, and others whose names I forget.

After Virgil's works had been read through, Horace was mastered, and then the readings came to an end; the proposal to read Lucretius frightened some of the members, while the popularity of the new Essay Club, to which Dr. Spence Watson, Dr. Merz, J. W. Pease, Owen Seaman, and some of the Virgilians belonged, was an additional reason for giving up the readings.

My father always said his love for the classics dated from the time when his sister Anna taught him. It was characteristic of him that whilst losing no opportunity of studying every detail of his own business, he always found time for studies which were not "shop." He read and enjoyed a good novel from time to time, but he disliked desultory reading, and looked upon even leading magazines as literature to be indulged in with caution. I shall not forget the way in which he took away a copy of *Tit-Bits* from a lady who was travelling in the same carriage with him (it was on his way home from a visit to Philadelphia, U.S.A.), nor how he made amends by the wonderful way in which he told her the whole history of the North and

South War. He seldom talked of business at home, and while we knew our father as an organiser of wonderful games and expeditions, and, as time went on, an unerring coach in our lessons, and then as a mine of knowledge on every subject on which we consulted him, we knew little of his life as a shipbuilder, and still less of the anxieties and worries which must often have weighed heavily upon him.

It was, however, in modern literature that his attainments were most striking. He was a good French scholar, and his knowledge of German, though it never satisfied himself, was sufficiently impressive to others. He had also a considerable acquaintance with Italian, and knew a little Spanish. The attractions of French fiction could not seduce him from his self-imposed rule, quaintly reminiscent of Quaker discipline, that only one novel must be read in six months (railway journeys, he would say, were exceptions). His colloquial mastery of French was remarkable. Often he would puzzle educated Frenchmen by his knowledge of curious, out-of-the-way terms, technical and otherwise. He attached indeed great importance to a conversational familiarity with modern languages, and sedulously impressed upon his children the necessity of acquiring it. They had abundant opportunities for doing so, for many visitors of diverse nationalities were entertained at Wingrove House, and their host, ably seconded by his wife, frequently conducted the table-conversation in the tongue most familiar to his guest of the moment.

It was impossible for anyone so intelligent as he to be blind to the business advantage of knowing foreign languages, but we should be doing him grave injustice in supposing that he cared much for the merely utilitarian considerations of which we hear so often at the present day. Far deeper

lay the man's characteristic passion for thoroughness in all things, and he knew that real sympathy with foreign races could only be gained through the medium of conversation.

Of social obligations he was never, even at the busiest times of his life, unmindful. Something has been said above of foreign visitors to his house. But it must not be supposed that his hospitality was limited to strangers from far lands, nor to the large circle of Quaker relatives, who in themselves formed a society. Sunday guests were a regular feature of the Wingrove social programme. These were often lonely young men, such as Crockett has excellently described in a passage quoted on pages 85, 86, of this work. No one ever entered more thoroughly into the spirit of its author than did J. W. R. Since his death, many letters have reached his children testifying to the grateful recollection in which their father's hospitality is held by the writers.

This readiness to entertain strangers was of course in entire accord with the great Quaker tradition by which his whole life was so profoundly influenced. But in certain minor social details he had begun to deviate from the austere principles impressed upon him as a boy. He always attended divine service whether at home or away, but at the same time he did not consider a game of chess, tennis, or even billiards at all inappropriate to Sunday. Rigid Sabbatarianism has never ranked amongst the ideals inculcated by the Society of Friends, which is on principle opposed to the "observance of days." We have seen in what a lurid light dancing was regarded by Quakers of the older generation, and the difficulties which attended J. W. R.'s first essays in that art. After he had a house of his own, he considered it an absolute duty to protest, alike by action and word, against this unreasonable prejudice, and he and his wife gave dances and accepted invitations to them. It

fell to his lot in consequence to be spoken of as the " dancing Quaker," a nickname of which he was rather proud than otherwise.

The autobiographical portions of this volume are a sufficient testimony to J. W. R.'s ability in literary composition; but his writing, however lucid and forcible, bears no proportion to his conversational abilities. These were indeed of an altogether exceptional kind. Had he lived in an age which attached more importance to social intercourse than ours, he would undoubtedly have ranked as one of the famous talkers of the day. The charm of his conversation is remembered by all who came under its spell. Endowed as he was with a strong sense of humour, a ready flow of language, marvellous memory, and extraordinary capacity for remembering names, which are essential to good story-telling, he was naturally an admirable *raconteur*. One who knew him well has remarked that if you were much in his company you might certainly hear the same story more than once, but it was always worth hearing; it lost none of its vividness or clearness by repetition. Yet he was far too unselfish to become a mere anecdotist, and was at no time guilty of unduly dominating the conversation. He aimed, on the contrary, at inducing all those present to take their share in the interchange of thought. Like Sir Walter Scott, he made it his object to get his companions upon the ground most familiar to them. The subject might be the latest excavations in Assyria, or it might be the art of bread-making: his sympathies were wide enough to make him in either case a genuinely interested listener.

To young people his manner was the height of genial kindness. To girls it had an added touch of old-world gallantry, irresistibly charming. But with the young more especially, there was a certain didactic impulse, manifesting

itself for the most part in the Socratic method of question and answer. Amusing memories of dialogues thus conducted are cherished by many persons.

"I can see him quite plainly," writes one lady,[1] "sitting in the library in the evening with his hand clasped over his pipe, and beginning, 'And now tell me, my dear Agnes,' and then propounding some perfectly awful question which I couldn't have answered if I'd been the 'Encyclopædia Brittannica.'"

"I remember one ride with him," says another,[2] "when I was, I suppose, about twelve years old. As we started out on the highway, he opened conversation by asking me if I had ever considered what the cost of making a road would be. The question staggered me, as I had always looked upon roads as merely part of the landscape. By the time we had worked out the cost of quarrying and carrying the stone, of laying the road, labour of men and horses, etc., I remember a total per square foot that left me breathless. This is one instance of the diet of solid facts with which he stimulated us to throw off the dreaminess of youthful inexperience. Another time it would be some startling fact from the life of Napoleon, or from some unknown by-path of history. In his companionship there was always the same mental stimulus and the same unvarying kindness and courtesy, even to a child. It was a great treat to be talked to as a 'grown up.' He never talked down to one, and I always came away feeling as if new worlds had been opened."

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." It was not strange that the man's fundamental seriousness of character should find expression in his conversation.

[1] Agnes Le Mesurier, now Mrs. John C. Gretton.
[2] Ellen S. Hodgkin, now Mrs. R. Carr Bosanquet.

But it reflected also another aspect of his multiplex personality which must not be forgotten.

"He had a love of teasing," says his sister Caroline, "and often argued to vanquish his opponent." Professor Seeley, whom he met at Grasmere, and with whom he had great discussions, called him "a bundle of paradoxes!"

"How I should like to be a Boswell to his Johnson!" was the exclamation of a distinguished stranger, after their first meeting. And in his love of paradox and of argument for victory's sake, he certainly bore some resemblance to Johnson. But he was free from any suspicion of the Great Cham's arrogance and roughness.

"He could perplex and baffle the strongest and cleverest" says his lifelong friend, Sir Benjamin Browne, "but he never used his powers against the young or against shy people. So the weaker rested round him in delight, while he dazzled them by his sparkling encounters with the best and cleverest."

"What always interested me about his conversation," writes another friend,[1] "was the very original manner in which he approached a subject. He would take some apparently small incident within his personal experience and often an amusing anecdote, and state it as throwing light on some very big problem. You always expected an application from the particular to the general, and though such an application appeared usually to be in his mind, he never stated it in words. The result was that one was often at a loss to know what his real opinions on a matter were. He used to tackle me on the subject of socialism in particular. He always used to profess to be ignorant what socialism was, though I believe in fact he knew far better than myself. He would evoke from me some blundering definition concocted on the spur of the moment, analyse it

[1] Wilberforce Ross Barker.

1882 rather pitilessly, and then break off into anecdotes of the strange doings of government officials.

"Though he had read so much, his conversation was chiefly founded on personal experience. Whatever subject one touched on, he was nearly always able to illumine it with some curious fact as to what he had seen or done.

"He was always extraordinarily receptive, and used to keep one subject in his head for days together, and while he was thinking of it, he would ask the impression of every person with whom he came in contact; often I thought inviting opinions which were not likely to be very valuable, but which were valued by him for their freshness."

J. W. R. to Mrs. Edwin Waterhouse, his wife's sister, Georgina:

"Bull Hotel, Cambridge,
Thursday, 2nd. February 1882.

"Dearest G.,—Our visit to Cambridge is in one sense a failure, seeing that I found Mr. Lee-Warner [1] quite unwilling for Philip to leave Rugby. In fact he spoke so warmly about him that I felt quite set up. He says that Philip continually puzzles him by doing unexpected things against rule, but always atones by complete frankness.

"After my interview with the master, Philip went down to the hotel with me, but seemed to have his lessons so much on the brain that I let him off in about an hour and then . . . I slept the clock round!

"In their club the boys have determined to give up *The Times* (on the score of expense) and to take in three penny papers instead. Austen Chamberlain [2] proposed the

[1] Henry Lee-Warner, Philip's house master at Rugby.
[2] Subsequently the Right Hon. J. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.

Pall Mall, but after three-fourths of the boys had voted against and only one for, he in a very dignified way withdrew his motion, as he 'saw the sense of the meeting was against him.' Philip says this was not from any political (say Conservative) feeling, but just a mild 'plaguing' of Chamberlain, who is very well liked, and 'speaks awfully well.' 1882

"I came here from Rugby, *via* Sandy, on the G. N. R., a station which I have often noticed in coming north from King's Cross. The sandy hills which are there cut through, run down, I believe, to Kingsley's winter garden in Berkshire.

"Arrived at the hotel, we dispatched invitations to the Stanfords and James Bowlker [1] (of Heddon-on-the-Wall) to dine with us at the hotel, and then we sauntered about the colleges and by the Cam at their backs. I need not describe the lovely spot, nor the glowing sunset. Mrs. Stanford drove past, jumped out, and arranged that we should go to her after their dinner. Met there a Mr. Waldstein,[2] whom I unfortunately addressed as Mr. Jenkinson, and who sang almost as sweetly as Mr. Benson. Mrs. Stanford sang some Irish songs of her husband's composing. 'Composing'—is that the right word? The tunes old as the hills. No end of poetry-books lying about, Shelley, Wordsworth, A. Lang, 'The Great Renunciation' (Asiatic), R. Browning, etc. In the smoking-room the bust of the Hermes from Olympia dug up by Curtius.

"Miss Marks [3] interested me much about quaternions.

[1] Son of the Rev. Charles Bowlker, vicar of Heddon-on-the-Wall, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who kept a small private school to which Maurice and Cecil went.

[2] Charles Waldstein, Litt.D., Ph.D., L.H.D., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Reader in Classical Archæology, author, excavator.

[3] The only woman member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. She married Professor Ayrton, F.R.S.

1882 I had no notion what they were before. Only de Morgan's $\sqrt{-1}$ after all! Molière's hero talking prose! Miss Marks seems to think Willie [1] has a wonderful head for figures.

"*Peterborough Station, Friday evening.*—We had quite a hunt after tutors this forenoon. There was something special going on, and they were much engaged. Mr. Prothero (of King's) was immensely civil; he explained that they could admit no one on their books who was not going in for honours. What wonderfully cosy rooms they have, what outlooks from the windows, valuable pictures on the walls, costly furniture, chairs at seven guineas—at least that is the Newcastle price. Mr. Prothero invited Philip to pass their examination in January of next year with a view to coming up in October.

"Mr. Prior of Trinity had still more striking rooms, pictures by Turner, etc. Both with a delicious flavour of tobacco. He spoke of two of his men, sons of R. R. Redmayne of Wentworth Place, Newcastle, and put Philip's name down. 'It costs nothing and means nothing, sir, except that various papers will be sent you from time to time.'

"We visited Professor Stuart's engineering workshops. When he heard my name he said he had been staying chez David Richardson at the Gables (Newcastle), last week. The work they do seems really quite respectable—I had been prepared rather to despise it!! More shame to me.

"What a wonderful building King's College Chapel! And how interesting the statues in Trinity Chapel. I like the inscription on Macaulay's: '*qui primus annales ita scripsit ut vera fictis libentius legerentur*' ('who first wrote history in such a way that true things were more eagerly read than fiction'), and again '*cui omnium admiratio minoris*

[1] William Waterhouse, b. 1874, d. 1900, third child and elder son of Edwin and Georgina Waterhouse.

East Walk in Wingrove Garden,

Looking north.

fuit quam suorum amor ' (' to whom the admiration of all was 1882
of less account than the love of his own kindred ').

" In travelling to Cambridge, I fell in with a fox-hunting doctor with whom I discussed stable floorings, and if Edwin will allow me I should like to send him a suggestion.

" What a long letter I have written ! Will you kindly forward it to Bexhill,[1] and perhaps they will send it on to my sister, Mrs. R. Spence Watson, whom I can so rarely see, and who will be thinking soon of entering her son Arnold [2] as a freshman.

" Professor Stuart said ' If you come from Newcastle do you know Mr. Robert Spence Watson ? '—Best love,

" J."

To the Same :

" Wingrove House, Newcastle-on-Tyne,
Sunday, 17th. December 1882.

" I do not know what specially impelled you, dear Georgie, to send me a candlestick, but I am sincerely obliged to you for the gift.

" We seem to be having rather a specially happy time just now, household and business affairs going on prosperously, the children doing well, no special ill health, etc. etc. We must therefore bear in mind Horace's monition to keep an even mind no less in prosperity than when times are trying.

" Ernestine comes with such queer stories from her school : *e.g.* when Marian entered the hall, when they were all singing, ' Look,' said one of the girls, ' at that poor young thing. The sorrow she must have gone through—her hair is quite grey already.'

[1] Bexhill, near Hastings, where Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Thöl, his parents-in-law, were living.

[2] Died in 1897 in his eighteenth year.

1882 "My sister Caroline has a theory that Marian is immensely stoical when unwell, and says nothing about her ailments. Ernie quite confirmed this, but explained that she (Ernie) could always tell when her mother was unwell because then her hair grew grey, and became a bright brown again along with convalescence!

Philip seems to be looking forward with great pleasure to seeing you this week—it is very good of you to have asked him. If he can conveniently do it, I should like him to go and look at the watches at the Waltham Watch Company's place in Holborn Circus. His Uncle George left him some money to buy a watch with, when he should be grown up, and I am anxious that he should have a really good one.

"It has been a great pleasure to me to be able to take up reading again. Has Edwin seen the life of Augustus de Morgan, poor old man! I had no idea that he had such troubles, and it is so strange to find how he stuck to his fads about decimal coinage and the $\sqrt{-1}$! *Du reste*, the book is one more evidence of the endless conflict between reason and dogma, and the longer I live the more am I impressed how much the simple acceptance of dogma seems to lead to happiness those who are able to accept it.

"We are told in the Bible that we must confess Christ with our lips. De Morgan writes in his will 'I commend my future with hope and confidence to Almighty God; to God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I believe in my heart to be the Son of God, but whom I have not confessed with my lips, *because* in my time such confession has always been the *way up* in the *world*.' Proud and generous spirit!

"Also does it not seem that de Morgan was what the French call *mauvais coucheur*? In the great stream of life there are some of the human straws floating down

who are never satisfied with their own little eddies and by- 1882
currents and seem to think that by twisting and turning round, matters may be better arranged, whereas others are content placidly to float down 'the silent river which flows for ever to the Unknown Sea,' as Bret Harte puts it.

"Best love to Edwin.—Most affectionately, J."

Compare with the above the following extract from a letter to Edwin Waterhouse, dated November 1880.

"To my poor apprehension it is a waste of time to discuss whether or not the Bible is true. Sufficient that those who do so believe and who are enabled to act on their faith, are not only those whose characters we most love and admire, but who are by far, by very far, the happiest."

CHAPTER X.

"The Shipping World," 1882-3—Cecil's Death, 1885—Visit to the Crimea.

1882 Amid all his busy occupations he found time, in the winter of 1882-3, to interest himself in the foundation of a magazine devoted to shipping, engineering, and commercial interests. At that time there was great need for such a periodical, though nowadays there are perhaps too many of them. It was his aim to produce a magazine of a high standard, containing well-written and unprejudiced articles. It was chiefly owing to his influence that there eventually appeared the *Shipping World*, which still flourishes and holds its own among many rivals. A small company was formed, the following being the board of directors: J. Wigham Richardson, Chairman; William H. White (now Sir William White, K.C.B., F.R.S.), at that time naval architect to the firm of Sir W. G. Armstrong & Co. of Elswick; J. D. Milburn (afterwards Sir John D. Milburn, Bt.), shipowner; Arthur Coote, a director of Hawthorn, Leslie & Co.'s shipyard at Hebburn; James Horan, shipowner, Sunderland; Straker Wilson, stockbroker in Newcastle. W. Dawson, a journalist, was made secretary of the Company, and Major Jones, consul in Newcastle for the U.S.A., was appointed editor. The first number of the *Shipping World*, which was started as a monthly, appeared on the 1st. of May 1883. Pains were taken with this first number, and it contained a very interesting article by J. W. R., entitled "Cœlebs in

FROM ULVIK. 20 AUG., '83.
NORWAY.

Search of a Load Line." He also made valuable contributions 1883
to the columns of the paper during its early life with considerable regularity, and gave much appreciable help to the editor by preparing a review of each number of the *Shipping World*, consisting sometimes of queries, or of an expression of opinion in very few words. The career of the paper was similar to that of most new ventures, but it continued to make headway, and was subsequently published weekly. Sir William White retired from the board on his appointment by the Admiralty to the post of Director of Naval Construction. About the same time, Major Jones became United States Consul for Cardiff and South Wales, and at J. W. R.'s suggestion he took over the shares of the Company, practically becoming proprietor as well as editor. It remains only to add that throughout the history of the *Shipping World*, up to the very last year of his life, J. W. R. took the deepest interest in its career, its influence, and its position. Very rarely indeed did he go to London without calling at the *Shipping World* office, and only a few days before his death he had written saying how sorry he was that his health would not allow him to contribute one of a series of articles which were to appear in a special number of the *Shipping World* on the subject of "Industrial Harmony." His death was felt to be a great loss in the highest sense by the editor, whom he had encouraged and sustained for a quarter of a century.

As has been explained in the autobiographical papers, the travelling necessitated by his firm's business devolved almost wholly on J. W. R. He had, indeed, every qualification for this duty but one—the strength required for long weary journeys (undertaken often at a few hours' notice) by land and sea, by day and night. His marvellous energy

a wet beginning. The two boys started off in a sja'd (spring cart). They looked so jolly together in their white hats. I walked on after them (18¾ miles). The scenery is magnificent. Cliffs and lakes and waterfalls. The cliffs are so sheer—sometimes overhanging. The people of the country are not pleasant to meet, although I am ready to believe that they possess all the virtues of which they boast. The country people we meet do not salute us, and if we salute them they say something in reply, which sounds like a grunt. 1884

"*Monday.*—Lovely morning. Got up at 9.45 and found the boys still in bed. Do advancing years make us more fastidious? Somehow I am not charmed with the travellers we meet! But the scenery is enchanting. We have had no letters since leaving home, so we imagine day by day where you all may be. If I suggest to the boys that they should write, they promptly answer, 'Oh, but Mamma's not at home!'

"I find it hopeless to try to sketch these fir-tree clad steeps, and these beetling precipices; and as for colour—it is as when I attempt to whistle a tune—I know and feel the tints are all wrong when they stand there side by side, and yet I cannot get them right.—Dearest love. J."

In September of this year he visited the Riviera. In 1884, for reasons of health, he made a stay at Kreuznach accompanied by Ernestine. Baths were taken in the morning, but he spent the afternoons in visiting and sketching every object of interest within a walking distance, occasionally inducing other visitors to join him in these energetic expeditions. While sketching the villagers he would talk with them about their life and its struggles. One grateful widow whom he had helped sent him a Christmas card for many a year.

1884 The following letters give some insight into his views on subjects that ever lay close to his heart:

To Georgina (Mrs. Edwin Waterhouse)[1]*:*

"WINGROVE HOUSE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
Tuesday evening, 8th. January 1884.

"DEAREST G.—

I went to Hull on Sunday night and read over again your letter. It would be trite to quote what Tennyson says about honest doubt, but may we not remember that we cannot do more than improve those talents which are committed to us, and at the best we must all say with Sintram in De la Motte Fouqué's story, '*Ich glaub*', *doch kann nicht glauben.*' But if faith be the evidence of things not seen, is it not also the substance of things hoped for? *i.e.*, as it seems to me, if we hope and pray for that which is good and right, we are exercising a function of faith. You know Baxter's hymn. He touches on this point, and what he says seems to me comforting, and especially when we think of young children, who cannot be supposed to enter into that higher spiritual state which is the foretaste of the life to come vouchsafed to the Christian who has passed the burden and heat of the day. And yet to those younger ones, as to all of us, times of refreshing must have come, whereby, through the tender mercy of our God, the dayspring from on high has visited them; and what says Baxter?—

"'If death should bruise this springing seed
Before it comes to fruit,
The will with Thee goes for the deed,
Thy life was in the root'—

[1] Her eldest daughter, Mary, had died a short time before in her thirteenth year.

The Bridge over the Nave at Kreuznach
from the second floor Berliner Hof.
D VI 81

and how all of us, recalling childhood's days, must feel the lines— 1884

"'How much is sinful flesh my foe,
Which doth my soul pervert,' etc.

Don't think, dearest G., that I am setting up myself as anything but a vile sinner in thus writing—but oh! the *will is sometimes* there. You see a picture of surpassing power, and think—could I but paint like that! You hear a master on the violin who dissolves you into ecstasies and brings all heaven before your eyes and think—could I but play like him! But when you see the Christian on whose forehead Christ has set His seal, whose life is a sermon, and whose face is a revelation—you realize indeed the truth of another couplet of the hymn—

"'For if Thy word on earth be sweet
What must Thy glory be?'

And yet sinful flesh still perverts our souls, and we live on our little lives, debased by sordid greed, carked by unworthy cares, defiled by low passions, marred by mean jealousies. Where would be our hope did we not know that the Omnipotent is also the All-wise and moreover the All-loving?—
Ever yours affectionately, J."

To Edwin Waterhouse:

"Wingrove, Sunday evening,
21st. December 1884.

"Dear Edwin—

This is the shortest day of the year, and when this note reaches you the days will be lengthening and the number of our days will be surely diminishing. For a moment, reflect on a ten years' partnership. My actuarial expectation of life is, say, ten years—that of Christie somewhat less—so

1885 that the chances are at least equal that one or other of us will not see it out. Indeed, if the chances for one of us be equal, then taking the two, the chances are three to two that one of us will have gone before the end of the term to the Silent Land. 'Wer *leitet uns hinüber?*' Ah, who!

"But enough of this sad moralizing. J."

In February 1885 a heavy sorrow befell the Wingrove household in the death of the third son, Cecil. He had been sent in 1884 to the Royal Grammar School of Durham, but only remained there one term, as it did not suit his health. The following term he went to Uppingham. He got through the term well, but his parents were uneasy about a severe attack of earache which lasted two or three days. But he came home at Christmas apparently in good health.

The following notes were written by J. W. R. "On Wednesday (7th. Jan. '85) I had to go up to London by the night express, returning on Saturday night. All Sunday I had a severe headache, but I was told that Cecil had suffered so much from earache that Dr. Armstrong had been called in on the Wednesday, and on the Friday he had repeated his visit. However, Cecil said to me during the afternoon, 'Do come and have a ride on the moor with me, Papa. It will cure your headache.' On my declining, he went out to the stables without saying anything and saddled the horses himself, and came and again invited me to ride. I went with him accordingly, and I admired his firm seat, and the bold way he went over the ditches, etc., and, as he had said, my headache was cured. . . . Monday, Jan. 12, a biting cold day. Cecil went out to ride with Ernestine, when he suddenly threw the reins on his horse's neck, put his coat collar up, and exclaimed, 'Oh my ear, my ear!'

"He came home and was put to bed and was evidently 1885
in much pain. The doctor came daily. On Tuesday, Feb. 3rd, at 5 A.M. his mother went to his room on account of his cries of pain. Fomentations were applied, but he grew worse, and meningitis supervened. The pain was most acute and agonizing to watch, but he was always in a perfectly conscious state.

"On Thursday, Feb. 5th., his eyes became insensible to light and he exclaimed, 'Let me kiss you, mother dear,' and tried to repeat the hymn 'Gentle Jesus.' . . . Friday, Feb. 6th.—his fifteenth birthday. At 8.15 P.M. the final struggle. It seemed as if his soul went down into Hades, and then at once flew up on high. Instantly his face changed and became peaceful; one last sound soon after 9 o'clock, and—all was silent for ever.

"Oh sweet, genial, and bold spirit!

"'I, pete cœlestes ubi nulla est cura recessus!'"[1]

Cecil was a most lovable character, a great favourite with his schoolfellows, and devoted to his parents. He was extremely fond of poetry. Once, when taking a country

[1] From the epitaph by the Marquis of Wellesley on Lord Brougham's only daughter, Louise Eleonore, who died at Cannes, aged eighteen:

"Blanda Anima, e cunis heu! longo exercita morbo
Inter Maternas heu! lacrymasque Patris,
Quas risu lenire Tuo jucunda solebas,
Et levis, et proprii vix memor Ipsa mali;
I, pete cœlestes ubi nulla est cura recessus!
Et Tibi sit nullo mista dolore Quies!"

"Doomed to long suffering from your earliest years,
Amidst your parents' grief and pain alone
Cheerful and gay, you smiled to soothe their tears;
And in their agonies forgot your own;
Go, gentle spirit! and among The Blest
From grief and pain eternal be thy rest!"

1885 walk from Gilsland with Maurice and Cecil (three years before his death), J. W. R. repeated Sir Robert Grant's lines "The Brooklet." On returning to the hotel Cecil asked his father to write them down. These were found after his death in the pocket of the coat he had last worn.

The subjoined letter, dated a few weeks later, speaks for itself.

To Mrs. Edwin Waterhouse:

"Wingrove House,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,
14th. March, 1885.

"I shall soon be sending back the Elegiac poems, dearest Georgie—excuse my having kept them so long, but I cannot express how much they have been in unison with my feelings.

"How little I realized before, *your* great sorrow, when Mary left you! I say to myself so often

"'Still seems it so impossible a thing
That thou art gone.'

"I do wish I could say intelligibly how I marvel at and reverence the way that dearest Marian has borne the blow. But words fail me—and even so words fail to express my gratitude for all the kindness of our friends. But the gratitude is there.

"With dearest love.—Ever your affectionate

J."

In 1885 he spent five months in Russia, accompanied by his wife. The motives of this expedition were primarily, but by no means wholly, of a business nature. The travellers journeyed across Russia by the railway (then not long opened), and sojourned for some time at Odessa, from whence

they visited the battle-fields of the Crimea. At Sevastopol 1885
they explored the harbour in a rowing-boat and there beheld a weird assemblage of derelict warships—great iron skeletons consuming in rust and decay.

To this journey, allusion has already been made in the autobiographical papers, and these additional comments illustrate J. W. R.'s truly tactical acuteness in judging of localities.

"When my wife and I visited the battle-fields, we were struck by the huge difficulties which must have attended the transport service. If you were to stand on Arthur's Seat and look down on the port of Leith and the Firth of Forth, you would have a picture, on an enlarged scale, of Sevastopol and its harbour as seen from the English head-quarters. If you then imagine a small port (Balaklava), some seven miles off, and only large enough to unload at a time two, or at most three, ships, and with nothing but a country lane, the Woronzoff Road, uniting the two, you will have some idea of the nature of the communications. Now imagine further some 30,000 men to be supplied, to say nothing of horses, the supplies to include food, winter clothing, ammunition, forage, etc., the dark winter nights coming on and fearfully wet and squally weather, and you will have some faint idea of the task to be faced."

To his sister Alice Merz:

"Hotel de Russie, Yalta, Crimea,
Sunday, 7/19 April 1885.

"Our good friends here in Russia find it quite impossible to realize our preference for Bohemian ways, and we are directed to swell hotels where the comfort is dubious and the charges enormous. However, last night we halted at a

1885 Tartar village called Baidar, and slept in a kind of caravanserai, where they gave us hot water only, and where Marian had to go and forage for crockery. Luckily we had our own towels. This morning, we saw three Tartar women dressed out in astonishing finery going to the Mosque.

"As I daresay you are not so familiar with Crimean geography as those who are old enough to remember the siege of Sevastopol, I here make a rough sketch. The scenes of those memorable events were to me of the greatest interest, and the maps in Kinglake are so good that I seemed to be able to recognize every locality.

"The phoros gateway is a Grecian erection which marks the 'divide' between the seashore and the Baidar Valley, and when you go along the shore the scenery is exactly like the Riviera, especially like the part between Monaco and San Remo. There are the same high cliffs of Jurassic limestone, the same blue sea, the same villas dotted about, only these latter are in better repair, and as the iron roofs are painted sometimes deep red, sometimes emerald green, and sometimes pure white, the effect is very gay and lively. Also the people affect gay colours, and the girls in red fezzes and long black curls, recall the fashions of forty years ago, when low foreheads were not considered a *sine quâ non* in a pretty girl.

"This is the 'Land of Mendacity, where paper-money reigns,' to quote the words of Boccaccio, and what with this and the political complications, I have come away from Odessa for a week or so to leave time, firstly to see how the question of Peace or War is going to develop, and secondly to give me time for calm reflection before finally making up my mind as to closing the business on which I have come out and which has (apparently) been arranged more favourably than I ventured to hope.

"The English people whom we meet here give the Russians 1885
a very bad character. They say that when Lord Dufferin first went to St Petersburg he was prepared to believe and to like them, but he left in a very different state of mind, in fact there was with him a complete revulsion of feeling. . . . Mrs. Grierson, the wife of the vice-consul at Sevastopol, says that when they receive a parcel from England, if there is anything tempting, such as an elegant Prayer-book, or a piece of jewellery, or a box of bon-bons, it will be missing at the custom house and they can get no redress. In some cases they have seen the very articles *chez* the Governor himself, but they dare not make any remark.

"The Russians travel with bed-linen, just as we do with night-dresses, and we have to pay for the use of it about 2s. every fresh hotel we go to. Again, they always take their own tea, and only ask for a samovar (urn), and when we get tea also there is a specially high charge, as being unusual. Again the service is not charged in the bill, and the tipping is something really alarming, especially when a rouble note (2s.) is often the smallest denomination you have about you. Excuse these details.

"Marian is picking up a few useful words of Russian, but the alphabet is puzzling enough, let alone the language. The Greek alphabet helps you a little, but only very little.

"The weather is now lovely, but in the blazing sun I do so yearn for the grey skies of Newcastle. The vegetation is not nearly so far forward as we expected; most of the trees are still bare. It is considered here an unusually late spring.

"It is the late Prince Woronzoff to whom is due the development of this coast. He made the great Woronzoff Road, and introduced the culture of the vine and olive. His only son,

1885 poor man, is an idiot, and his fortune, valued at £25,000,000, will, they say, fall to the government.

"The first origin of the vine culture, however, dates from the early part of this century, when a Princess Galitzin and a Baroness Bercheim, inspired by the writings of Madame de Krüdener, settled here for the purpose of converting the Tartars to Christianity, and went about in male attire. They ultimately took to making wine.

"In our bedroom there is an *avertissement de l'hôtel* in Russian, French, and English. Here is a sample: 'Possessing ownes cows fresch milk is to be had morning and evening. Baths of sea and sweat water at evero haur R. 1.'

"I have not had much time for sketching, and what attempts I have made are lamentable failures."

The study of military history was a pursuit which appealed increasingly to J. W. R. as he advanced in life, and he devoted himself to it with his usual thoroughness.[1] His talent for map and plan drawing was a great assistance to him in following the course of a campaign. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have acquired a mastery of the subject—extending even to minute technicalities—altogether unusual in a civilian. "*Mais, Monsieur, vous êtes militaire!*" exclaimed General Espinasse, on hearing him discuss the French occupation of Algeria, and this is by no means an isolated instance of the admiration expressed by distinguished military men for his skill in the technicalities of their profession.

His interest was no doubt in the main of an intellectual nature, but it evidently presupposed a certain element of sympathy, and some people were surprised to notice a pre-

[1] He would draw maps even to illustrate any novel which he happened to be reading, says one of his sisters.

Diano Marina
m San Remo

9. V. 85.

(Destroyed by Earthquake, 23 Feb., '87).

dilection of this kind in a Quaker. Yet there is here no real 1885
incongruity. The combative instinct is always potential in people of strong character, and the Society of Friends, as its history sufficiently shows, has at least its full share of first-class fighting men. Their love of battle, denied all physical expression, has, to the great advantage of humanity, found satisfaction in a bloodless warfare against every form of oppression. The history of the Carville estate and various passages in the autobiography are sufficient evidence that J. W. R. did not, in this respect, differ from his ancestors. "Did you ever fight a Quaker" was his challenge to an overbearing antagonist, who doubtless often afterwards wished that he had had to encounter an adherent of some less peaceful community. He found a real joy in struggling with the powers of evil, as represented by incompetence, stupidity, and dishonesty. It is not strange that one who was thus ever a fighter, should feel a certain bond of sympathy with fighters of the more obvious sort. Yet though he respected the soldier's profession, and thought that every man should be able, if necessary, to take a part in the defence of his country, he never so far departed from hereditary principles as to become a builder of warships.

CHAPTER XI.

Riding Tour in Cumberland, 1885—The Queen's Prize, 1886—Views about Women and their Education—Italy and Greece, 1889.

1885 In October 1885, J. W. R. with Dora went for a little riding tour into Cumberland, to visit the Ecroyds at Armathwaite on the River Eden near Carlisle. The original plan was to box the horses as far as Haydon Bridge, but the train was lost as Dora's horse, a restive young thoroughbred, could not be got into the box in time. The stationmaster kindly arranged for the horses to follow by express, but this involved detraining at Hexham, as the expresses did not stop at Haydon Bridge, which lies some seven miles beyond. These delays and the increased length of the riding journey were a serious set-back in the short autumnal days. No sooner were the travellers in the saddle than a drenching rain came down, which continued pitilessly for six hours, and shut out all the beautiful views they had expected to enjoy. At an inn at Alston they borrowed a change of clothes and had their own dried. This proved a useless delay, because they were wet through again soon after starting, and it was dusk before they had reached the top of the fells. They had to make their way down almost in the dark, and near Croglin Water, taking a wrong turning, found themselves at Cumrew, far north of the Armathwaite road. It was now about 9 p.m. and they were not aware that they were on the wrong road. Instead of descending into the valley of the Eden close to Armathwaite,

they found that the road kept on the high level, and not a 1885
single light was to be seen. At last, after groping along for another two miles or so, they faintly distinguished what seemed like a deserted cottage on the moor. J. W. R. declared he would not go a step further. He went to the cottage but found it shut. However, by dint of banging on the door he managed to rouse a woman. When she heard their request for a night's lodging, she said, " This is noä plaäce for t' likes o' ye." J. W. R. insisted that he was too tired to go any further, whereupon the woman replied grimly, " Then ye'll maun hae t' sleep upo' t' kitchen taäble, and t' cattle (*i.e.* horses) under it, for we hae nae byre (stable)." As this prospect was not exactly inviting, she saw she had gained her point, and turning towards the inner room, she called out " Joahn, put on t' top coaät and gan wie t' gentleman." The old shepherd promptly obeyed, and they set off on their journey, J. W. R. and the shepherd in front, Dora following. Presently, the shepherd remarked, " Ye'll maun hae to tak' heed wi' yer cattle the noo, for t' road be a risin' oop, and t' moor be a droppin' doon, and there's nae fence to haud ye frae toommelin' over t' edge, so ye'll hae to keep to t' left haand side o' t' road." Dora remarked, " It's all very well for the shepherd to talk about keeping to the left hand side of the road, but I can't see which is the road." In another moment, her horse had stepped over the edge, but, marvellous to relate, neither he nor his rider was seriously hurt, though they found themselves in the bed of a stream, and after a scramble they managed to get on to the road again. After this J. W. R. insisted that the shepherd should procure a lantern at the nearest village. The horses had now become impatient of delays and began to behave badly, fighting and biting, and one of them bit J. W. R. in the ribs, but not seriously. By the

1886 light of the borrowed lantern they had no difficulty in doing the remaining four miles. When they reached their host's house it was all bolted and barred, and except for barking dogs, no answer came to their ringing and knocking. They were about to beat a retreat to the inn, when a faint light appeared at one of the windows, and presently a collection of people in dressing gowns at the door. The host and hostess had long ago despaired of their guests, and were amazed to see them turn up in the small hours of the morning.

The old shepherd stolidly declined to accept a night's lodging, saying that "T' good wife wad be wae and sore frighted, if I gang nat hoäm till the morn." He took a glass of whisky and seemed to expect nothing more, for when J. W. R. gave him half a sovereign, he could hardly be prevailed upon to accept it, and appeared to consider it a fortune. It was most characteristic of J. W. R. that, after these exciting adventures he went to bed and fell asleep instantly. He was annoyed that a few minutes afterwards (as he thought) someone knocked at the door, saying "Your hot water, sir." In reality, it was nine o'clock in the morning.

They did a little touring in the neighbourhood on their host's horses, and two days later made the journey home again, in serene weather and without adventure.

During the summer of 1886, he again went with Ernestine to Kreutznach for a few weeks. While there, he received the welcome intelligence that his eldest son Philip had tied for the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon.

To his wife:

"Bad Kreuznach,
Friday, 23rd. July 1886.

"I had no idea that Philip was shooting for the great prize, and when General Hawkins at the Kurhaus handed

OBERSTEIN ON THE RIVER NAHE, GERMANY.

me *The Times*, saying, 'There's somebody of your name seems to have been distinguishing himself at Wimbledon,' I went right off and telegraphed my congratulations to him at Cambridge. I felt quite a thrill! 1886

"Now this morning I have a letter from Philip himself telling me quietly of the result, and proposing to pay me £50 as money laid out by me for him on rifle-shooting from first to last. It is truly touching, and I don't know how to express my thankful feelings for the lad's thoughtfulness. The account of *The Times* correspondent was very appreciative. Being a University man himself, he sympathises with an undergraduate marksman."

When Philip first showed his aptitude for rifle-shooting and became a volunteer, his father was more than once taken to task by his aunt, Ann Foster, for encouraging practices so opposed to the views held by Friends of an earlier generation.

"She would deal with me," he said, "and remind me of the Quaker view that all war is unchristian." I used to let her talk and then say, "Yes, yes, Aunt. It is all very well to talk about the Christian doctrine of non-resistance, but how about Uncle Robert knocking down people in the Central Station?" The dear old lady used to blush and smile and look pleased. It is on record that once a drunken man on the platform lurched against my aunt, when her husband, most inoffensive of men, took him by the collar, and laid him flat on his back, exclaiming, "How durst thou push against Aunt Ann in that way!"

About the year 1886, the firm of Wigham Richardson & Co. fell so far into line with the new movement for employing women in business as to introduce female clerks into their office. It did not at first seem as if the experiment

1886 would prove an unqualified success. At that comparatively early date, the business woman did not always realize that necessity for accuracy which has been effectually impressed upon her successors of to-day. J. W. R. used to complain that not only was he obliged to check all the work done by his girl-clerks, but that they could not be brought to feel any shame in being thus placed upon a lower level than their colleagues of the opposite sex. He plainly admitted, however, that practice brought a considerable improvement in thoroughness. Yet, it may perhaps be doubted whether he was altogether the best person to exercise the discipline needed in such a case. To a man of his chivalrous nature it was impossible to treat women with the same rigidity as men, and the girls must have been rather more than human, if they had not sometimes presumed a little upon this patent fact. In other and more legitimate ways they profited by his consideration. Afternoon tea was daily served to them, they were provided with wardrobes for their outdoor garments, and the drawer for their gloves was even scented with chips of cedar-wood.

This mixture of theoretical disapproval and active benevolence was typical of his attitude towards the wage-earning woman generally. At the back of his mind was the strong feeling that the labour-market was not the proper sphere of woman. In so thinking he was certainly not influenced either by jealousy for masculine prerogatives, or contempt for feminine capabilities. His views indeed would seem to have borne much resemblance to those of Sir Walter Besant, which, briefly summarized, may be stated thus—that women ought to have the best of everything, do always whatever they like, and, in return, exercise a beneficent influence upon their male belongings.

Like Besant, he considered, that, where money was con-

Marian Henrietta Richardson.
1889

cerned, the girls of a family had a prior claim to the boys. 1886
A man could do no better action, he would say, than secure an independence for his daughters. Where there was no money to leave, he admitted perforce the necessity of wage-earning. And here again the analogy with Besant was striking. For while inclined to regard the woman wage-earner as an anomaly which in an ideal state of things would have no existence, he admired her courage, and did more than most men to smooth her path when, in a concrete form, he encountered her. His generosity to women, working under difficulties for their living, was almost without limit.

At the same time, he had no sympathy with those sentimentalists who paint in glowing colours the supreme blessedness of the "sheltered" woman. All married men, he would say, know well that a married woman's life is mostly a very hard one. This view is emphatically expressed in a letter dated 1873, which describes an attack made upon him by his "dear old cousin Eliza Wigham," on the subject of "her foible, women's rights." He ventured, he says, to plead in favour of a domestic rather than a professional career, but was cornered by the argument that very few wives were so fortunate as his.

"This set me terribly to reflect what must be the lot of most women, when Marian's hard and worrying life is regarded as the ideal of felicity!"

Something of the same inconsistency appeared in his opinion concerning the educational aspects of the question. He allowed his daughters to go, one to Cambridge, the other to Oxford. Yet notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding also the influence of his sister Anna, who had been heart and soul in the founding of Girton College, he never gave more than a lukewarm adhesion to University education for girls, or possibly for boys either. He held, and not without truth,

1889 that its tendency was to create specialists, and to a man of his extraordinary versatility, specialisation seemed only another name for narrowness. He had also a strong and certainly exaggerated dislike to examinations, due perhaps in part to their absence from his own training. When Miss Agnata Ramsay (now Mrs. Butler, wife of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge) achieved her memorable triumph in the Classical Tripos, his comment was, "For myself I hope that such successes may lead to a change in the mode of examinations." He probably meant that girls, having once for all proved their ability to do well in examinations, ought not any longer to make them an object.

His disapproval of the examination system as applied to elementary schools was still more emphatic. It was, he said, one of the many developments of modern times which were in direct opposition to his strongest convictions. He made use of his position on various education boards to enter a protest—but without much practical result.

It cannot be denied, however, that in educational matters he was open to the charge of throwing stones at other peoples' glass-houses, without allowing a chance of retaliation by erecting one of his own. He must doubtless have formulated theories on the subject, but, except in a fragmentary fashion, he did not make them known.

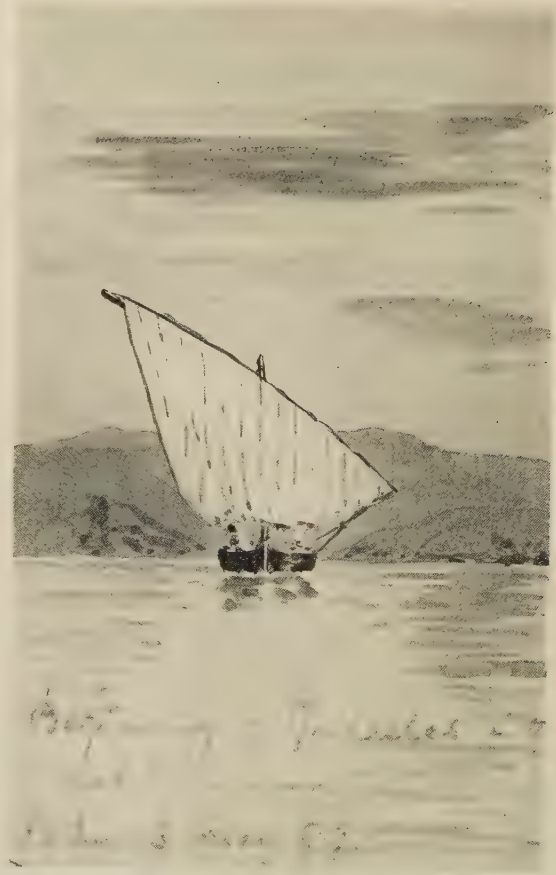
In May 1889 J. W. R., accompanied by his wife and two daughters, made a tour in Italy and Greece. The expedition was full of interest, but that it had its drawbacks is manifest from a dark hint thrown out in one of the home letters. "My ladies, I fear, have suffered unspeakable horrors in some places where we have slept!" Two highly characteristic causes of personal disappointment are also half humorously told. He had never to his knowledge heard the

ON BOARD THE "FÉLIX TOUACHE."

nightingale, and he would gladly have done so for the 1889
first time on classic soil, but the opportunity was denied him. Furthermore, Dora was the only one of the party who had any knowledge of modern Greek, and her father was grieved that he himself could not more easily communicate with the people about him, though he sometimes seemed to feel his "Greek coming back as it were, from another state of things."

The journey was begun in the *Félix Touache*, a new steamer built by his firm for Marseilles owners and bound for that port. After the ship had been made ready for sea, the French captain caused an hundred tons of extra coal to be loaded secretly after midnight into the fore end of the ship, whereby her proper trim was considerably upset and serious trouble caused when rough weather was encountered in the Bay of Biscay. The sailors' quarters became filled with water waist-high and the waves dashed down the companion-stairs and penetrated into the cabins. Ernestine was fast asleep in her berth when a great lurch of the boat flung her, face downwards into this water, with the mattress on top of her, and before she could raise herself, a second lurch flung her trunk on top of the mattress, so that she had to struggle out from underneath these, splashing her way amidst floating hair-brushes, shoes and hats, which had fallen into the pool. J. W. R. had tenderly provided for his wife the safest place that could be found, lashing her upon a mattress to a steam-winch under a large tarpaulin. It was an exciting night, for the westerly gale rose increasingly. The ship's speed was first reduced to two knots and a due west course was steered. Then the vessel had to be stopped entirely, though the captain feared she would be blown ashore. About 3 o'clock in the morning, the storm not having abated at all, the men at the pumps were becoming exhausted

1889 and the captain began to be so alarmed for the safety of the ship, that he ordered all the crew in a line to prayers and to prepare themselves for death. It was strange to watch that scene, the captain first so excited and swearing with *sacré*, *mille tonnerres*, etc., giving orders fast and thick and thrusting his fingers through his hair. Then there was a moment when an outward calm came over him, and he recited the prayers solemnly, while two or three French sailors sobbed and one groaned aloud. It was curious that the travellers did not feel at all afraid. There was no sense of doubt, only a kind of grave and solemn trust, feeling the nothingness of human strength, when those immense waves dashed over the flying bridge from one side to the other, and when you saw a large teak sheep-pen containing sheep, swept overboard by a wave, just as a hand might sweep up a few counters from the card table. The ship was stopped from 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon till 7.30 on Tuesday evening (April 30th.) when the storm began to abate, and by 10 P.M. she was going at a speed of eleven knots. The four passengers were all in different parts of the ship during those twenty-seven hours of storm. The ladies were not permitted to help, but J. W. R. took his turn at the pumps with unwavering perseverance and he slept between whiles from sheer exhaustion, the sleep of a child, calm and untroubled, in the storm—as was his wont through life. It was a delicious awakening on that May Day morning surrounded by a shimmering sea, all sunlit and rippling, the coast of Portugal bathed in sunshine about sixteen miles off, and a sense of safety and peace pervading. It was, however, remarkable, that the dangers of the past two nights had not in the least altered this French captain's *régime*. He still allowed himself and *all* his officers to come



in to *table d'hôte*, leaving the ship for that hour entirely to the mercy of the crew. 1889

On the ninth day Marseilles hove in sight, the statue of Notre Dame de la Garde rising gay and golden, in the hot sunshine above a field of masts and multi-coloured flags, flying to celebrate the first day of the second century of the French Republic.

Visits were paid to their old friends the Barrys and then they went by steamer to Genoa. The sight-seeing in Genoa was all old ground to the parents, but very new and exciting to the girls who had never been in Italy before. J. W. R. chuckled most over quite a tiny incident which tickled his sense of the ludicrous. The party had been invited to dine with friends in a fine stately old Genoese Palazzo. After dinner a portly marchioness, ablaze with jewels, in an ill-starred moment asked Dora to guess her age. To J. W. R.'s great amusement the reply was, "I think you are thirty-one." Whereupon the noble lady, with a shriek of dismay, jumped up and called for her husband. The marquis and all the other men came to see what had happened to cause such commotion. They were all full of sympathy when the matter was explained, for the lady was only nineteen! Dora was very much confused at the time, but remarked to her parents afterwards: "I should have thought she would have been very proud of being taken for as much as thirty-one!"

A visit next day to the English household of their friends the Le Mesuriers (bankers in Genoa), who had a house in the Corso Solferino, was a pleasant contrast for the girls, who felt shy and awkward with the Italians, but very much at home with young Claude Le Mesurier and his white rat!

Milan interested the girls less than Genoa, as the appearance of the town was so modern, but J. W. R. found subjects

1889 to draw here, as much as at Genoa or indeed wherever he went; and he did several sketches during this short visit. In the Duomo of Milan an Italian showed them the strip of brass across the cathedral floor and the tiny hole in the roof where the sun comes in, marking noon exactly, when it strikes the brass line. The Italian said he thought he knew J. W. R. but could not remember where he had seen him. At that moment one of the doors opened, letting in a ray of strong light, and the girls, at once recognising an old friend, cried out: "Why, it's Molteni the toyshop man!" And so it was—from the toyshop near Grey's Monument in Newcastle. And how many a pilgrimage of love had been made to that little shop by J. W. R., purchasing toys for all sorts and conditions of children.

They then went to Venice by way of the Lago di Garda, where J. W. R. made a number of sketches, including a little one showing the entrance into Austria. His rich knowledge of past as well as contemporary history added much to the charm of the journey. At Venice they fell in with the Spence Watsons, and "Uncle Bob" brought sunshine wherever he went. The brothers-in-law sharpened each others' wits in friendly sparrings, and many were the appropriate quotations from the classics, and from Browning the poet, (died at Venice, December 1889). In those days electric launches had not yet begun to crowd out the stately black gondolas, and the old Campanile of the ninth century, (finished about the close of the fifteenth) was still standing. The visit was a happy one, and it was a great wrench to say good-bye and go on to Trieste. There a visit was paid to Dr. Krauseneck and his wife (the eldest daughter of Josef von Kopf, the Roman sculptor). Their house commands a very fine view and has a most attractive terraced garden.

GREEK ISLAND, ALSO CALLED SETSAI OR TIPARENOS.

From Trieste they made a little tour to Sessana up in 1889
the Karst mountains and then by steamer down the Austrian coast to Brindisi and thence to Greece in the Austrian-Lloyd steamship *Apollo* which was a fair sight to see, carpeted as it was with crimson, and the cabins all lined with red and white silk fastened with green rosettes, while bouquets of lily-of-the-valley scented the whole deck. All the officers and crew were in gala costume standing to welcome her " Kaiserliche Königliche Hoheit " the Archduchess Maria Teresa (sister of the Emperor of Austria), who was travelling to rejoin her husband on his yacht at the Piræus. When these two celebrities afterwards met, it was amusing to hear the wife's greeting to her sunburnt husband : " *Ach Du lieber Gott im Himmel! er ist wie Chocolat gebrannt!* " For convenience our travellers privately dubbed the royal lady as the " K.K." (Kaiserliche Königliche). There was no one on board who attracted the K.K.'s attention so much as J. W. R., whose table conversation interested her while his sketching filled her with curiosity. She several times sent her *aide-de-camp* with a request for permission to see his drawings, and even her lady in waiting to borrow a book he was reading. There seemed to be a magnetic attraction about the man, for the K.K. paid no attention to any other passenger on board, and only spoke with the captain or her own suite. Besides the passengers there were a number of beautiful Austrian horses on board, which had been purchased by Count Cernowitz (Master of the Horse) for King George, and were being taken to Athens.

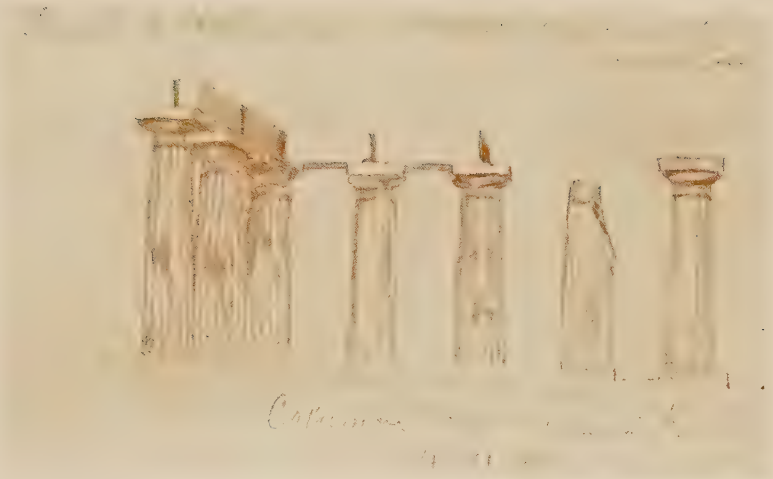
Archæological Athens was full of interest to all the party, and they would probably have remained there for some weeks, but the terrible wind and dust storms drove them away, and on the 3rd. of June they started for Corinth, but not

1889 before J. W. R. had managed to see the people to whom he had introductions, and also to make several little sketches of the ruins, etc.

From Corinth an excursion was made on horseback up Mt. Akrocorinthos and to the famous fountain of Pirene which actually was as clear as the old legends tell; for, seeing no water, Ernestine walked right into it and got drenched.

One afternoon the girls went for a swim in the bay, and J. W. R. sat on the shore making a sketch. As he sat there, a Greek, anxious no doubt to air the few words of English which he knew, came up behind the sketcher and remarked: "Goood peektshure, sair!" then, after a pause, "Beautiefool sea, sair!" another pause and then, "In theess sea, plentie sharks, sair!" At this word J. W. R. leapt up from his stool and began to wave franctically to his daughters to come back. But the happy swimmers facing seawards heard none of his cries and knew naught of their danger. A little crowd collected, who added to the cries and gesticulations. The girls on turning saw the crowd, but the effect of this was to make them feel too shy to return on shore! So that they ran as much danger from exhaustion as from possible sharks. However, it all ended well, but gave J. W. R. a great fright.

An expedition was made across the isthmus to see the ruins of Tiryns. The weather was hot and stifling, so that it was pleasant to embark on board of a ship going to the Piræus. The travellers did not know that on these coasting steamers they had to bring their own food, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they procured some hardly edible provisions and resinous wine, biting enough to take the skin off the palate. It was evening when they arrived at the Piræus and hastened on, taking a carriage thence



A VILLAGE ON THE ISTRIAN COAST,
35 MILES SOUTH OF TRIESTE.
28 MAY, '89.

through Athens to the terminus of the little railway to 1889
Kephisia where rooms had been engaged for a week. But alas! the last train had gone. Very hungry and weary and discouraged, and not wishing to return to Athens, they looked about for a night's lodging near the terminus; one could not call it a railway station exactly, as it consisted of a sort of sentinel box only, where you took tickets. They lodged at the only available place, which was a manufactory of marble-topped tables. They were not given these to sleep upon, but the proprietor had a couple of spare rooms which he let to travellers. No food was prepared, but the man said he would procure it for them, and with a gnawing hunger they had to wait till ten o'clock at night before a passable meal was obtained. The beds were infested by insects and they were most thankful to turn out at 5.30 and get to the clean and breezy uplands.

On June 9th. they went up Mt. Pentelikon and had a glorious view of the Bay and Plains of Marathon, Eubœa, Andros and Makronisi to the east, with the island of Melos in the extreme distance; while to the west was Athens with the Acropolis standing out clearly above the town, and beyond that, mountain ranges culminating in the snowy summit of Parnassus. J. W. R. found it too wonderful and grand to attempt for a sketch, but he enjoyed watching the wild birds, and remarked how many one sees here and how very few in Italy, except marsh birds. They returned to Kephisia for a last night there, and the happy time in Greece came to an end. Next day they embarked on the Messageries Maritimes steamer *Sindh*, bound for Marseilles, crowded with rich Greeks going to the Paris exhibition. J. W. R. was indefatigable, sketching nearly all day long, and at the same time in his friendly way chatting with the passengers or sailors, and procuring from them all sorts of

1889 amusing and curious stories and information which were the delight of his three travelling companions.

During the voyage they met with an amusing adventure which is here described in J. W. R.'s own words: "When we were within some eight hours of Marseilles the captain happened to mention that his steamer was fitted with Belleville boilers, a type of boiler which was then much discussed, and told me that I was welcome to see them. When I came on deck after inspecting them, the chief engineer beckoned me into his cabin and asked me very solemnly whether I had noticed a knock on the engines. I replied, 'Yes, on the high pressure bottom end.' 'Ah!' said he, 'do you know, sir, that I have suffered agonies about that? I have not been able to sleep all night.' He then produced an old match box in which were exfoliations of white metal, and explained that his company at La Ciotat made a point of making everything themselves, from a chess board to an eight thousand horse-power engine, that they made the white metal for the bearings themselves, instead of buying it from makers who specially manufactured it, and that there had evidently been some mistake in mixing the alloy. Finally he asked me whether I should advise him to stop the engines and tighten up or risk pushing on to Marseilles. I protested that I was a stranger, an Englishman, a mere passenger. 'I know that you are an engineer, because directly we started you went to the engine skylight, pulled out your watch and counted the revolutions.' Being thus pressed I ventured to observe that it was a serious thing to stop the machinery, that the knock was not very bad and perhaps would not get worse, and that in any case there was small danger of an accident during the few hours which yet remained of the voyage, and that if I were he I should risk it.

(AN ISLAND OF THE LIPARI GROUP, NEAR SICILY).

LIDO. VENICE.

"When I used the word 'risk' he looked at me in a 1889
haggard sort of a way, put his fingers through his hair, then threw his arms wildly about, and dived down the engine room ladder and stopped the engines. I had some thoughts of following him and proffering any assistance in my power, and indeed went as far as the cylinder platform, but when I saw them attempting to slacken the set-screws of the bolts with a 'screw-driver' (it is a fact) I deemed that it were better to be absent, so I went into the saloon. After a while I became aware of a sort of deputation of half a dozen ladies headed by a Greek banker who, apologizing for intruding, addressed me with much emphasis.

"'We have come to you, Monsieur Richardson, we can trust the word of an Englishman. The captain we cannot believe. He says it is nothing. But, sir, we have been stopping for two hours. We know that the captain requested you to go down into the engine room to see what was wrong; we also know that you had a conference with the chief engineer in his cabin, and that the result of that conference was that the engineer stopped his engines. Now, Monsieur Richardson, I implore you to tell us the truth. Are we in danger; is the ship likely to go to the bottom?' *Chorus of Ladies* (some weeping): 'Yes, tell us, do tell us!' I reassured them to the best of my power; but I think it will be admitted that such an incident could not have occurred on board an *English* steamer!"

CHAPTER XII.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS TO THE NORTH-EAST COAST INSTITUTION OF ENGINEERS AND SHIPBUILDERS, 1890—TREES—ARCHITECTURE.

1890 IN 1890 J. W. R. was elected President of the North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders, and on October 13th. of the same year he delivered his inaugural speech at the annual meeting of this society. Some extracts are given from this address, which for many reasons is deeply interesting, chiefly perhaps in that it bears, to an extent not altogether usual in public deliveries of this kind, the impress of the speaker's mind. It shews his peculiar scorn for specialization and for an education purely academic. Not less remarkable and not less characteristic are the catholic interest in men and things, ranging as it does over continents and centuries, and the faculty for using one subject to illustrate another, and thus combining, as it were, into a whole, his varied and extensive knowledge.

"Last year it was my lot to visit the ancient city of Milan. There I saw a picture which is so beautiful that it is the despair of artists even to copy it. I refer to the 'Last Supper' by Leonardo da Vinci, painted 400 years ago, and I find that the painter was also an author and an engineer. Yes, an engineer, and his works endure until our time. He supplied the city of Milan with water, and made a navigable canal 200 miles in length. He also designed various architectural works of great merit. Thinking on this, the reflection occurs, are we wise in specialising our knowledge

so much as we do? Surely, the thorough knowledge of 1890
our own subject requires the knowledge of all kindred subjects. We engineers complain that our architects are wanting in a knowledge of the principles of construction, but how often do we see buildings put up by engineers themselves, where they treat brick or stone walls as if they were cast iron cylinders, not to say girders, and forget that if steel be strong in tension, and cast iron in compression, the strength of stone lies in its weight. Some of our modern 'triumphs of engineering' such, for example, as the roof of the St. Pancras Railway Station, will probably be looked upon by our children with more astonishment or pity than admiration. We have men so taken up with the useful in our time that I feel sure the great building age of Great Britain has hardly commenced. The learned historian of Italy in the 5th. century, our fellow-townsman, Dr. Hodgkin, has described in a chapter, which none can read without a thrill, the glorious architecture of ancient Rome, and that Forum which it was said no mortal could in future hope to imitate. But I for one believe that the English will do better than imitate. They will, before the sceptre of empire has dropped from their grasp, far excel it. But for the present, alas! we are far, very far, from any such realization, and the huge stones of Baalbec, and the temples of Egypt are equally beyond our grasp. The hope of the future lies with those architects who do not mistake archæology for architecture, but who will be as original in their conceptions as our engineers.

"When foreigners visit England, two things always strike them painfully. One is the sight of the ragged urchins in our streets, the other the ugliness of our provincial towns. To the first stricture, the Englishman is wont to reply that the moral status of our poor is improving year by year; to the second, that our towns, if not beautiful, are yet well

1890 drained and healthy. And in truth the expenditure on drainage and other sanitary works has been most laudable, and to have a town well drained is a great good. Even if a better system for disposing of refuse should ultimately be adopted it cannot but be of immense advantage to have our towns as well drained as they are.

"These questions are to my mind eminently questions for engineers, and equally so is the laying out of streets. No street running in a straight line can be beautiful, all those known for their beauty have a bend or a curve. We may proudly instance our own Grey Street; the Boulevards in Paris, the Ring in Vienna and even Regent Street in London are equally instances to the point. The original streets of New York are said to have been laid out by the cows, which animals certainly had a better eye for beauty than the authors of the checquer board system now so much favoured in America.

"It would seem, however, that England is much in need of some such legislation as that which in America protects from building all land dedicated as a public thoroughfare of the future. Under our present system, even wide streets laid out by our forefathers are encroached upon and spoiled.

"There is probably a sufficient width in our less frequented streets for a row of trees down the middle. If only some of the money devoted to other purposes had been spent on planting trees! But, you will say, what has the planting of trees to do with engineering? The answer may be given in another question; what is the use of planting trees, if our engineers kill them with their smoke? Seventeen years ago Lord Armstrong stated, with perfect confidence, that so far as the raising of steam is concerned, the production of smoke is unnecessary and inexcusable. Since that time, what progress has been made? Yet I think there is hope

for the future, chiefly perhaps in the chemical treatment, as 1890
applied by Mr. Ludwig Mond of Brunner, Mond & Co. If results such as his can be universally attained, the doom of smoke is sealed!

"On board steamers at sea a very great desideratum is a good system of mechanical stoking. In the steamers on the Russian coasts, where astatki is burned, they have no need for stokers at all. Some of you will have read the graphic description of a stoker's life at sea in M. Alphonse Daudet's interesting novel 'Jack.' The picture may, perhaps, be overdrawn, but we cannot doubt what an advantage it would be to perform this function mechanically. . . .

"The supply of pure water to our large towns has been making good progress. . . . At the other end of Europe, the modern Athenians, finding that to ensure a full supply of water during the summer months they must seek it from the eternal snows, are preparing to construct an aqueduct from the Lake Stymphalos, near the centre of the Peloponnesus. The distance is nearly seventy miles, and it is an ambitious work for so poor a country.

"The construction of canals has recently attracted a great deal of attention. The Panama Canal will probably not be completed, at least in the lifetime of most of us. The Manchester ship canal is rapidly approaching completion. . . . The works on the Isthmus of Corinth Canal, which had been abandoned when I visited there last year, are now recommenced; and the canal which is to unite the Baltic with the German Ocean is making good progress. The Birmingham people are also projecting a ship canal to the seas, and who knows but that the scheme of our colleague, Mr. Andrew Leslie, of joining the Irish Sea to the German Ocean may yet be realised? All these schemes are bright tokens of the development of our civilization. There is

1890 nothing material which makes for progress so much as the making of roads.

"Twenty-five years ago there seemed every probability that we should adopt the system of decimal weights and measures devised in France at the time of their great revolution. This system has been accepted by most of the Latin nations both in Europe and America, and also by the new German Empire; but Great Britain and her Colonies, the United States, Russia, and so far as we know, China, have not adopted it. There is much to recommend this system, especially for scientific calculations, and it gave some hope of a universal, world-wide, common standard, but this is now more likely to be reached in our own system or a modification of it. The decimal system is open to the objection of being less suited to the ordinary details of daily life, and even in France, you find that inches and pints and pounds and fathoms and feet and leagues and geographical miles are still used in conversation and in books of general literature. In Victor Hugo's popular novel, 'Les Misérables,' I noticed that the decimal weights and measures are never once mentioned. Certainly, the English always seem to have a greater grasp of what their units mean—a more concrete conception of them, if such a phrase may be permitted. A mile for itinerary measures, a yard for building sites, a foot in shipbuilding or joiner work, a hand for horses, an inch for smaller measures, have all a clear and familiar meaning for our minds. . . .

"Much has been said in recent years about technical education. The expression has been much abused, for technical education can surely only mean the teaching of an art. In our own arts I can conceive of no better school than the workshop. You have there the experience and skill of the best artisans, you have the feeling of being

engaged in serious constructions, you are in the very atmos- 1890
phere of your craft. More than this, you are learning by doing. There is the learning by committing to memory, and there is the learning by doing, and of the two perhaps the latter is the better education. Some of the most successful men whom I know in other walks of life have been educated in the workshop. The workshop will develop some faculties in a way that Cambridge or Oxford cannot touch. But when your years of apprenticeship are over, or during then, you will do well to add to your practical knowledge all that you can cull from the schools of science. Nor should you neglect the study of modern languages, which are not difficult to acquire if you have a hearty will to do so, and if you learn by the ear rather than, or as well as by, the eye. You have before you a long and toilsome way, but at every step you will find a reward. Work itself is a pleasure, and his life is a happy one who learns to love work. My friend, Mr. Joseph Cowen, once aptly said in one of his speeches, 'Happiness is not a thing, it is a mental state. It is seldom found by those who seek it most, but it rarely fails to come to those who do their duty.' And be assured that in the earnest pursuit of a noble profession you will amid all the toil find joys, and a 'life which bloated ease can never hope to share.'"

The Presidential address made a considerable stir by no means restricted to technical circles, and J. W. R. received many letters testifying to the warm approbation which it inspired.

"Allow me to thank you," wrote one correspondent, "for one of the pleasantest half hours of a somewhat varied life. To read an engineering address which takes a world-wide scope, and shows that a classical education is not—as so many now would have us believe—inconsistent with practical work, is in itself a treat."

1890 His old friend Jeremiah Head wrote :

" I never read a Presidential address which, on its merits, and not alone because you and I are old chums, gave me more pleasure. I am struck with the universality and depth of your knowledge, and do admire the constant activity of mind which alone can have kept you so much to the front, in spite of occasional illness. I have no doubt in my own mind that your frequent and extensive travels have to some extent contributed to this."

In general, the feeling expressed was one of unqualified approval. But the panegyric on Mr. Ludwig Mond's process for the chemical treatment of smoke gave rise to a certain amount of adverse criticism. The suggestion was even made that J. W. R. was endeavouring to advertise a patent in which his firm were interested. This absurd accusation would scarcely deserve notice save for the characteristic manner in which it was met at a subsequent meeting of the Institution when he explained how his attention had first been called to Mr. Mond's process :

" About seventeen years ago some chemical works on this river, which are owned principally by my own personal friends and myself and for the direction of which I was at that time largely responsible, were obliged to face a phenomenal fall in the price of alkali. This proved to be owing to the manufacture of a better article by Messrs. Brunner, Mond, & Co., by a process so much cheaper, that what was ruin to us enabled them to pay large dividends. If therefore it were possible for a man of sense, not to say a Christian, to indulge in such feelings, I should consider Mr. Mond my enemy rather than (as he is), a benefactor to the community."

The situation was perhaps best summarized by a member of the Institution who observed that " the very fact that the president's address was criticised and discussed all over the

world was very flattering to the Institution. If people were so evil-minded as to suppose such things as the president had referred to, they could not help it; but they were certainly glad to know that their president's remarks were considered worthy of wide discussion." 1890

With reference to his remarks on the planting of trees, it may be noted that he was himself a great admirer and lover of trees, and wished others to enjoy them as much as himself. He planted many clumps or lines of trees about Wallsend, Walker, and the west end of Newcastle, often as an anonymous gift, *pro bono publico*. In Fencourt, in the City of London, where his firm had offices, having tried in vain to induce either the municipal authorities or the landlords to do anything for the improvement of that quiet old churchyard, which is a veritable oasis in the busy city, he himself employed a gardener to plant a few trees and also some creepers where office buildings touched the grass plot.

The following anecdote further illustrates his love for trees. A building syndicate having acquired the Wingrove and North Elswick Hall estates, it became necessary to survey the property. When taking levels, the surveyors found that one of the trees in the paddock obstructed their line of sight. So they calmly went and borrowed a saw from J. W. R.'s coachman, and, without asking permission, cut down the tree. J. W. R. coming home that evening noticed what had been done. A day or two later the surveyor was astonished to receive from a firm of solicitors, of which his cousin was the head, a lawyer's letter suing him for heavy damages on account of trespass with injury. He could not imagine to what this referred, and asked his subordinates what they had done on the Wingrove estate. They told

1890 him they had cut down a little tree which was in their way. The surveyor went straight off to the solicitor, who put on a very grave face when the letter was shown him, and said "My dear fellow, this is a most serious matter." "But," said the dismayed surveyor, "my men told me it was only a little tree; I can't see what difference it can possibly make to Mr. Richardson." "What difference it can possibly make," thundered the lawyer; "You don't know the man as I do! In his eyes there can hardly be any worse offence. Now if you had stolen his choicest piece of furniture, or smashed all the windows of his house—well, perhaps he *might* have forgiven you. But to cut down a tree!!! . . . You will have to go down on your knees in the dust before him." And relishing his own joke, he turned away from his terrified cousin, and refused to say another word. The alarmed surveyor wrote a most humble apology, concluding that he trusted J. W. R. would be merciful and not allow this incident to break the unclouded friendship of forty years!

His keen interest in architecture dated from early years, as may be gathered from the following letter written to his sister Caroline when he was not yet seventeen years old.

"Beech Grove, Nov. 9, 1853.
"Monthly Meeting Day.

"Dear Carrie,

"As there is a little time before dinner I think I will write a few lines to thee in return for thy interesting letter. I doubt thou wilt not find me inclined to unite in Ruskin's 'rich ridicule' of Grecian architecture; we have been reading his speech and I think I never read a worse. In the first place to say that because 'spire' happens to be more poetical than 'pediment' Gothic is more poetical than Grecian architecture. How absurd!! Surely there

GREEK SOLDIER AT THE KING'S
SUMMER PALACE, TATOI, GREECE.

is enough poetry in the latter for anyone. Do not the 1890
'Forum' and the 'Coliseum' recall to our minds the venerable old Romans in their classical togas, and the resounding eloquence of Cicero? Does not the word 'temple' raise before our eyes the shade of Horace reading his beautiful odes to Maecenas amidst the delightful murmur of the cascade, in that Doric structure which the friend of Augustus had built on the most favoured spot on earth? Do not the 'Areopagus' and 'Parthenon' bring before us 'Aristophanes' and 'Demosthenes,' and 'Sunium's marble steep,' the most unhappy of modern poets?

"To my mind Gothic architecture is too much like lace-work for the solid stone, and would it be more true to Nature to imitate rather the mossy crag that heaves its bare forehead to the sky, and sits the presiding goddess of the surrounding landscape, than to attempt to mould from the hard rock the willow wand or the graceful leaf of the mountain ash?

"As for the simplicity of the Gothic arch, what is more simple than ⊓⊓?

"In conclusion I may say that to hear the architecture of the most civilized, enlightened and polished nation that ever existed, a nation that has brought forth the greatest poets, sculptors, painters, orators, philosophers that the world has ever seen, whose very name recalls delightful remembrances of the olives, myrtles, figs, and honey of Attica, and the classic groves of the 'Academy'—to hear such architecture called *barbarous* is enough to make your blood boil with indignation. *Gothic* indeed! Is not 'Goth' a synonym for a barbarian?

"With dear love to all the circle at Edinburgh,—Thine affectionately

"J. Wigham Richardson."

1890 He had a great knowledge of the best proportions for dwelling rooms, public halls and churches, and also of such subjects as the strength of materials, the durability of different kinds of stone and timber, besides methods of ventilation, heating and sanitation. He frequently designed dwelling-houses and with his practical draftsmanship could very cleverly draw not only the plans, but also the elevations, sections, and perspective views. He used to give prizes to his children for the best drawings of houses drawn to scale; first, ground plans only; and as they grew older, he included sections, and later also elevations. In this way many happy and interesting hours were passed. He once complained that one of his children, though gaining the prize, had designed too expensive a house.

1890 Curtius, the Kreis-direktor, son of J. W. R.'s old friend, Professor Ernst Curtius of Berlin. The Berger family also lived there. They had works for making machinery for manufacturing textile goods, and Philip had worked there for a short time in 1886. J. W. R. had no time to pay more than a flying visit to his Alsatian friends.

The travellers then made their way south *via* Lugano to Rome, where they had a few relatives and also many friends. Among these were Luis de Llanos whom Mrs. Richardson, Ernestine and George had met at Weggis on the Lake of Lucerne, the previous autumn. He was a most charming man of the Colonel Newcome type, whose father had been ambassador to the Pope of Rome, and his mother a sister of Keats the poet. He himself was secretary to the Embassy at Rome. Though a diplomatist by profession, he was by nature an artist, and for a period of eighteen years, earned his livelihood by writing and painting. J. W. R. saw a great deal of de Llanos and his wife. Other friends also made at this time were J. C. Stillman (correspondent of *The Times* at Rome), and his family, Count Ugo Balzani with his charming Irish wife and daughters, and Josef von Kopf, the sculptor, and his wife, who all showed great kindness and hospitality to the travellers. De Llanos was a keen sportsman, and so was Count Mirakoff, who procured hunters for J. W. R. and Dora, to follow the hounds under the mastership of Duke Grazioli. The Dufferins attended in great force (Lord D. being then British Ambassador), and all rode very straight to hounds. Lord Frederick Blackwood and his sister, Lady Hermione, showed all the keenness and *sang froid* of a sporting race. J. W. R. found it quite difficult to keep up with Lord D. though the latter was then a man of sixty-five.

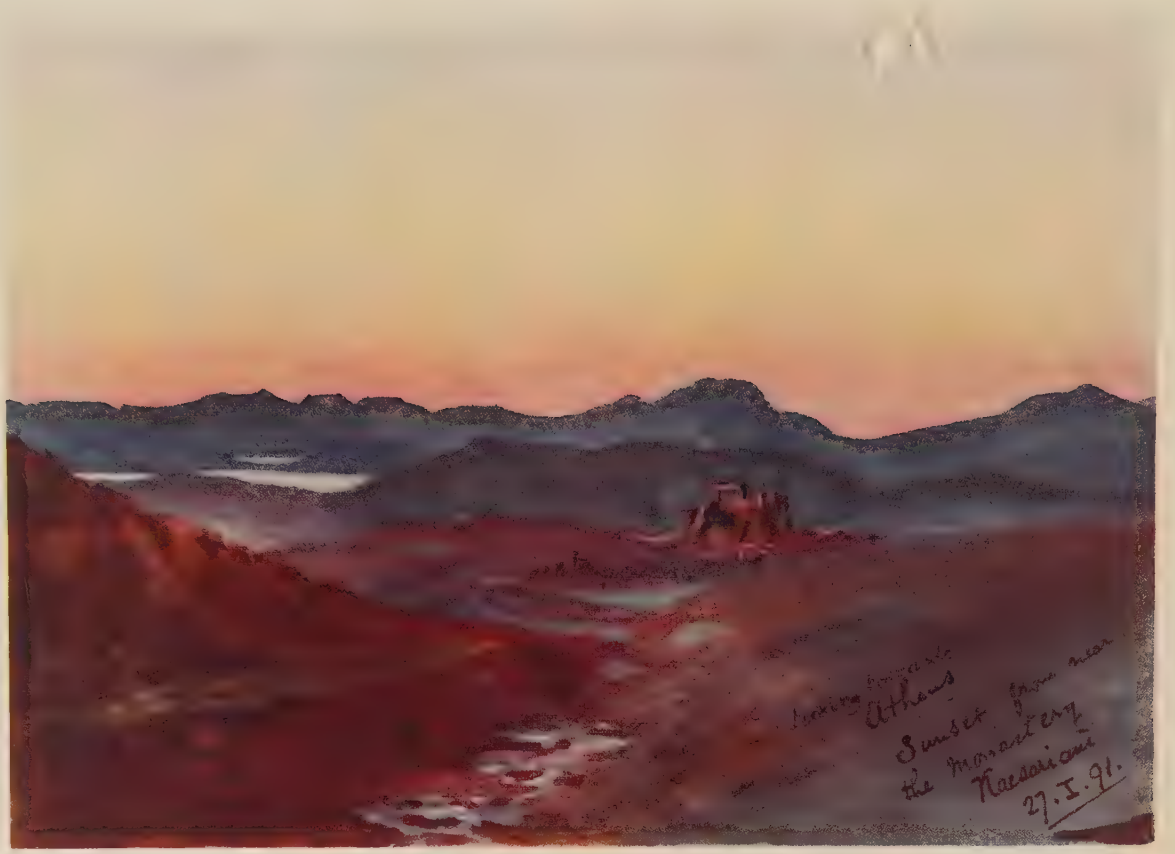
The following is a good instance of J. W. R's. faculty for

obtaining information. One day, when sauntering with 1891
Dora along the Vicolo delle Carrozze, he noticed a harness-maker at work outside his shop. He stopped and asked to have his sketching satchel mended. Chairs were brought and while the work was being done, J. W. R. engaged the man in conversation, and presently extracted from him a full and detailed account of the whole corporation of Roman cab-drivers, their rate of wages, fines, bonuses and rules and regulations generally, as well as a charming description of the man's family, and his own and his son's experiences when conscripts. J. W. R. was so much interested that he came another day to see the wages paid by this man to his ten subordinates. It was noticeable during this visit that he was much more interested in the men and women round him than in the antiquities of Rome, though he considered these last an immensely effective setting for the human beings. When sightseeing, he would avoid the churches which entrance so many travellers, and pick out every strategic point of view, and he always seemed to be gazing afar and afar, and peering to find some little glimpse of the Campagna which he loved so well. In fact, on the least excuse, he was off and away outside the city walls. He made many little studies near the different gates, and always seemed to see every piece in relation to the surrounding hills. He made many excursions to the Villa Doria Pamphili, and to Monte Mário, on account of the fine views to be obtained from these places.

He had a great faculty for getting on well with Americans, and used to bring back many long and interesting yarns to his wife and daughter, on some of the occasions when he had gone sight seeing while they were visiting friends. And when he found an American who had been through the war between the North and South, he was never tired of listening

1891 to the tale of his experiences. Sometimes he took long walks, alone or accompanied by Dora, to sketch; and in the evening, after his long day in the fresh air, would go to the Café Grecco to smoke and play chess. In this way he gratified his unfailing interest in humanity, and was able to help one or two struggling artists who frequented that assembly. During his stay in Rome, he made acquaintance through de Llanos with Lorenzo Valles (director of the Spanish Academy), and the brothers Benllieure (the painter and the sculptor). He also saw a good deal of that most lovable man, Professor Giovanni Costa, whose picture of the Alban Hills hangs in our National Gallery; the painter Rössler Franz; the witty and, in those days Bohemian, Onorato Carlandi, whose name has become so famous of late years, while his work, even then, was much appreciated by the few; Artistide Sartorio the pastellist, since perhaps better known as an animal painter; the greatly courted American artist Elihu Vedder, famous for his illustrations to the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam, and Enrico Corbett. He took a great interest in the "Pre-Raphaelite" paintings of Mrs. Stillman (*née* Maria Spartali), and her daughter Euphrosyne, and also in the charming black and white portraits done by Lisa, Mr. Stillman's eldest daughter, and used afterwards to look year by year for their exhibits in the New Gallery.

Leaving Dora in Rome, to spend six months there for the study of drawing, J. W. R. and his wife went on to Athens. There he made the acquaintance of Mr. Frank Noel, the proprietor of an estate in the island of Euboea, and heard from his lips the story of the tragic fate which, in 1870, befell Mr. Vyner and three other travellers. These gentlemen while returning from a visit to Marathon were captured, and eventually shot by brigands, Mr. Noel having, at the risk


Athens
Sunset from near
the monastery
Kaesariani
27.I.91.

of his own life, ineffectually endeavoured to procure their release. 1891

To Miss Caroline Richardson:

"Hôtel d'Angleterre, Athens.
"Thursday, 22nd. January 1891.

"We have not had a comfortable journey—detained by the snows in Italy, a rough and cold crossing and darkness and rain in going on board and disembarking. At Patras I thought I had caught the fever, high pulse, swelled throat and eye, splitting head-ache. Could not look at scenery—lay down and groaned and I regret to say made myself quite disagreeable. I am still very queer but hope it is passing off. . . . Yes, this is the third time we have visited Athens, but the first time that I have made a business journey here.

"I find it so difficult when I am abroad to take much interest in English party politics. I have never understood Robert Spence Watson's opposition to the present Conservative government, but as we must wish all our friends to be happy, I trust he likes 'fight!'

"It is not to be believed how I long to be back in Newcastle. However, these long absences are very much easier to be borne, when I have my dear wife with me.

"*P.S.*—I found there was no post today, so (with apologies for saying anything about my ailments) I may add that I feel very much better tonight, and especially the inflammation in the eye seems to be going away."

To the same:

"Hôtel d'Angleterre, Athens.
"Wednesday, 18 February 1891.

"The weather here is still very cold and Hymettos covered with snow. Last night three Girton ladies came to dinner.

1891 Our Athenian acquaintances speak of them as the three doctoresses and seem puzzled to understand them. They live in some style, *i.e.*, *un appartement à quatre pièces*—dine at the embassy, go to the balls at the palace, have horses to ride, study all the ruins, read the Greek papers, have no sort of chaperon, invite gentlemen to call on them—and in fact are a puzzle to the Athenian mind.

"Mr. Frank Noel gave me a most interesting account of the murder by brigands of the four tourists in 1870. He went to see the brigands and declares that of all the parties concerned, they alone kept their word and behaved (according to their notions) honourably. He says that Mr. Gladstone's conduct at the time was to his mind so unworthy, that it changed him to a Tory!

"Poor Marian has just heard by telegram of the death of her father. I shall feel his loss very much—there were few people whose conversation was more pleasant to me and his house at Wycombe Marsh was always to me, like Heugh Folds, a haven of rest."

On the 6th. of April 1891, Philip was married at Gerona in Spain to Rosa América, daughter of Colonel (afterwards General) Colorado, an officer in the Spanish army, who served with distinction in the Cuban campaigns and later in the Philippines.

Of this marriage there were three sons, John Edward Colorado, born January 1892 at Newcastle-on-Tyne, died August of the same year. William Wigham, born on the 12th. of June 1893 at 1, Townley Road, East Dulwich. George Wigham, born on the 12th. of April 1895 at Hawthorns, Half Moon Lane, Herne Hill.

For a long time these were J. W. R.'s only grandchildren, and he took the greatest interest in them. They usually

spent part of their summer holidays at Wingrove or Hindley, 1894
where he had them taught riding, whilst William received much encouragement from him in drawing and sketching and George in chess.

Towards the end of April, 1892, with Ernestine as a travelling companion, he sailed in the *Teutonic* for New York, returning early in June. During his brief stay in America, he was harassed by an acute attack of iritis, the cause of much suffering and a certain inevitable loss of time. Yet his itinerary included Philadelphia, Washington and Montreal, and a great deal of important business was transacted. He had many introductions in the cities visited, and took a keen interest in the topics of the day, foremost among which were bimetallism and the status of negroes in the U.S.A. His accurate knowledge of events in the North and South War led to interesting discussions, and he would probably have visited some of the battlefields had he been well enough.

On October 1st. 1892, Maurice was married at Preston, Lancashire, to Frances, daughter of Francis Hadnum of Darlington.

Of this marriage there is one child, Ena Valentine, born at Cowes, Isle of Wight, on March 11th. 1905.

On the 20th. of July 1894, J. W. R. and his wife had the great sorrow of losing their youngest son, Felix Gabriel, in his seventeenth year, while at Malvern College. He was a delicate, gentle and rather shy boy, very fond of flowers and of pictures. His horsemanship was unusually good; he had an excellent seat from the age of three and a half, and not an atom of fear. By the time he was eight he was

1894 considered competent to accompany his sisters, without any groom. He had infinite patience with young horses, and as a child his ambition was to be a horse-trainer. At Malvern College, he belonged to the school corps of volunteers. There was a rule that after shooting practices all unused ammunition should be returned to the instructor. One fears that through absent-mindedness or inattention, Felix must have forgotten to give up his last round. It appears that he was cleaning his rifle in his study in the evening and it exploded in his face, and he was thus found by his poor study companion.

Two letters may here be given:

To Miss Caroline Richardson:

"WINGROVE HOUSE,
"August 27, 1894.

"What a truly beautiful extract from S. A. R.'s[1] letter about the cemetery at Malvern. I cannot say how much I have felt her most kind sympathy. After leaving Malvern, the reaction, and the journey to Heugh Folds furnished a sort of excitement, but now we feel our loss more and more. How long it is since we lost dear Cecil, yet never a day passes but something or other brings him back to our minds. Well, it is but a little while, and we shall know what lies behind the veil, and we reverently trust to the wide arms of Mercy."

To his wife:

"MALVERN, 2 Jan. 1900.

"You may believe that my thoughts have dwelt much on our dear Felix. His gravestone has mellowed with green growth and stands modestly among more ambitious

[1] Cousin Sarah Ann Richardson.

monuments in marble. There is still the glorious view over all England which S. A. R. wrote about. I see we put as a legend *Hic breve vivitur et hic breve fletur.*[1] Truly the dead lad's life was brief, and our time for mourning his loss will not be long." 1900

During the early years of their married life, his wife and he attended the Friends' Meeting on Sunday mornings. As he advanced in life his preference was decidedly for the services of the established church. In this he was certainly to some extent influenced by what may be called external things. The Friends' Meeting House stood in the heart of the town, and as he walked down Westgate Road all the week-day associations of work and worry were apt to be revived. There was more possibility of forgetting them at Benwell Church which then lay in the country in an opposite direction.

His appreciation of the needs of all religious bodies, in his own district and elsewhere, was ever deep and sympathetic. He generously helped the clergy of all denominations in their efforts to care for the spiritual wants of their congregations. The Rev. Arthur S. Wardroper, vicar of Walker, relates how constant was his friendship from their first acquaintance in 1882 until his death, and how frequently he gave substantial help towards the needs of the parish. His gifts were varied and generally anonymous. At one time it would be a subscription towards a new parish hall or church organ; and at another it would be aid for St. Christopher's mission church, close to the Neptune Works, by planting the ground outside with trees and shrubs. Again when the poor little west window of Walker Church had

[1] "Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care."

1900 been blown in by a gale, he observed a remark of the vicar in the Parish Magazine, "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and asked if he might be allowed to give the window, which he eventually erected in memory of his sister Anna Deborah. That window remains a thing of beauty and a joy for thousands of this great commercial district. He would not allow any public service for dedicating the window, saying that it would grieve him to the heart if much ado were made. He felt, however, that he ought to show on the window a slight reference to the circumstances in which it was given and in whose memory, or his name would never have appeared.

To Miss Caroline Richardson:

"Wingrove House.
"14 July, 1900.

"The parish church at Walker is in sore need of repairs to the western gable and of more light at that end, so I have arranged to put in a window to dear Anna's memory. This I think is better than leaving money in my will. . . . Mr. Kempe will I am sure, make a lovely window, but I think there are too many saints, so I propose to ask him to replace St. Oswald with the verses:

'Quum me jubes emigrare,
Jesu care, tunc appare.
O Amator amplectende,
Temetipsum tunc ostende
In cruce salutifera.' [1]

[1] "When my summons comes from Thee,
Jesu, show Thyself to me.
Oh, longed-for Lover, on that day,
Thy very Self do Thou display
Upon the cross that saves mankind."
—From an hymn by St. Bernard of Clairvaux, 12th. century.

and where he puts St. Colomba to insert the following inscription: 1900

'To the Glory of God, and in pious memory of Anna Deborah Richardson, to whose counsel and encouragement the founding of the Neptune Works was due, this window is dedicated by her brother.' "

Another excellent deed of his was to help, with other large ratepayers of Walker, to obtain the purchase of seven acres of land to enlarge the churchyard, partly because he was not in favour of these things being managed by Urban Councils, and also because he foresaw the great value of so large an open space. In his will, J. W. R. also made provision to the churchwardens for maintaining the churchyard in beauty and order. The lych gate is another of his gifts. He took much pains sketching beautiful gates in country places he visited, in order to hit upon a design suitable for Walker.

" Nothing " writes the Vicar, " that we ever attempted escaped his notice, his criticism, or his approval, and everything we did that was intended for the benefit of the parishioners always met with his response."

He further relates, " The children in Walker for some years got to associate the name of John Wigham Richardson with that of Santa Claus, for he made it a custom each Christmas time to send to the Church schools, the Roman Catholic day school, and the two public day schools at East and West Walker, huge boxes of oranges for the bairns. The gifts were always seasonable and greatly appreciated by the hundreds of little ones, but he did not like publicity or any fuss being made over the acknowledgment of such or even larger gifts."

CHAPTER XIV.

Profit-sharing Schemes for Workmen—Strikes and Trade Unions—Address to the Newcastle Economic Society.

With advancing years, J. W. R. showed a widening of views with regard both to political and to religious questions. The influence of his earlier unquestioning Liberalism was indeed, never effaced. Its traces were evident in his deep sympathy with social reforms, in his refusal to approve the continuance of any abuse simply because it had its root in a historic past. But he became increasingly dissatisfied with political shibboleths of all sorts. He had a growing sense of the evils attaching to party government, and realised more and more that neither side could boast a monopoly either of good intentions or mistaken actions. He would sometimes say we are all going along the same road, only some of us want to go faster than others. The narrowness, which, in politics as in other things, seems to be inseparable from thorough-going partisanship, was to him a constant source of astonishment. One of his favourite stories bore reference to a much respected friend who had been accused of saying publicly that no good thing, not even common honesty, could be expected from the political party whose views were opposed to his own; and he used to repeat with great gusto the indignant disclaimer of this friend's wife "Indeed, he never said such a thing! But—I am quite sure that he thinks it!"

At one election when pressed to say for which party

he had voted, he replied that he had subscribed to the funds of both, but had felt unable to vote for either. "Imperialist" is perhaps the title which would most nearly define his political attitude. His interest in all the complicated concerns of our empire was extraordinarily strong and intelligent. From certain stray passages in his autobiography it is manifest that he had at least a leaning to the doctrine of colonial preference on the ground of consolidating the empire rather than for any fiscal reason. To pass to a less contentious subject, we may notice his loyalty to the throne and his appreciation of the remarkable woman who did so much to restore the prestige of the monarchy in England, at a time when such sentiments were not so widely diffused as they have been within the last twenty years.

In the work of reform he was inclined to rely rather upon individual effort than legislation. He was always a strong advocate for temperance, and as a landholder, opposed to the erection of public-houses. But he found that such restriction led to a great increase in the value of those licenses which continued to exist, and this outcome seemed to him discouraging. He was perhaps inclined to hope for better results from the cup of tea or coffee offered to every cabman who came on duty to his house, and who was thus, for once at least, delivered from the temptation to comfort himself with a dram.

The trend of modern legislation was in many ways antipathetic to him, for he was emphatically an individualist. Like most men of exceptional character, he perhaps fell into the error of believing that what he could do others also could do. When discussing the question of unemployment, he would say that a man who cannot get paid work should volunteer his services for nothing. It might, in the end, lead to payment, and in any case it would be better than

eating out one's heart at home. We learn from his autobiography that this was no more than he did himself, yet to ordinary people it may well seem a counsel of perfection.

He had closely investigated all schemes of co-operation, co-partnership and profit-sharing for workmen, though opposition and many difficulties prevented him from doing much therein in his shipbuilding business. He was a friend and great admirer of Sir George Livesey (died 4th. October 1908), chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, who successfully established a profit-sharing scheme among his men after incredible opposition on their part. Livesey's scheme, brought forward in 1889, was at once to combine the interests of the public, the workmen and the shareholders, and was calculated to lessen the risk of strikes, and the inconvenience and loss caused by sudden cessation of work, by giving the men an interest in the economical conduct of the business. Many of the men accepted the scheme, but it was violently opposed by the National Union of Gasworkers on the ground that it embodied in its rules a clause by which the men agreed to serve the Company for a twelve months' period at one or the other of their stations. They urged that this clause was prejudicial to their interests. However, the directors decided to adhere to their plans, with the result that some 1800 of the Union men went on strike. The Gas Company, however, managed to keep its works going and eventually resolved not to employ any more members of the Gasworkers' Union. The strike cost quite £70,000 of which £20,000 was borne by the Gas Company. The directors, however, won their point and the profit-sharing scheme was put into working order. It provided for the payment of a bonus to the workmen, calculated as a percentage on their wages and dependent upon the selling price of gas. The scheme was subsequently further extended in order

to give greater encouragement to habits of thrift. The bonus to the workmen was increased, on condition that at least one half should be retained for investment in the Company's stock. This extension of the scheme was, by degrees, widely appreciated and at the end of the year 1907 there were no less than 5003 co-partners holding ordinary stock of the Gas Company, the market value of which was £260,832. Furthermore the co-partners have three representatives on the board of the Gas Company.

This shortly is the scheme which J. W. R. again and again investigated and analysed with admiration, and always wished that he could establish something of a like nature in his own shipbuilding business. A gas company, however, is usually protected by an Act of Parliament and its work is fairly constant and continuous from year's end to year's end. Unfortunately, shipbuilding like some other trades connected with the production of coal and iron is subject to violent fluctuations. Works which may employ several thousand men when busy, are often brought almost to a standstill within a few months. The selling price of ships cannot be regulated like that of gas. When large bodies of men are thrown out of employment they are frequently forced to migrate to other districts in search of work. These are some of the reasons why a scheme such as Sir George Livesey's could not be put into operation at the Neptune Works. When the business was turned into a Limited Company in 1899 J. W. R. had hope that by making the shares £1 each, workmen would be able from time to time to buy some of them and so have an interest in the place. They, however, did not do so to any appreciable extent, with the exception of a few foremen. At last he was able to put a co-partnership scheme into actual practice, though not in his shipbuilding business. He was a director of the

Walker and Wallsend Union Gas Co. For several years he had discussed co-partnery with his colleagues on the board of that company, but received little encouragement. Not that they were unsympathetic, but they had not studied the question and probably did not fully understand its meaning. Finally, however, he won his point. Only about a year before his death a scheme was inaugurated for the benefit of the employees, and it will doubtless flourish long and bear good fruit.

The following letter from Sir George Livesey to George is of interest :—

"Shagbrook, Reigate,
"1 June 1908.

"Many thanks for your kind letter. It gives me the opportunity of saying how very sorry I was to hear of your good father's death and to express my sympathy with you in your great sorrow.

"I only had the pleasure of one or two casual meetings with your father. I remember one in the train with Mr. Waterhouse, who introduced us, and we felt we were old friends at once—that certainly was my feeling, and I believe it was reciprocated, though we had never met before. We were, at any rate, in full sympathy on the subjects discussed, and the feeling of regard and respect for your father then begun, has increased constantly with further acquaintance. I am not surprised to hear of the difficulty he had in persuading his co-directors of the Walker and Wallsend Gas Co. to adopt co-partnership. He told me of his success and said nothing about the difficulties, though I suspected they had to be overcome.

"I am sorry to say this is the common experience. On most Gas Boards, there are at least one or two directors

who cannot or will not see the wisdom of taking action in 1894
the direction of co-partnership, which can be worked successfully by Gas Companies. Unless there happens to be a man on the board like your father, nothing is done. However, I am glad to say that during the last six months in addition to your Company, Leamington, Rugby, Wrexham, Tottenham, Bournemouth and Gloucester Gas Companies have resolved to adopt the system, and some others are expected to do so. Towards this result the work and example of your father at the Walker and Wallsend Company contributed.

"I heard that death followed an operation, which is an additional regret."

The following dialogue, written by J. W. R. in September 1894, exhibits so clearly his views on the relations of employer and workman, that a large portion of it is worth reproducing.

A Colloquy on Strikes and Trade Unions.

Interviewer. How is it that you masters display so much indifference when a perfect civil war of industry is being waged?

Employer. You use the word *master*, an appellation which often gives offence to artisans. We are sometimes called tyrants, sometimes plutocrats, sometimes captains of industry, and so forth. If you accept the last appellation as being most applicable to what you call a war, you will realise that in the thick of the strife, officers rarely enter into abstract discussions as to the causes or justification of a war. They think more of their own immediate duty and of their promotion. The more reflecting may realise the horrors of the war and the injuries inflicted on the country, but their duty is to overcome the obstacles in front of them and not to philosophize.

1894 *Interviewer.* But surely the insubordination of labour must be detrimental to capital?

Employer. In what sense do you use the word capital? Do you mean, generally, accumulated savings, or are you not rather confusing capital and the capitalist? The late J. E. Thorold Rogers once very lucidly put it to me, that capital and labour in the very nature of things could never be antagonistic to each other. He further remarked that when the struggle between capital and labour was discussed, people really meant the struggle as to the apportionment of trade profits between the hand and brain workers. He added significantly, "There can be no manner of doubt which side in the long run will win."

Interviewer. Do you then consider that strikes do no injury to the masters?

Employer. Certainly they do. They injure us as part of the nation, and they occasionally drive individual members of our class into bankruptcy. To stick to your simile of a war, the officers get shot down as well as the men.

Interviewer. How do you consider that the introduction of machinery has affected the working classes?

Employer. Many or most working men seem to have a lingering idea that it has lowered wages, and the author of an Oxford text book absolutely says so, but the proposition is not worthy of serious discussion. The public do not know what very high wages workmen sometimes make by working with machinery, especially on piece work. But trade unions are usually dead against piece work. They call it sweating.

Interviewer. You will hardly go so far as to say that trade unions have not raised wages?

Employer. I certainly think they have not only *not* raised, but actually lowered wages. To speak more accurately,

they have prevented them from rising so much as they would otherwise have done. That a ring of men may for a time force up the rate of wages, no one will deny; but it does not follow that those men will be better off, as they will probably get less employment in consequence. You have also to consider the great waste caused by strikes. The strikes or locks-out for 1892 alone must have involved a direct loss of three or four millions in wages, besides the loss on machinery stopped from producing. I am willing to grant that wages have doubled, or increased threefold, or even if you like sixfold, within the last hundred and twenty years. But still we must wonder that the working classes are not better off. Consider for a moment what the power of machinery means, and what must be the effect on the national wealth, when production is increased, thirty or forty or a hundred fold. 1894

Interviewer. You say that the workmen have not profited so much as they ought to have done by the national prosperity. What is the main cause of this in your opinion?

Employer. It is hardly necessary for either of us to discuss this! Have we not both lived all our lives in the atmosphere of philanthropic efforts to promote temperance, thrift, foresight and industry?

Interviewer. What in your opinion is the principal cause of strikes?

Employer. Undoubtedly it is the belligerent nature of man. The worst strikes which we have had on the Tyne in recent years have been caused by the quarrels between different classes of workmen, in which the masters were not directly concerned. It is difficult to imagine the intensity of the men's feeling or the fierceness of their passions. In the dispute between the joiners and shipwrights, the joiners refused to abide by the award of Mr. Thomas Burt,

1894 M.P., as being against the weight of evidence. A conference was held in the County Hotel, Newcastle, and the delegates, sitting on opposite sides of the room, seemed to glare at each other like wild animals. After several hours of this, it was suggested to Mr. Burt (quite seriously) that if some whisky and potass were ordered up, things might go more smoothly, but the worthy under-secretary to the Board of Trade could not see his way to anything so much against his teetotal principles, although he agreed that the effect might have been good.

It would need the pen of a Defoe to describe a strike. The question at issue is debated in a conclave of one side only—there is no representative of the employers present. Then comes the voting, which, though said to be by ballot, is not, as some suppose, by a *secret* ballot. Each man has an equal vote, and it is thought that to the younger and unmarried men a few weeks' holiday with 15s. a week strike-pay is often an agreeable prospect, whilst the wasters and loafers whose chance of regular employment is small, vote only too naturally for a strike and strike pay. If the strike is prolonged, all the elements of fierce partisanship are brought out and intensified towards the close into something like a martyr's enthusiasm. Imagine what your feelings would be, if you believed (as if it were the Gospel) that you had a prescriptive right to certain work, of which you were being unjustly deprived, and if you knew that your wife was selling or pawning your furniture, that all your savings were spent and debts being incurred which you could never hope to pay; if you were kept in enforced idleness and bound to report yourself in person every forenoon at the union offices, if your children complained that they had not enough to eat, if awful visions of the workhouse were looming up, and your wife was perhaps being *helped* by kind

ladies (curse their condescension!) and that all the while 1894
the masters, so far as you could judge, in no way changed their way of life; imagine all this, and you will be able to believe the story that a workman once died of joy when a strike ended. Unless you first realise that the men during a strike grow to look upon themselves as martyrs, and to feel a martyr's exultation, you will never be able to understand how strikes last as they do, long after the struggle is evidently hopeless.

Interviewer. You say that workmen think they have a prescriptive right to certain work?

Employer. Yes, most of them have that idea. A man must remain all his life in the trade to which he has been apprenticed. If he does other work, he is held as a robber of what belongs to the men of that guild. The fallacies about work are extraordinary. Workmen seem to look upon employers as if we were the directors of an institution, and had situations at our disposal. Or they imagine that there are a given number of jobs to be done and that the less each man does the more will be left for the others. But indeed the fundamental axiom that the wealth of a community depends upon the amount of work done (production), and that *the more work done, the more there will be to do,* is not fully realised by many besides working men.

Interviewer. Putting aside the general theory of wages, what in your opinion governs wages in a particular trade?

Employer. Mainly the cost of material. It is evident that if iron is dearer at Stettin than at Newcastle, the workmen there must take lower wages if the value of the ship built at Stettin is to be the same in the market as that built on the Tyne (other conditions being equal). England occupies a unique position as regards the material for her manufactures. Every part of our country is comparatively

1894 near to the great highway of the ocean, and with our abundant capital and long immunity from foreign invasion we have accumulated such a provision of canals, railways, plant and machinery as has never before been known in the history of the world. There is, however, the finger on the wall as regards the most important factor in our industry. Every year we have to work deeper and inferior seams of coal, and our miners, who are discussing whether wages should rule prices or prices wages, will find that their earnings must relatively diminish. Even a generous public sympathising with their underground labours, will not prevent the inevitable. Nature is stronger than they.

Interviewer. What do you think of profit-sharing and co-operative manufactories and productive societies ?

Employer. Most employers would be only too glad to introduce profit-sharing, but so far trade unions have shown themselves hostile. My friend, Mr. Jeremiah Head, tried it, and was dubbed " a co-operative canker-worm ! " The great strike of the gas workers in London against Mr. George Livesey's generous scheme will be fresh in your recollection. It was said to have cost his company £20,000. The proposal, I think, was simply to make a gift to the workmen of a certain proportion of the dividends. I myself have had experience of a somewhat similar scheme rejected, because those whom it was intended to benefit thought it might lead to the discipline (or, as they called it, the tyranny) of pensions.

Productive co-operative societies have not so far made much progress. The total capital of all such societies existing in England is stated to be under £330,000—less than the capital controlled by any one of the larger Limited Companies on the Tyne. I do not know by whom such concerns are directed. I should say a committee of workmen would be worse than a board of directors. You must never forget

that *the* principal condition of success in a manufactory 1894,
is talent in the manager.

Interviewer. Do you then think that trade unions have never done any good?

Employer. No, that is not my meaning. In the early part of this century, especially, they did much towards the abrogation of unjust laws and the awakening of a healthy public opinion, nor is it possible to conceive associations of Englishmen earnestly striving after the amelioration of their class without much good being effected. There certainly used to be a tyranny on the part of masters and landlords which required curbing. Now, the tyranny is probably the other way. At any rate, I myself should not like to be subject to a trade union ukase. The trade unions, indeed, remind me of the Jacobin Clubs in France. The unions represent only a very small minority of the nation (their numbers being reckoned at less than one-seventh of the working classes), but still a large proportion of the nation has sympathized with their objects and ideals and so connived at methods of which it did not approve. Thank God, we have not to chronicle the horrors of the Septembriseurs, but given on one side, a fanatical feeling and secret conclaves, and on the other the hated black-leg, it is plain that deplorable developments ensue both here and in America. *Trade unions injure the working class most*, next the commonwealth, and last and least, the employers.

Interviewer. May I ask you one last question. Do you think that you employers do all that you should?

Employer. Far from it. Very far from it. We have a duty towards the non-unionist which we, I may say, basely neglect. Our only excuse—an insufficient one indeed—is that some employers have had such experience of the cruel revenge of trade unions pursuing the black-leg to the very

1895 grave, that they aver nothing will induce them again to employ a non-unionist and thus to risk being in any way mixed up with so great an injustice. Further, we do not maintain proper and wholesome discipline in our works. We allow workmen to do what would bring down prompt dismissal on a clerk or a draughtsman. Again, though we have done much towards promoting conciliation boards, we should do still more; and as regards arbitration, we have nothing to fear from it, and should reduce it to a system. Dr. Robert Spence Watson tells me he has given fifty awards in his life, and not one has been disputed. It is not always, however, that you will find a man in his position willing to give gratuitously so much of his time and strength. We should also, even against their opposition, do more to prove to our workmen that we are their best friends. Much has doubtless been done in providing houses, gardens, schools, superannuation and sick funds, hospitals, reading rooms, cafés, lectures, and recreation, but yet more might be accomplished in these directions.

When all is done, however, we have still the belligerent nature of man, and two sides, and (until there is further enlightenment) no common authority for appeal. It is as if one side appealed to the Bible, and the other to the Koran.

In 1895 the Newcastle Economic Society was founded in order " to promote the study and discussion of Economic questions." Its first president was Canon Moore Ede (Dean of Worcester since 1908), who, with Mr. Alfred Howson and Mr. G. B. Blunden, may be considered to have founded the Society. J. W. R. took from the first a strong and active interest in its proceedings, with the result that he succeeded Canon Moore Ede as president for the session 1896-7.

" He inaugurated his year of office by a conversazione

at the Grand Assembly Rooms," writes Mr. H. S. Mundahl 1896
(secretary to the Society), " and on this occasion delivered a very striking address. In this and in other ways—as by entertaining distinguished economists, both British and foreign,[1] who came to address the Society—he gave us most valuable assistance, and it was mainly owing to his help in varied ways, that the Society was able to attain the position and achieve the amount of useful work that was accomplished during the first seven years of its existence. Subsequent presidents were Sir Benjamin C. Browne, Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, Mr. G. B. Hunter, and Mr. Walter Runciman (Minister of Education, 1906-1911)."

Part of the inaugural address mentioned above was devoted to " The Silver Question," a subject in which J. W. R. had long been interested. He was himself wont to say that he always asked two questions of every new acquaintance. The first was, " Can you play chess ? " The second, " Do you know anything about bimetallism ? " This portion of the address, which was illustrated by diagrams, has been omitted here, because, though very full and clear, it was found difficult to summarize. However, the remainder is no less interesting and is given herewith :—

Economic Society,
14th. October 1896.

" This society has been instituted for the purpose of studying what is popularly called the " Dismal Science," but dismal or cheerful, its problems so closely affect our individual happiness and the well-being of our country, that it probably receives as much attention from the general public as all the other sciences put together. . . . Like all other sciences it is founded on the observation of facts, and not on the reasonings of schoolmen.

[1] *e.g.* M. Yves Guyot, an ex-minister, and editor of *Le Siècle*.

1896 "It has been defined as the science which deals with the production, accumulation and distribution of wealth. . . . Now, it is always assumed by economists that wealth is *per se* a good thing, a blessing to be desired. Economists must not on this account be considered heterodox. They do not dispute that to the individual the uses of adversity may be sweet, nor that the furnace of affliction may bring out the true gold, nor do they assert that large fortunes mean happiness for their possessors; but they do hold that the increase of wealth in a community adds to the well-being of every one of its classes. Like the gentle rain from heaven, it not only refreshes the upper foliage but sinks down to the lowest roots. . . .

"We speak of political economy as a science, because we are convinced that there are laws which govern the production, accumulation and distribution of wealth as there are laws in every other domain of science, and that it is for us by patient investigation to find out those laws. By finding out the laws of Nature, we shall be able to have her on our side, whereas if we attempt to go against Nature, it will in the end be as vain as those dams of sods which schoolboys make across the bed of a stream. And whereas we think that on many points we see more clearly than our forefathers, we are doubtless still far, very far, from a full knowledge, and in this respect also our science does not differ from other sciences. In political economy, too, as in other sciences, much that is now held to be true and sound would have appeared to former generations eminently paradoxical.

"Broadly speaking, accumulated wealth is what is designated as capital. And capital may be either living or dead. Let us consider the relative values of these. . . .

"What is the *relative* value of the *living capital*? That is to say, what is the value to the country of its citizens?

Economists have estimated the value of the inhabitants of our country to be not less than four or five times that of the total dead capital. This relative value will, I am sure, surprise some of you, but it throws a vivid light on the pages of history. Europe has been astonished that France recovered so soon from the effects of the German war; whereas Germany herself has, even to-day, hardly recovered from the effects of the long struggle known as the Thirty Years' War. The reason is mainly this, that Central Germany lost in that long strife which closed two hundred and fifty years ago, by war, by famine, by pestilence and by emigration, more than two-thirds of her population. Whereas the losses of France were mainly comprised in the addition to her national debt and the alteration of her frontier. . . . 1896

"Now, if we think it necessary to study incessantly the perfecting of our railways, our steamships, and our factories, how much more should we strive to perfect our citizens! By wise poor-laws, we can make each man more independent and self-reliant. By education we can make him more intelligent and skilful. By sanitary reforms, we can make his body stronger and his valid life longer. By just laws, and just administration, we can secure to him the due enjoyment of the fruit of his toil, and implant in his breast that hope, which is one of the greatest incentives to labour, and which distinguishes the freeman from the slave. By governing and interfering as little as possible, we can instil the self-reliance and the faculty for initiation which are so markedly the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race. If we can give him the sense of security as to all these, we do more for the commonwealth than all the inventions of a Watt, a Stephenson or an Armstrong can accomplish.

"It is characteristic of a philanthropic age that it is the third branch of political economy which has in our life-time

1896 claimed most attention. We have felt that if want and misery exist in our midst, it is not because we have too little wealth, but because the wealth we have is not properly distributed. . . . The question of distribution brings us at once to the question of wages. . . . It is now generally held that wages are paid out of the product of present industry, and that production hence furnishes the true measure of wages. . . . It is believed that it was the co-operative movement which first led Mill to reconsider his widely different theory of the "wage fund," but at a still earlier period, men of business had repeatedly pointed out that the interests of capital and labour could never be really antagonistic.

"All of us, however, are so narrow in our views! There is so much of the shopkeeper about us! If someone were to present to Newcastle £100,000 to buy each man, woman and child a pair of boots, he would be regarded as a great philanthropist; but if he gave the boots themselves—some of our tradesmen might complain, while if the boots were made by convict labour, some of our tradesmen and many of our working men would protest. And yet in any of the three cases, there is the tangible benefit of a pair of boots for everyone, and it would not be difficult to show that the effect both on shopkeepers' profits and on workmen's wages would in each case tend to their increase.

"It is a natural, but at the same time a degrading and foolish idea that there is a limited amount of work to be given out, and that the "job" may come to an end. When during a strike our artisans are seen standing at the street corners, do we not all wish they would at least do *something*—make themselves a pair of boots, build an extra room to their houses, or at any rate in some way keep busy and add to their own belongings? There are, it is said, over three

millions of soldiers on active service in Europe. If the existence of these large armies tends to security and peace, they are worth their keep; but if not, they cause a huge deduction from the wages of Europe. Firstly, there is the cost of their keep, and, secondly, the loss of what they ought to be producing. Every unnecessary official and every man who does nothing useful is a cause of diminution to the wages of a community. . . . It is strange that so simple an idea should ever have been regarded as paradoxical." 1896

Professor J. Shield Nicholson, of Edinburgh, whose works on economics were often studied by J. W. R., wrote to George (26th. April 1908): "I feel that I cannot let the death of your father pass without expressing my very great regret and my sympathy with his family. From the time I stayed with him in Newcastle, on the occasion of a lecture of mine some years ago, I had the highest admiration for him in every way. He wrote to me frequently and his letters were most interesting. One of the last he sent me was on the occasion of the death of Professor Masson, whose lectures he had attended in London more than fifty years ago. The letter was much appreciated by Mrs. Masson and her family. I did not know, until I saw it in *The Times*' chess column, that your father was a problem solver; though last summer he wrote to me asking about a problem I had published in *The Times* under my initials only. I thought your father's grip of economic questions was excellent, and there was no man I ever met with whom I would more gladly and profitably exchange ideas. Though I had so short an acquaintance with him I feel his loss as personal. He was truly one of the best of men both in heart and head. Please accept this very imperfect appreciation as a token of my esteem for your father and of my sympathy with his family."

CHAPTER XV.

Voyage to Cape Colony, 1897—Ernestine's Marriage—Removal to Hindley Hall, 1902—George's Marriage—Business Changes—Jamaica, 1905—Dora's Marriage—Royal Commission on Poor Laws—Theory and Practice of Philanthropy—Algeria, 1907.

1897 In the spring of 1897 he made a voyage to Cape Town with Ernestine. His second son, Maurice, had spent a year in 1884 in the Orange Free State with the Moresby Whites (Mrs. Richardson's sister Rosie, and husband). Maurice was the most delicate of the family, and the doctors advised an open air life for him. Since that time the feeling of political unrest had been growing strongly up-country, and had decided the Whites in 1896 to go down to Cape Colony. J. W. R. thought that by going to South Africa, he would get the much needed rest which a sea voyage promised, and gain some experience of colonial life. A special interest attaches to the journey in view of the Boer War which broke out shortly afterwards, in spite of the widespread conviction that such an event was impossible. A thrill of something resembling pain is caused by encountering in one of the letters home a passage like the following :—

" Our friend Major Boultby has had a telegram ordering him to remain here (*i.e.* at Cape Town), and not to go on to Mauritius, which highly delights him. Our Cape friends shake their heads and say this looks ' ominous ' ! ! ! What bosh ! "

Below follows the note, added in 1900, " Not such bosh after all ! "

In the Equator Est in conspectu navis nullus.
22 April 1897.

In another letter we have these highly interesting remarks. 1897

"With one single exception I have not met any Englishman or English Afrikander, who does not emphatically say that there will be no peace or settlement in South Africa until the Boers are properly thrashed (*sic*). They say that they are really a cowardly race, and that even in fight amongst themselves if a man once gets knocked down he forthwith throws up the sponge.

"But even supposing it were either just or right to do so, how is such a thrashing operation to be effected? It would require forty to fifty thousand men, say a whole army corps. . . . I would fain hope that time and patience and peaceful methods may accomplish a settlement—but oh! the belligerent nature of the human animal!"

At Cape Town the travellers were met by Mrs. Moresby White and her husband, who escorted them to their fruit farm near Stellenbosch (where they met the four youngest children). The rough twelve mile drive in a Cape cart from Stellenbosch Station lay through lovely hilly country and ended in a valley shut in by steep hills. Here lay the old Dutch gabled house surrounded by fine oak trees, which rejoiced J. W. R.'s heart after the ugly bluegum (eucalyptus) which the present colonist plants everywhere. They made an expedition up to Touw's River on the edge of the Karroo, and the long journey up and up between dry stony hills, which looked as if they had been piled up in strange fantastic shapes by giants of old; no water, except here and there a padlocked well by the railway line, and no vegetation except dry scrub, often came back to his mind as he followed the progress of the war two years later. They visited John X. Merriman and Admiral Rawson (died November 1910), who had just come back from his West African punitive expedition. Mrs. Rawson said Cape

1901 life would be charming but for the servants. They concluded their visit to the Cape by going to see Robert and Cecil White at their school near Cape Town, and went up Table Mountain with them, Ernestine forgetting the provisions. How many young and old people. themselves away from home, or out of the beaten track, can recall sunny surprise visits which J. W. R. would pay them, often at great inconvenience to himself. " John never came to Genoa on business " said his youngest sister, Nellie, " without finding time to come to Florence to see me when I lived there," and she knew well how little time or strength he had for such expeditions. Whether it was to see his son Maurice—who for a time had a poultry farm at Cowes, living there with his wife and daughter Ena—or Mrs. Moresby White—who settled for some time at Jersey for her children's education—or to visit his old cousin Eliza Wigham at Edinburgh, or his widowed mother-in-law at Littlehampton, no detour was too long, no day too busy to undertake a journey when he thought he could bring pleasure or give helpful advice.

On January 3rd., 1901 his daughter Ernestine was married to Frank Bealey at St. Anne's, Soho, London (where he was curate), by his father the vicar of Middlesbro' and his rector the Rev. J. H. Cardwell. The wedding took place in London so as to enable Ernestine's grandmother Mrs. Thöl to be present. The marriage certificate was in this way signed by representatives of three generations, the youngest to attach his signature being Philip's son William, then eight years old. All the uncles and aunts or some of their children attended, as well as the bridegroom's family, so the occasion was one of much rejoicing, though the wedding itself was a quiet one. The year after (1902), when Frank Bealey's

health obliged him to leave London, he was offered a curacy 1902
at Hatch End, then part of Pinner. The vicar, the Rev C. E. Grenside, had met the Bealeys when travelling with J. W. R. in Italy a short time before. When Hatch End was made a separate parish in 1906, J. W. R.'s generosity largely helped to clear off the debt on the church of St. Anselm, of which Frank Bealey became first vicar.

Owing to the approaching termination of the lease the Richardson family removed in 1902 from Wingrove House, their home for thirty-seven years, to Hindley Hall near Stocksfield, some fourteen miles west of Newcastle. After this migration J. W. R. took a less active share in the business of his firm, going to Walker only once a week. This relaxation of all the habits of his strenuous life was imperatively demanded by declining strength; and of him, if of any man, it may be said that he had fairly earned a time of repose. Like most busy men, he had often looked forward to a period of comparative leisure at the close of his life, and owing to the variety of his interests, the realisation of this hope was probably less of a disappointment in his case than in many others.

Yet some of his favourite pursuits had unhappily become impossible, just when he had leisure to indulge in them to the full. Riding had always been the mode of exercise for which he had an especial predilection. "Oh, how pleasant it is to be at home and to ride out in the bright fresh mornings with Dora or Felix" he once wrote on his return from abroad. And for several years those early rides were persisted in, all the year round, and on many mornings which might pass as "fresh," but could by no possible stretch of imagination be denominated "bright." 7 to 7.45 A.M. was the regular riding time, though during the few weeks

1904 when darkness prevails at that hour, the start was postponed till 8. It was very rarely that any weather or any previous fatigue was allowed to interfere with these morning expeditions. He was certainly sometimes the worse for his Spartan resolution in this matter, but there can be no question that on the whole the effect was beneficial.

Occasionally he took a day's hunting with Dora, but owing to increasing weakness of sight he was unable much to enjoy this or even any riding. On the other hand, it was now possible for him to spend hours daily in reading and writing and in the cultivation of his numerous intellectual interests. He was also able to devote more time and attention to the work of the magistrates' bench. He had been appointed a justice of the peace in 1892 and served continuously in the West Castle Ward of the county, being a member too of the county licensing and prison visiting committees. Much time was also spent in the duty (as he held it) of hospitality, and in actions of thoughtful kindness, which come within few people's range of duty. "I think, I had some of the happiest times of my girlhood at Hindley," writes a lady [1] who has been already quoted, and the testimony is no isolated one. But the instances of his beneficent consideration for others, striking and numerous as they are, are for the most part of too personal a kind to be repeated here.

In 1904 his circle of friends was widened by the marriage of his son George, who, a few years previously, had made acquaintance with Alfred Heneage Finch of Cambridge, then employed in engineering business at Newcastle. Just before Christmas 1903, George became engaged to Isabel Margaret, Alfred's sister, and younger daughter of Gerard

[1] Agnes Le Mesurier.

Hindley Hall, Stocksfield,

South front.

Brown Finch of Howes Close, Cambridge. Mr. Finch had 1904
been Senior Wrangler in 1857, and, after an active life as a barrister, had settled down in Cambridge, the home of his first wife, who was a daughter of Joshua King, president of Queen's College.

George's wedding took place at Girton parish church, on Saturday morning, the 16th. of April 1904, Frank Bealey and Jacob Forrest, cousin of the bridegroom, being the officiating clergymen. The day before, there had been a delightful gathering at Howes Close, when most members of the families on each side, together with many friends, were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Finch. This was followed by a dinner in the fine old hall of Queen's College, at which the nearer relatives were present. The events of the two days were an especially happy memory for all the guests. Mr. Finch, with his profound and diversified knowledge of mathematics, science, law and theology, and his lively interest in engineering, found much in common with J. W. R., resulting in pleasant visits to each other's homes.

At the time of writing, the children of George's marriage are Michael, Nancy, Celia, and Ursula. Nancy, born in 1907, was too young to enter much into J. W. R.'s life, but he had a great affection for Michael, delighting in the child's visits to Hindley Hall, and encouraging him in his early love for horses.

* * * * *

"Ex ferro nostrae, majorum ex robore, naves ;
Unica sed Christus Navis ad astra manet." [1]

Something might here be said of the continued progress of the shipbuilding business. As far back as 1888 the

[1] Lines by J. W. R. carved over the entrance to the Neptune Works offices.
"Our forefathers built ships of oak, we build of iron ;
But Christ is for ever the only Ship that carries us to heaven."

1899 Neptune firm had built the mail steamship *Alfonso XII.* for the Compañía Trasatlántica of Barcelona. She was a famous ship in her day, the largest yet built at Walker, being 408 feet long with a gross tonnage of 5063. The *Alfonso XII.* led the way to a series of larger ships and, as years went by, the capacity of the shipyard was found to be inadequate to meet the demand of the times. Land was accordingly acquired immediately to the north of the engine works, and in 1899 the business was converted into a limited liability company. In issuing the prospectus of the new company, J. W. R. showed that scrupulous regard for straight dealing which characterised all his actions. He was gratified by having the capital over-subscribed and by being consequently consulted as to company formations by several friends who regarded his prospectus as a model of what one should be.

His son Philip in 1892 had retired from active participation in the management of the business and went to London to take up shipowning, and continued to remain there as a shipowner and underwriter at Lloyds'. He, however, was still a partner at the Neptune Works, his father's other colleagues being Charles J. D. Christie (died in 1904), John Tweedy and J. Denham Christie (son of C. J. D. C.). George entered into the commercial department in 1896 as an assistant to the partners, and with the formation of the limited liability company became a director together with the five partners.

In 1902 the Neptune firm produced its largest steamer, the twin-screw cable-ship *Colonia*, 487 feet long with a gross tonnage of about 8000. Owned by the Telegraph Construction & Maintenance Co., Ltd., of London, she carries 10,000 tons deadweight including some 4000 miles of submarine cable. Interesting though the *Colonia* be, she

is after all only one of the numerous ships constructed 1903
at the Neptune Works, vessels of all kinds whether cargo liners, or fast passenger boats, or designed for some special trade.

Immediately adjoining the north end of the shipyard lay the premises of the Tyne Pontoons and Dry Docks Co., Ltd. (founded in 1882), of which J. W. R. was a director, taking an active part in their operations.[1] Lower down the river and next to the docks came the large shipyard of C. S. Swan & Hunter, Ltd., a business begun in 1872. For some time the advantages of a fusion of interests had been discussed, and in 1903 there was effected an amalgamation of the three firms in question. The new company was styled Swan, Hunter, & Wigham Richardson, Limited, a controlling interest also being taken in the business of the Wallsend Slipway & Engineering Company, Ltd. The pros and cons of this amalgamation very much exercised the mind of J. W. R. who freely consulted his son Philip, leaving most of the final arrangements in his hands. The scope of the business was now enormously increased. In 1860 the Neptune Works extended over only four acres with a river frontage of 320 feet. Two hundred workmen at most were employed, and the maximum annual output of ships would not be as much as 4000 gross tons. The present works, excluding the Wallsend Slipway & Engineering Co., cover seventy-eight acres, with a frontage of 4000 feet. The capacity of the shipyards is about 150,000 gross tons a year and six thousand men can easily be employed.

Soon after the amalgamation, negotiations began for building one of the two express mail steamships ordered

[1] "*Mercator quassas mox reficit naves*," is a line he had inscribed above the entrance to the offices built in 1901, an adaptation of Horace, Odes, I. i. 16-18: "The merchant soon refits his battered ships."

1905 by the Cunard Steamship Company of Liverpool under their contract with the British Government. These Atlantic liners were the subject of endless discussions, and J. W. R.'s advice was of great service. Finally the firm secured the order for the now famous *Mauretania*, the sister ship the *Lusitania* being built at Clydebank. On the 20th. of September 1906 the *Mauretania* was launched from the Wallsend shipyard, witnessed by an immense concourse of people. The vessel was the largest and finest steamship in the world and eclipsed all other merchant ships in speed. Her fastest trip across the North Atlantic averaged over 26 knots, or more than 30 miles an hour. In October 1907 the great ship was taken from Wallsend to Liverpool, cruising round the north of Scotland, some four hundred guests of both sexes being invited for the trip. J. W. R. was on board and took his full share in the labour of organization, helping to arrange things for the comfort of the guests and indefatigably attending to their wants. The *Mauretania* marks a culminating point in the history of the shipbuilding business and it was well that he was spared to help in the great work and to see its achievement.

The month of April 1905 was mainly passed in Jamaica. The letters home, from which a few extracts are given, testify to undiminished powers of observation, and an ever widening interest in all the multiplex concerns of humanity.

"Tom Cringle speaks of the rage for wearing gloves in his time in Jamaica. *Now* they do not wear them at all—not even in dancing.

"The negro waiters in Jamaica are civil and obliging and in every way commendable, whereas those in the States are just the reverse. The hotel manager says it is because in Jamaica they are treated with *absolute British justice.*

He gave me some really touching instances of their appreciation of good treatment and of their loyalty. The whole of the numerous servants in this hotel are of one family—say of one clan. 1906

"I am charmed with the intelligent and ever polite schoolboys whom we meet on the tram-cars. I asked two if they were not taught Latin very badly 'On the contrary, Sir, our Master teaches us very well. He is a B.A.!' They showed me their book. It was a simple and interesting story in Latin with illustrations (pictures) of the words, and even I could read it quite fluently.

"The hats which the coloured people wear here, are wonderful. Two very attractive mulattoes in the car had hats trimmed with broad opalescent satin ribbons garlanded with the frosted berry of the arbor vitae. A smart shower came on, and as they were preparing to disembark I remarked that the rain would spoil their hats. They smiled superbly, and getting down with their large flat baskets they removed the basket covers, and slipped their hats under them and then put the baskets on their heads and marched away with the gait which Virgil attributes to goddesses.

"We inspected the water-supply which interested me more than anything else here. The water rushes down with such force that they have to make a sort of switch-back arrangement to check the current. . . . I make out that five million gallons pass down per diem—which is over 125 gallons per head of the population or five times what is considered normal in England, and is more on the scale of ancient Rome."

On St. Valentine's Day 1906, calm, bright, frosty, with glistening snow on the ground, his daughter Dora was married to Thomas Herbert Minshall, son of Thomas Edward Minshall

1907 of Hampstead. The ceremony was performed at the little Saxon church of St. Peter in the East at Oxford, by the vicar Canon King and the Rev. Jacob A. Forrest.

The newly married couple settled first at a house called Tarentum, close to the quaint old village of Chobham. Here their son Merlin was born on the 21st. of December. In 1907 they removed to Great Grove Farm, Ottershaw, four or five miles distant from Chobham.

In March 1907, J. W. R. was cited to give evidence before the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and Relief of Distress. The official summary of his statements on this occasion is given below.

"I was brought up and have lived in what may be called ultra-philanthropic circles, and have been connected with engineering and shipbuilding since 1853, *i.e.* for fifty-four years, and I am now vice-chairman of the firm which has launched in tonnage and value more steamers than any other firm in the United Kingdom. I have served on the Local Board of Walker and on the County Council of Northumberland, and I was for three years chairman of the Longbenton School Board, and am a magistrate for Northumberland, Chairman of the Licensing Bench of the West Castle Ward, and on the Committee for visiting the prisons.

Unemployment

"*Extent of unemployment.*—There are two classes of unemployed, viz.:—

A. The loafers. These are chronically out of work, but most of them find work in booming times.

B. The steady workmen. Many of these are thrown out of work in periods of depression.

Stocksfield Burn,

In the grounds of Hindley Hall.

"*Causes of unemployment. Class A: Loafers.*—The 1907
principal cause of the existence of loafers is public (and also private) so-called charity. Did not Cobden say that you could have just as many paupers as you chose to pay for?

Class B: Steady Workmen.—The fluctuations of trade are the main cause of steady workmen being out of work. A minor cause is ill-health.

"*Effects of unemployment. Class A: Loafers.*—The effect is altogether bad and deplorable, and the evil begets further evils.

Class B: Steady Workmen.—The effect on this class is also very sad, for in many cases it encourages idle habits, and in others, where a man sees his earnings all consumed he is disposed to cease to be thrifty.

"*Remedies for unemployment. Class A: Loafers.*—If the relieving officers had powers to rout out all loafers and impress them (*pro tem.* at least) into the army or navy and to subject them to discipline in exchange for assistance to their families, it would, I think, be a good step in the right direction. What is called 'Out-door relief' only intensifies the ill in the long run.

Class B: Steady Workmen.—In times of depression workmen, whether non-unionist or members of trade unions, cannot bring themselves to accept the real market price or value of their labour. If in times of depression and distress the workman, in lieu of allowing subscriptions to be raised for free breakfasts and so forth, would agree for a time to work at reduced wages, it would stimulate production. That is to say they would increase the wage fund. This, however, is what they very rarely can grasp. When short time is being worked they think that the capitalist (*sic*), ought not to think of reducing wages at all. I am well aware, of course, that in conferences between employers and the

1907 trade unions leaders it is recognized that brisk employment is a justification for a rise of wages, and *vice versa*, but this latter only goes a little way.

"*Generally.*—The incidence of foreign tariffs and the varying output of gold have an undoubted effect, but I take it that the Commission will not wish me to enter on questions where so much difference of opinion and so much party feeling exist.

"I have always understood that the report of the Commission which, seventy or eighty years ago, was sent over by the French Government to inquire into the (old) English Poor Laws, remains still a mine of facts and of wise comments. For the impressment of unemployed men *vide* Fortescue's 'History of the British Army,' vol. ii., p. 572.

"In 1852 I paid a lengthened visit to Ireland and was shocked at the quantity of beggars. In 1857 I spent six weeks in Switzerland, and the beggars there, at that time, were even worse than in Ireland, which is saying a very great deal! Since that time the authorities in Switzerland have practically abolished begging, tramping, and even pauperism. We engineers say that a good copy is better than a bad invention. Can we not try to copy the Swiss?"

On questions relating to the relief of the poor, he took his own line. He was a stern advocate of thrift, and yet when he would blame anybody for not having shown providence and thought, he would at the same moment send him substantial monetary help, his heart thus ruling his head. With the vicar of Walker, Mr. Wardroper, he would often discuss the conditions of the working classes, especially at times when there were disputes between the masters and the men in the shipyards. Whilst he would try to show that the men were in the wrong, or did not know all that

was going on behind the scenes, perhaps the very next day 1907
he would send relief in money and kind, for the very object of helping those who were out of work or in distress. His breadth of sympathy and interest was very marked, even in dealing with people who took different lines from himself in questions of public importance. Mr. Wardroper relates how J. W. R. and he were once sitting in a committee room of the House of Commons when there was a dispute between the Walker Gas Company, of which J. W. R. was a director, and the Walker Urban District Council, about obtaining powers for supplying electricity. His friend Father Berry, of the Walker Presbytery, was giving evidence for the local council and vehemently finding fault, from his point of view, with the manufacturers and shipbuilders. After he had left the room, J. W. R. quietly said to the vicar " Look here, Father Berry is having a bazaar in his school. As you are going to Walker to-morrow and as I cannot go, will you take this sum of money and spend it for me ? " Not many people knew that J. W. R. did this kind of thing, but it is only one case of many that could be instanced. Mr. Wardroper once remarked : " My friend was reputed by a large section of the public to be a peculiar man. I pray heaven may in time send to the world others as peculiar."

Like most men of strong character, J. W. R. had in him a certain vein of asceticism. Despite continual sufferings from ill-health, his way of life was in many particulars Spartan. His perseverance in early rising all the year round through every variation of weather and temperature was such as sometimes to astonish even himself. He never had a bedroom fire, and indeed cared little for luxurious surroundings of any sort. His study was always plainly furnished, though in that room he liked to have a cheerful fire, and a comfortable armchair. His beloved pipe was the only other

1907 indulgence for which he showed any particular predilection. "Tobacco," he writes in the autobiography, "has been the solace of my life," and a not wholly humorous passage in one of his letters places the abandonment of his pipe on the same level of self devotion as going out on missionary work, or becoming "Clerk to the Friends' Meeting."

His abstemiousness in the matter of food was probably due rather to lack of appetite than to any ascetic views on the duty of fasting; but it was certainly remarkable in a man who habitually worked up to—and beyond—the limits of his strength. His daily breakfast was scarcely even a matter of form. A cup of coffee, a morsel of toast, perhaps an apple or a pear, or a spoonful of honey was all that he took to fortify himself for a long morning's work.

But with regard to his asceticism, the important point to be noticed is that, whatever might be the case in theory, in practice, it was reserved wholly and solely for himself. No man was ever more solicitous for the comfort of others, or more careful to save them from any kind of inconvenience. His kindness and compassion manifested themselves in every contingency of life. One winter evening, returning from the station, he supported on his arm all the way up Westgate Hill, a poor old woman seeking admission to the workhouse. To facilitate the holiday plans of his servants, he would alter the times of meals, while pretending that the change was for his own convenience. The mere possibility that the birds, which in frosty weather were daily fed at Wingrove House, might for once expect their meal in vain, induced him when leaving Dover on a business journey to telegraph to his daughter: "*Vergiss nicht die Amseln und andere Vögelein zu füttern.*"

"In 1907," writes Miss Caroline Richardson, "John

Main Staircase: Hindley Hall.

proposed to join S. A. R. (Sarah Ann Richardson) and me, 1907
on a tour in Algeria. We met him at Marseilles. There he took me to call upon Monsieur Barry and his charming family. All through the tour we were struck by his most kind consideration. He would keep the tiresome boys quiet and amused, whilst we sketched, and had a happy power of overcoming difficulties.

"One long tedious journey by rail was enlivened for all in the carriage by his teaching a young French girl how to make paper boats and ladders.

"Again and again, he found links with people, and enriched the journey for us all. But the intense interest of life seemed gone—as if his work was done."

To his wife:

"Grand Hôtel, Constantine,
"28 March, 1907.

"This is a very hilly country. It took us five and a half hours to cover the thirty miles from Philippeville, say less than five and a half miles an hour! I went into a third class to smoke, and had much interesting talk with an engineer who was travelling to sell agricultural machinery. His firm sell over a thousand ploughs per annum and other machines, or implements in proportion.

"It is very cold and we are glad to have wraps. S. A. R. has the fury of sketching upon her, and seems to find some object to draw whenever we stop, even for five minutes. For myself I feel that my sketching days are over.

"I ventured to go up to a Colonel of Zouaves who dines and lunches at this hotel, and he gave me a pleasant account of his experiences at Pekin with General Gazelee—the English Commander. He also gave me an interesting

1907 account of the campaign of 1859—France and Italy against Austria."

To the same:

"Hôtel Bertrand, El Kantara.
"30 March, 1907.

"On our journey here to-day I got something into my eye and asked a French fellow passenger to look into it, but he could see nothing. So, as I was in much pain, I went at once to the locomotive and called down the engine driver, who although his hands were as black as a nigger's, promptly took the grit out of my eye with a knife. It was such a relief. He would accept nothing at all, but afterwards when I was leaving this station, he came to inquire how the eye was going on, and was willing to join in an absinthe."

To the same:

"Michelet (Kabylie).
"14 April 1907.

"We came up here in a motor car, a hundred miles from Bougie and climbing 3600 feet. The panoramic views were indescribably magnificent, but heavy rain came on before we reached this small Alpine hotel kept by an Italian and his wife from Lugano, and this morning it is heavy rain and thick mist. S. A. R. always looks at the bright side of things and speaks of a nice quiet Sunday away from the steamboat whistles of Bougie. . . . I have had fires lit in the rooms of Caroline and S. A. R. notwithstanding their protestations, and I think they are now happy to go upstairs and be alone and rest.

"The mists have cleared away and the orange of the Djurdjura mountains is spread out before us like the Bernese Alps from Bern."

TURBANED YOUTH AT TIZI-OUZON, ALGERIA.
18 APRIL, 1907.

CHAPTER XVI.

Failing Strength—Melrose, 1908—Death—Various Appreciations.

For some years past it had been manifest that J. W. R.'s strength was declining, but none suspected any ground for immediate apprehension. The weakness from which he suffered seemed no more than was to be expected in a man no longer young, who had at no time of his life enjoyed really robust health, and who had worked, as he admitted, beyond his physical powers. These considerations probably to some extent prevented those around him from fully realising the progress of that wearing and painful malady which ultimately proved fatal to him, and to this result his own reticent fortitude certainly contributed. 1908

"I am now grieving over the thought of our blindness," writes one [1] of his friends, "in not having perceived that some bodily ailment was afflicting him. If I ever suspected anything, it was but in the faintest degree. And he never mentioned, or even distantly alluded to it. Sometimes when our talk verged on these deeper subjects which lie beneath the surface of every nature, he has asked me a question, which showed that thoughts of elsewhere were occupying his mind, and he has sighed with a wistful sadness and relapsed into silence too sacred to intrude upon, making it very clear that his mind had entered into that region where one can only go alone. But that he had any physical reason for it, I never guessed!"

[1] The Rev. John Wagstaff, of Whittonstall, near Stocksfield.

1908 "We had all remarked recently," says another,[1] "before he went away (to Melrose), that he was looking stronger than he had done for some time. He was taking quite good walks, and looking so much less frail than he sometimes did."

In March he for a short time joined his sisters, Miss Caroline Richardson and Mrs. Spence Watson at Melrose, and remained there till within eight or nine days of his death.

To his sister, Mrs Merz:

"Melrose, Saturday, Ap. 4th., 1908.

"I have been much in sympathy with you on account of Ursula's illness and because Norbert did not derive all the benefit which he expected from the visit to Cornwall.

"Lizzie (Mrs. Spence Watson) is really making progress, and it is delightful to see her old smile.

"Caroline is not so strong as she was, and a walk of an hour tires her. She and I went to Dryburgh Abbey yesterday. She was told that there were nine hundred visitors there last year. At a shilling a head this makes a respectable sum.

"I got the inscription right at last, which is on the tomb of the Haliburtons' next to Sir Walter Scott's, about 'Man is a bubble.' I may as well give it for Teresa, in the original:

"Homo est bulla."
"Rebus in humanis nil fas dixisse beatum,
Fatalem donec verterit hora rotam." [2]

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[1] Mrs. Brodrick Dale, of Apperley Dene, Stocksfield.

[2] "Man is a bubble."
"It is not right to call happy anything in human fortunes, until the hour has turned its appointed wheel."

"Talking of Latin, I remember one of our boys at school 1908
wrote that they had to turn into verse Scott's description of Melrose, and one began '*Si vis Melrosam quam sit formosa videre*,' which I thought was not half bad.—Best love,

"J."

The week after this letter was written, he came to London where he joined his wife at Kew. While in town, he thought it desirable to have a medical opinion on the internal trouble from which he had for some time suffered. "An immediate operation necessary" was the verdict, and he decided to enter a nursing home.

One, who called unexpectedly the afternoon before the operation, writes:—"He was quietly writing at a little table on which lay a Bible and some papers, and sprang up with an exclamation of pleasure as I came in. He asked after my welfare, and inquired what I had been reading. When I replied "Coke of Norfolk" which was published this week, he at once began to tell me all Coke had done for farming in Norfolk, and to speak of correspondence he himself had been having on the present agricultural depression. I thought he looked very pale and was somewhat nervous when telling me of the happy chance which had discovered the operation he was to undergo. He did not, however, speak personally of himself, it would have been unlike him to waste time or to court agitation by dwelling on the possibilities of the next twenty-four hours. But thinking what must have been in his mind, one loves to recall a day some months back, when some guests at Hindley were discussing theological problems; he listened quietly till the end, when he broke the silence saying, 'My faith is so strong I have *no* doubts.'"

The operation was performed on Tuesday morning, the

1908 14th. of April. His wife received a telegram before noon, "Operation over successfully. Patient doing well." During the day, and until late in the evening, the reports continued so good that the family felt no serious alarm. The nursing-home regulations strictly enforced that none should see him for at least twenty-four hours after the operation, and late in the evening Philip, reassured, went home. But as night drew on it seems that the matron was in great anxiety about the patient, but owing to Philip's departure from his office, could not communicate by telephone. The doctor was engaged with another case, and the poor patient became very restless and seemed in great pain. Morphia was injected and he became gradually unconscious, and passed quietly away soon after six on Wednesday morning, the 15th. of April.

The news reached his family as a most terrible shock; in fact, it seemed quite unbelievable. No one except his devoted wife knew of the years of serious suffering which had preceded the operation, and the first bulletins were treacherously reassuring.

He had left instructions that he was to be buried in a wicker coffin, and that his funeral was to be carried out as quietly and with as little trouble as possible, and that he should lie near where he died. "No flowers" was his wish, but added to the wreaths sent by his wife and children was one sent anonymously by a stranger, unknown to the family, to whom he had shown some kindness during his trip to Jamaica in 1905, a touching tribute to his memory.

His remains were laid to rest at Kensal Green. His children, and many relatives and friends were present, the service being read by his nephew by marriage, the Rev. Jacob A. Forrest, vicar of Potters Bar.

He was a factor in so many lives, that it seemed impossible that things could go on as usual now he was gone. One

of the first to hear the news at Hindley was Thomas White, 1908
his faithful coachman, "Why did not the master send for me to nurse him, *I* never would have let him go"; and another servant said in his Northumbrian way some weeks after, "When White told us the master was dead, I couldna' *believe* it, and what's more, I canna'." When Dora was at Hindley two months later the gamekeeper remarked to her, "Ivvor since the mastor went there's been a propor gloom." The gardener said to her, "Nothink seems the same now the guvn'r's gone. The vo'y children on the roads going to and fro school misses him; and as for the likes of us we doant know where we are, wanting him. He's a propor miss, he is."

It was so characteristic of the man that in spite of the sufferings caused by his illness, and the fact that his death was impending, his last days were spent in arranging a pleasant holiday for his sister Nellie, his grandchildren William and George, his niece Mary White, and his daughter Dora and her husband, to be spent as his guests near Paris. His daughter, in fact, was packing for that journey, when the first news of his illness came. A letter written to her the day before the operation shows that the near prospect of an unmeasured danger had affected neither his calm fortitude, nor his consideration for the concerns of others.

"13th. April, 1908.

"It has occurred to me that you may possibly wish to put off your visit to France, now that I am not going, in which case, will you kindly advise Philip, or advise him in any case. You know that Willie and Gogo are already there with Mary White (the address in Paris follows).

"I believe this will be the last day for a while at least that I shall be able to write."

The preceding Christmas, 1907, had been quietly spent

1908 with his wife at Whitby, the original home of the Richardson family, and he had more than once gone out in the snow to look at the Caedmon Memorial Cross, so in time a beautiful gravestone was erected at Kensal Green, copying, in part, the Caedmon stone. As directed in his will, there was inscribed on the cross, "*Mihi quoque spem dedisti*," being the last line of a beautiful verse in the thirteenth century hymn, "Dies Iræ," attributed in Trench's "Hymni Latini" to Thomas of Celano:

> "Qui Mariam absolvisti
> Et latronem exaudisti,
> Mihi quoque spem dedisti."
>
> "By the Magdalen forgiven,
> By the dying robber shriven,
> I too cherish hopes of Heaven."

Much has been said in this memoir of his care for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of his fellow workers at Walker, and his wife and children have put up a window in the east end of the parish church there to his memory.

His last days were an epitome of his whole life: thoughtfulness for others and no care for his own comfort. His last hours were perhaps just what he himself would have wished. He hated "scenes," and would have ill endured to cause any member of his family the sorrow of seeing him in pain. But to the family the thought of his lonely death was one of the hardest trials in their great loss. That vein of the heroic which shows itself in his making so light of his illness and operation may be traced throughout his whole life. Although he was so hospitable, broadly sympathetic, and fond of his fellowmen, yet he was always a lonely soul, and those who lived with him often felt that, however near they seemed to come, he was still aloof and solitary.

Replying to an anguished expression of regret at his

lonely death, a friend who knew him well exclaimed, "Ah! 1908
the loneliness! . . . and yet, was he alone? All the sowing of his life, all the bread he had cast upon the waters, all the love and help he had given to others must have come back on that day, and wrapped him round about as he lay on his deathbed, and nourished his soul and caressed him, and filled him with sweet sensations. I expect his death was beatific, for in reality you *were* all there, all you beings that he made, and all the loves of his life, and all the beauty which he felt and saw in things, would be in the room."

Dr. E. J. Dillon, the great linguist and journalist, writing to George from St. Petersburg (7th. May 1908), says: "So long as I live, the memory of your father will live as part of my spiritual possessions. For he was a considerable and very beneficent influence in my life, and not merely indirectly by the ennobling example he set, and the bracing spiritual atmosphere he carried about with him, but also directly as a counsellor—a guide, whose experience enabled him to help his fellows. I enjoyed his conversation more than I can tell you, for one of its characteristics was the clearness of the ideas he conceived and the precision with which he set them forth in simple words. Whatever he spoke about he had first grasped thoroughly, and for that reason he was able to put it within the mental reach of the average man.

"Optimism was another of your father's many attractive traits—an optimism which seemingly nothing could shake. For it was genuine, not merely a thing divorced from application. He applied it to individuals, and in a way that challenged my admiration and won my heart. According to him everyone was moved by good intentions—sometimes men were mistaken through ignorance, misguided through

1908 prejudice, blinded by passion. But at bottom, the motive was good. And when I saw him apply this standard to those who had wronged himself—I felt that I was honoured in knowing this ideal man whose conduct I could but admire without hoping to imitate.

"If I had to write an epitaph on your father's tombstone, and to press into the fewest and simplest words the source of the good and the true which his words and deeds were ever embodying, I should copy Goethe's lines :

"'His striving was with loving,
His living was in deed.'"

A fine appreciation of J. W. R. was written to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* by his life-long friend Thomas Hodgkin, historian and banker :

"Barmoor Castle, Beal,
"24 April, 1908.

"Having been absent from home for the last fortnight I do not know what may have been said in the Newcastle papers about the eminent citizen whom we have lost from among us—Mr. John Wigham Richardson—but as the notices which have appeared have probably referred chiefly to his character as a man of business and a large employer of labour, I venture to add a few words descriptive of his private character, and of what he was as a friend. After more than forty years of harmonious business relationship, the ties of personal friendship seemed to grow stronger between him and me as we were both growing old and more or less shaking ourselves free from the cares of business. He was one of the kindest of hosts, and always made one welcome at Wingrove or at the charming home of his old age, Hindley Hall. Though I had always known that he was a man with a wide intelligent range, I think I have only learned of later

years how deep and accurate, as well as varied, was his 1908
knowledge. Whatever might be the subject touched upon, he always seemed, if I may say so, ' to have been there before one.' Not pedantically, nor as one who would make a boastful display of his attainments, but gently and genially he contributed from his own abundant stores of knowledge, the facts which were needed for an accurate understanding of the subject. It was characteristic of him that he as shipbuilder and attentive reader of Thucydides should have written some papers which have, I believe, revolutionized the conceptions of modern classical scholars as to the mode of construction of the Greek trireme. In looking back on those delightful hours spent in his company—hours of which I remember saying more than once, ' A visit to Richardson is part of a liberal education,'—I am forcibly reminded of that beautiful stanza of ' In Memoriam ' :

> " ' Heart-affluence in discursive talk
> From household fountains never dry ;
> The critic clearness of an eye,
> That saw thro' all the Muses' walk.'

" It is the first line, the ' heart-affluence ' and the delightful discursiveness which seem to me fittest to describe the conversation of my vanished friend. To his unfailing kindliness and goodness of heart towards neighbours, dependents, and friends, many will gladly bear witness. That side of his character has, I trust, already been brought before your readers ; but as Mr. Richardson was not an extensive author, and did not take any prominent part in scientific discussions, I venture to trouble you with this imperfect attempt at an appreciation of his rare and intelligent powers.

" His death is a grievous loss, not only to his family and his friends, but to the whole community."

APPENDIX.

The following note (19th. May 1908) is from W. H. Hadow, then Dean of Worcester College, Oxford, and now Principal of Armstrong College, Newcastle:

"If I may, I should like to keep Mr. Hodgkin's letter. It seems to say very truly and simply what I have found to hold good in my own experience. Whenever I talked with your father I learned something fresh; every subject seemed to be within his knowledge, and he had the rare power of putting the facts clearly and originally from his own point of view. His loss is a very real loss to me; and you may believe that I sympathize most deeply and sincerely with you and yours."

Something has been said about his great sympathy with his juniors and the interest he took in their doings. The following from Alfred H. Finch, one of his younger friends, is much to the point:

"I do not think you could have given me any more appropriate reminder of John Wigham—of his taste, his scholarship and his love of the genuine and the best. I delight to have these books you have sent (copies of Virgil and Horace), for themselves and for the memories that they will carry with them.

"After my own father, who I think grows more mellow and kindly as his years advance, and radiates the fundamental good of Christianity without the cant, I have always

regarded John Wigham as a pattern to aspire after. He had a lot of characteristics in common with my father (I suppose that is what drew them together so strongly); but apart from these, I liked his directness—almost bluntness sometimes—his hatred of shams and contempt of forms; while his combination of scholarship and rare and curious learning with the business faculty to start (at twenty-three), and run successfully an enterprise like the Neptune Works forms a model which anyone might be proud to follow. But while one may appreciate his qualities, it is not so easy to divine the methods by which he attained to them. Much capacity for hard work, I expect, and a very wide sympathy for a very diversified circle of men. However that may be, it is a real gain to have been privileged to know him: and our family may be happy in the connection which continues in you."

And yet another note, this time from Paul E. Roberts, a college friend of George, who had more than once enjoyed hospitality at Wingrove and Hindley. Referring to a short biographical notice of Wigham Richardson which was reprinted from *The Shipbuilder*, a quarterly magazine, Roberts writes 14th. August 1908:

"I think the writer has done his task well and given a good character study of his subject. I think also he did well to lay stress on the singular charm of your father's conversation. I don't think I ever met a man who could put younger and inexperienced people so much at their ease. When I recall the long talks I have had in the library at Hindley, I can only wonder at his unfailing courtesy and tolerance of many things that must have seemed to him crude and premature. It is rather difficult to put clearly what I mean, but after all when one meets men of your father's position and attainments, there

is usually some very natural feeling of constraint on the one side, and some hint of condescension on the other. By a natural charm of manner he succeeded in totally removing this barrier. I think it was partly because when you talked with him intimately you saw that he cared very little for the things that most men value highest—wealth, position, and influence. Though he had them, to him they were not, and never had been, of great importance, except for the good he might do with them. And so when he talked with people who had none of them, he managed with a charm that was all his own, to meet them as an equal on other ground, and give them the fruit of his wide and ripe knowledge of all subjects. The sense of severe personal loss will long remain with you, but it must have been some slight consolation for you to see, since his death, how widely your father was honoured and loved."

His keen interest in public affairs, his work as a magistrate and a county councillor, brought him into contact with many notable men who always seemed to value his friendship and to be struck by his varied attainments. The Duke of Northumberland, chairman of the Northumberland County Council, exchanged a great deal of interesting correspondence with him on various subjects, including such things as agriculture, tenure of land, afforestation, etc. etc. The following indicates what interest there was in this intercourse whether by correspondence or personal meetings:

"Alnwick Castle,
"29 January, 1909.

"Very many thanks for your kind thought in sending me the most interesting biographical notice of Mr. Wigham Richardson which reached me last night. In common with

all, I believe, who came in contact with him, I had the highest respect and esteem for your father, and no one can appreciate more than I do the value of any record of him and of his varied and useful interests. I only wish I had seen more of him and known him better. Again thanking you very sincerely, I am, yours very faithfully,

NORTHUMBERLAND."

Mrs. Helen M. Pease, sister-in-law of Dr. Hodgkin, writes :

"GL[illegible]URGAN, FALMOUTH.
"[illegible] August, 1908.

". . . It must be a constant pleasure and satisfaction to you to know how greatly he was loved and honoured. He was always binding persons to himself because he never spared himself—and would give help of every sort and of the very best kind to all who sought his advice, and who knew they would benefit by his wise judgment."

Her nephew, T. Edward Hodgkin, writes :

"OLD RIDLEY, STOCKSFIELD.
"15 April, 1908.

". . . I like to look back to my last talk with him walking home from church on Sunday a fortnight ago, when he asked me to send a contribution from him to a Protestant Mission in the Pyrenees that a friend of mine, a French pastor who had recently been staying here, was keen about working up. It seemed to me so typical of him to stretch out a helping hand, though I had never asked him to do so, knowing how many claims he had, but just through his sympathy with my friend whom he met casually in the train, and I need not say how gratefully the help was received. . . ."

And Robin Hodgkin, brother of the last named, writes :

"QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.
"17 May, 1908.

". . . I scarcely remember any one else who took such trouble as he to make himself interesting to dull and shy young people, to try to get the best out of them, and who managed so well to make me feel at home by being treated as an equal. I shall never lose these impressions of him. . . ."

The following is from Herbert B. Rowell, one of the leading directors of the shipbuilding and engineering firm, R. & W. Hawthorn, Leslie & Co., Ltd., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who served his apprenticeship at the Neptune Works :

"NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
"18 August 1908.

"I am very glad to have the sketch of your father's life which you sent me the other day—it is so good of you to think of it. I have and always shall have a very pleasant and grateful remembrance of him. At a time when influence is of most value he used his on me for good, and I am glad to remember that in January of this year, thirty years after I went to serve my apprenticeship at your works, I wrote to thank him for it.

"These are the good acts which we can never return to the doers—only pass them on to the next generation, so that they may become a permanent force for good.

"I met an old friend of your father's at lunch on Sunday, in the Master of the Rolls,[1] who spoke of him in a way you would have liked to hear—it would have done you good, as it did me.

[1] The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert H. Cozens-Hardy.

"Men don't talk much of these things, but I had a great regard for your father, in no way diminished by the infrequency of our meetings of later years—one of the pleasantest of which was the journey I made with him to Town the last time he went up."

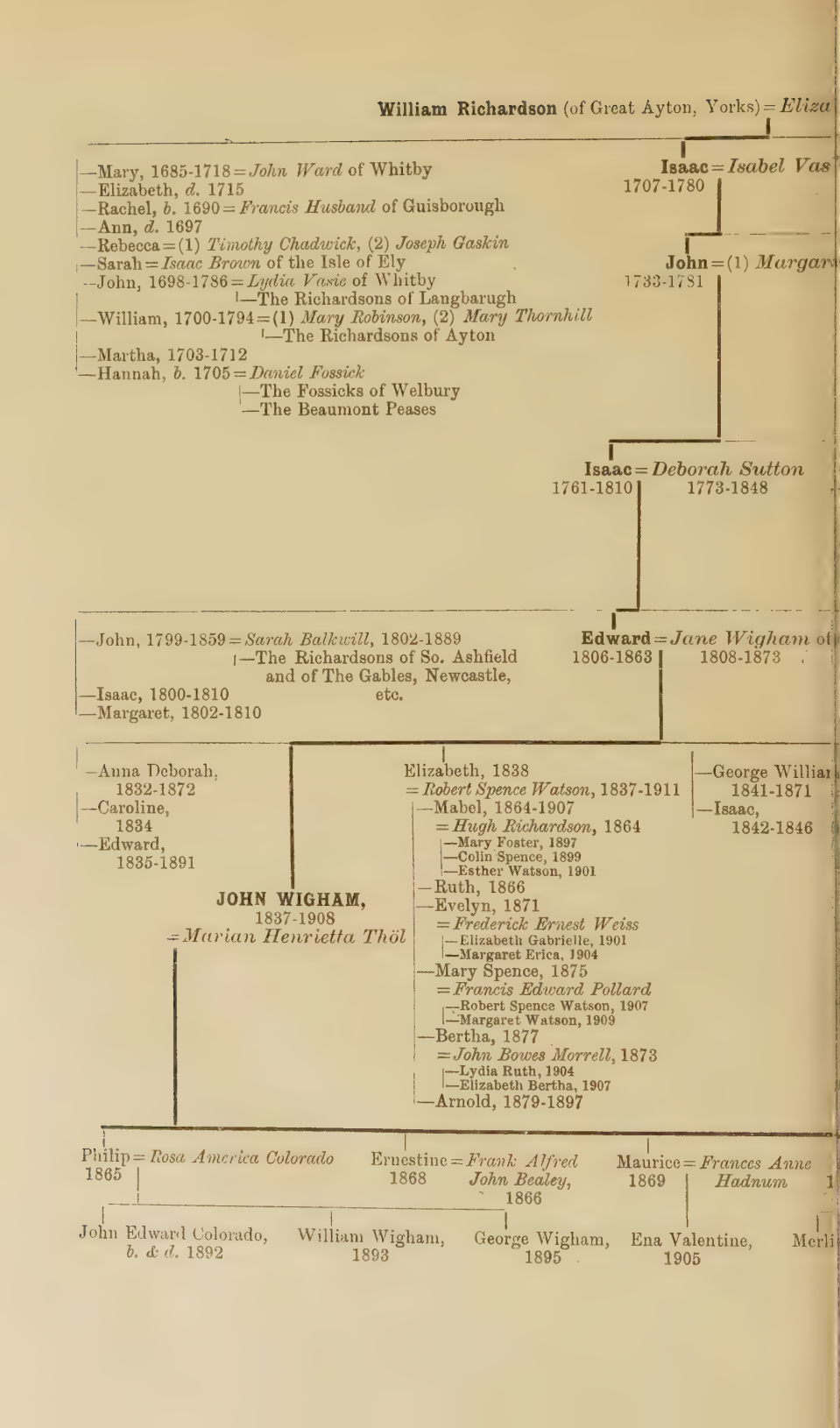
Gérard L. Tegelberg of Amsterdam wrote (2nd. May 1908):

"During my stay in Newcastle, when you and he so kindly received me at your house, he made a great impression upon me, and most of all Englishmen, whom I met, made me see the good and noble traits in the English character."

The following is from Gustave Koeckert:

"Genève, le 19 Août 1908.

". . . Vous savez quelle grande affection, quelle sincère admiration je ressentais pour votre père. Je me reproche presque de n'avoir plus été le voir à Newcastle. Il m'avait si cordialement invité, il y a deux ans, lorsqu'il vint me voir à Genève. Peu de temps avant sa mort, il m'écrivait une charmante lettre où il disait entre autres: ce qui nous reste à nous autres vieillards, c'est l'affection de notre famille et de ceux qui ont partagé une partie de notre existence. Je pense que peu d'hommes ont laissé autant de regrets, parceque peu d'hommes ont été si désintéressés. . . ."


William Richardson (of Great Ayton, Yorks) = Eliza
—Mary, 1685-1718 = John Ward of Whitby
—Elizabeth, d. 1715
—Rachel, b. 1690 = Francis Husband of Guisborough
—Ann, d. 1697
—Rebecca = (1) Timothy Chadwick, (2) Joseph Gaskin
—Sarah = Isaac Brown of the Isle of Ely
—John, 1698-1786 = Lydia Vasie of Whitby
—The Richardsons of Langbarugh
—William, 1700-1794 = (1) Mary Robinson, (2) Mary Thornhill
—The Richardsons of Ayton
—Martha, 1703-1712
—Hannah, b. 1705 = Daniel Fossick
—The Fossicks of Welbury
—The Beaumont Peases
Isaac = Isabel Vas
1707-1780
John = (1) Margar
1733-1781
Isaac = Deborah Sutton
1761-1810
1773-1848
—John, 1799-1859 = Sarah Balkwill, 1802-1889
—The Richardsons of So. Ashfield and of The Gables, Newcastle, etc.
—Isaac, 1800-1810
—Margaret, 1802-1810
Edward = Jane Wigham of
1806-1863
1808-1873
—Anna Deborah, 1832-1872
—Caroline, 1834
—Edward, 1835-1891
JOHN WIGHAM, 1837-1908
= Marian Henrietta Thöl
Elizabeth, 1838
= Robert Spence Watson, 1837-1911
—Mabel, 1864-1907
= Hugh Richardson, 1864
—Mary Foster, 1897
—Colin Spence, 1899
—Esther Watson, 1901
—Ruth, 1866
—Evelyn, 1871
= Frederick Ernest Weiss
—Elizabeth Gabrielle, 1901
—Margaret Erica, 1904
—Mary Spence, 1875
= Francis Edward Pollard
—Robert Spence Watson, 1907
—Margaret Watson, 1909
—Bertha, 1877
= John Bowes Morrell, 1873
—Lydia Ruth, 1904
—Elizabeth Bertha, 1907
—Arnold, 1879-1897
—George William 1841-1871
—Isaac, 1842-1846
Philip = Rosa America Colorado
1865
Ernestine = Frank Alfred John Bealey, 1866
1868
Maurice = Frances Anne Hadnum
1869
John Edward Colorado, b. & d. 1892
William Wigham, 1893
George Wigham, 1895
Ena Valentine, 1905
Merli

Wilson at Lythe Church, near Whitby, 31 July 1684

Whitby

Lydia, 1710-1802 = *Richard Richardson*
- The Richardsons of Holderness
- The Peases of Southend, Darlington
- The Beaumont Peases

ad, (2) = *Jane Nicholl*
- Aaron, 1788-1811
- Joseph, 1791-1848

- Elizabeth, 1735-1773 = *Ingram Chapman*
  - The Chapmans of Whitby
  - The Holmes of Newcastle
- Mary, 1737-1823 = *George Galilee* of Whitby
- Isaac, 1738-1791 = *Sarah Mayleigh Barnes* of Clapton
- Henry, 1740-1808 = *Hannah Priestman* of Thornton
- William, 1742-1809 = (1) *Mary Dale* of Scarborough = (2) *Elizabeth Reay* of Alston
- Isabel, 1744-1823 = *William Hudson* of Whitby
- Aaron, 1747-1780 = *Mary Postglove* of Lynn

- Margaret, 1763-1829 = *Joseph Unthank* of Whitby
- John = (1) *Hannah Wilson*, (2) *Mary King*, (3) *Sarah Blaxland*
- Isabel, 1768-1774
- William, 1771-1842 = (1) *Sarah Priestman* of York, (2) *Margaret Robson* of Darlington
- George, 1773-1862 = *Eleanor Watson* of Newcastle
- Elizabeth, 1777-1820 = *Joseph Procter*
- Henry, 1778-1834

urgh,

Rebecca, 1807-1834

Ann, 1809-1893 = *Robert Foster*, 1812-1898

ne Emily, 1844-1903
John Gregory White, 1838
- Douglas, 1868
- Margaret 1869
- Mildred 1871
  = *William Johnson Gill*
  - Somers Douglas, 1903
  - Edith Jean, 1905
  - Patrick Wigham, 1907

Alice Mary, 1846
= *John Theodore Merz*, 1840
- Charles Hestermann, 1874
- Norbert, 1877
  = *Ursula Fawcus*
  - Rachel Alice, 1908
- Teresa, 1879
- Ernest Leisler, 1881-1909

- Ellen Anne, 1848
  = *Arthur Kuhlmann*
  - Arturo Giovanni Denys Richardson, 1888
- Margaret, 1851-1855

- Hilda, 1873-1899
- Mary Gladys, 1874
- Frances Emily, 1876-1899
- Edward How, 1878
  = *Grace Milicent Maunsell*
  - Edward Maunsell, *b.* and *d.* 1909
  - Joyce Mariabella, 1910

- Edith Somers, 1882

,
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Theodora = *Thomas Herbert Minshall*
1871

George = *Isabel Margaret Finch*, 1877
1872

Felix Gabriel,
1878-1894

odore,

Ranulf,
b. & d. 1909

Michael Finch,
1905

Nancy Finch,
1907

Celia Finch,
1909

Ursula Finch,
1911

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